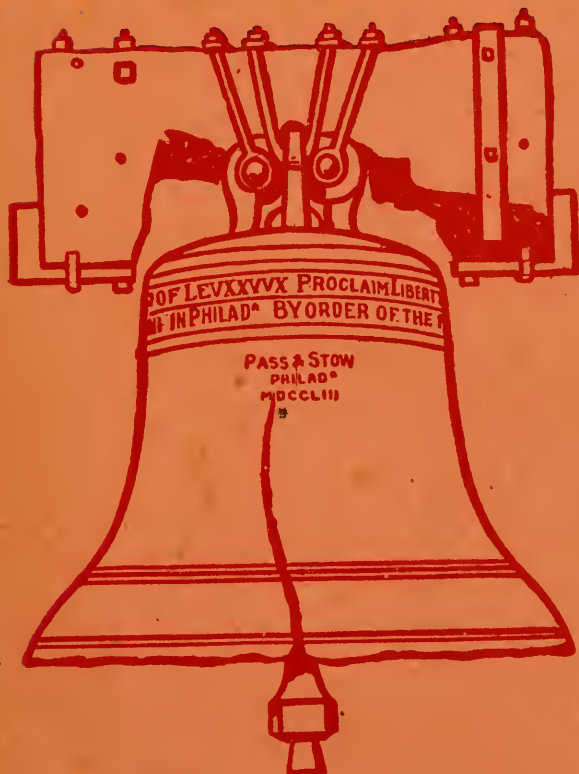


OL. II, NO. 1

JULY, 1905

PRICE 10 CENTS

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE



MONTHLY



ONE DOLLAR PER
YEAR

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE
121 West 42nd Street
New York

Subscribe direct or through your newsdealer or our agent

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

was the radical of his day. Many of the views expressed in his letters and speeches would strike a "good Republican" of today as extremely radical.

ARE YOU ACQUAINTED

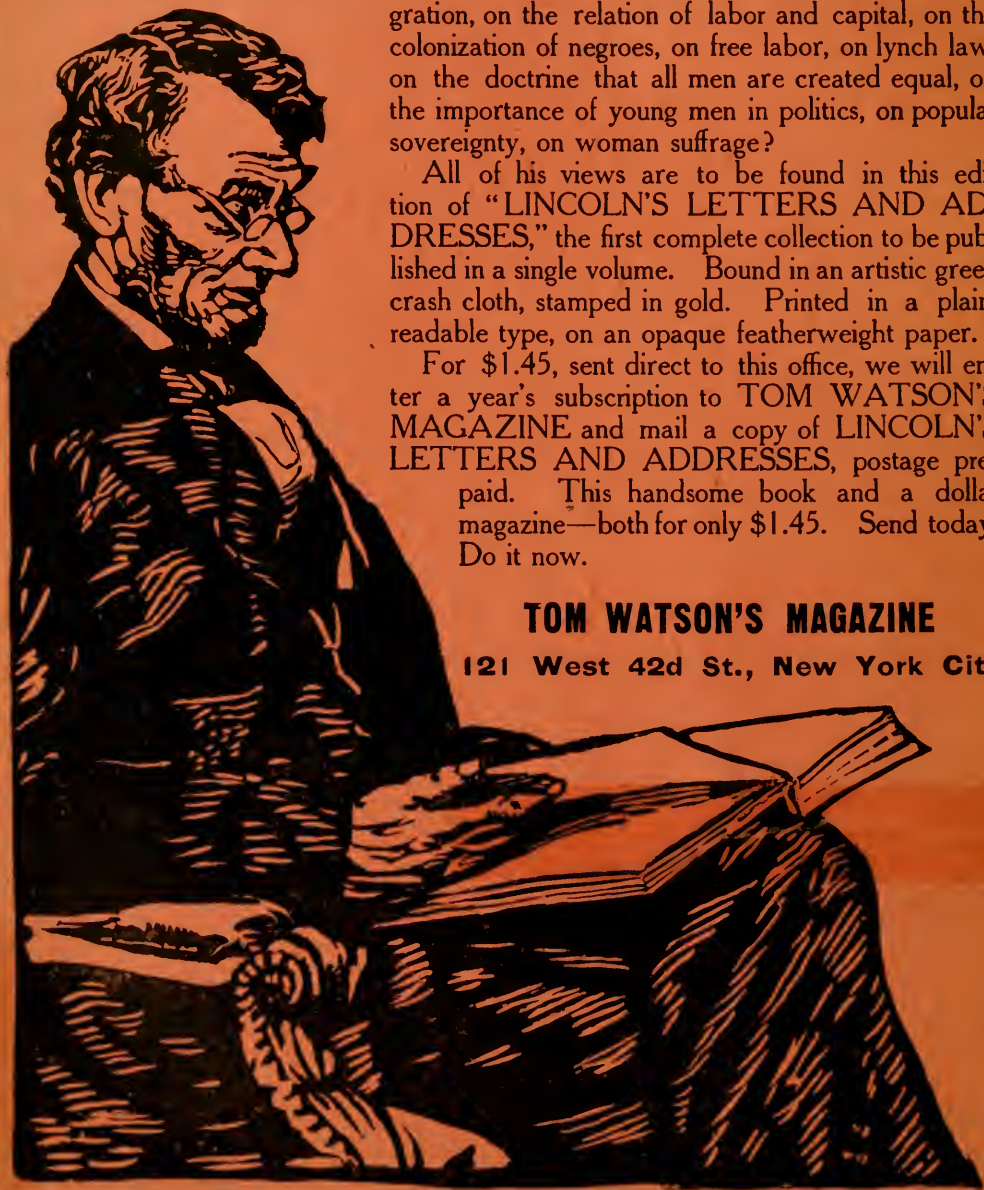
with the great commoner's views on political and religious liberty, on alien immigration, on the relation of labor and capital, on the colonization of negroes, on free labor, on lynch law, on the doctrine that all men are created equal, on the importance of young men in politics, on popular sovereignty, on woman suffrage?

All of his views are to be found in this edition of "LINCOLN'S LETTERS AND ADDRESSES," the first complete collection to be published in a single volume. Bound in an artistic green crash cloth, stamped in gold. Printed in a plain, readable type, on an opaque featherweight paper.

For \$1.45, sent direct to this office, we will enter a year's subscription to TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE and mail a copy of LINCOLN'S LETTERS AND ADDRESSES, postage prepaid. This handsome book and a dollar magazine—both for only \$1.45. Send today. Do it now.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

121 West 42d St., New York City



TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THE MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE BACK OF IT

July, 1905

Frontispiece	Thomas E. Watson	
Editorials	Thomas E. Watson	I
<i>Photograph by Houchens</i> <i>Illustrations from cartoons by A. T. Crichton</i>		
<i>Some Dead Men and the Tariff—A Tragedy in a Tree-top—What the National Banks Enjoy— A Correction—The Bank of Venice—Democratic Muddle and Republican Trouble—The Statesman and the Crank—Is It Worth the Price?—Northern Capital in the South— John Sharp Williams, "Leader"—Editorial Comment.</i>		
Short Sermons	J. J. O'Connell	24
What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks	W. S. Morgan	26
A Phase of the Money Problem Bankers Dare Not Discuss (II)	Albert Griffin	29
Scars of the Southern Seas (Complete Novelette)	George Bronson-Howard	33
The Gift (Poem)	Reginald Wright Kauffman	58
Winston Churchill, M.P., England's Coming Man	W. T. Stead	59
Why I Believe in Free Trade	Winston Churchill, M.P.	61
The Abundance of the Heart (Short Story)	Harriet Prescott Spofford	70
Our Primer Lesson	Tom P. Morgan	76
Gorman, of Maryland	Joseph Dannenberg	77
<i>Illustrations from Cartoons by McKee Barclay</i>		
Monarchy Within the Republic (I)	Fontaine T. Fox	86
The Soldiers of Toil (Poem)	R. H. Titherington	95
Pole Baker (Serial. Chapters X-XIII)	Will N. Harben	97
Salome (Short Story)	Marie Conway Oemler	106
Just for Today (Poem)	Carl Holliday	112
An Unlucky Exception	Alex. Ricketts	113
Educational Department		114
The Say of Other Editors		121
News Record		124

Application made for entry as Second-Class Matter at New York (N. Y.) Post Office, March, 1905
Copyright, 1905, in U. S. and Great Britain. Published by TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, 121 WEST 42D STREET, N. Y.
TERMS: \$1.00 A YEAR; 10 CENTS A NUMBER

"A mirror of the progressive thought and action, not only of America, but of the whole world."—*W. T. STEAD, in the Review of Reviews, London.*

THE ARENA FOR JULY

Will contain "THE VIEW-POINT," the first chapter of a series of papers dealing with
THE ECONOMIC STRUGGLE IN COLORADO

Prepared by one of the most distinguished legal authors and authorities of Colorado, and one of the most prominent lawyers of the Trans-Mississippi region, Hon. J. WARNER MILLS. This series will contain six other papers, as follows:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>II. DOMINANT TRUSTS AND CORPORATIONS.</p> <p>III. PRELIMINARY STRIKES AND EIGHT-HOUR STRUGGLE.</p> <p>IV. GREAT STRIKE OF 1903-4.</p> | <p>V. CIVIL LIBERTY AND THE COURTS.</p> <p>VI. THE BALLOT AND ITS OVERTHROW.</p> <p>VII. ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT.</p> |
|---|--|

In them the political draperies of Colorado are sufficiently pulled aside to let the people behold the true conditions, as they have obtained in recent years; and inasmuch as the conditions revealed, though aggravated in character, are not unlike in general temper those in other States where corporate wealth has gained control of State governments, they will prove of intense interest to all patriotic students of contemporaneous history.

SOME OF THE OTHER FEATURES:

PHILADELPHIA'S MUNICIPAL BLACK PLAGUE.

By Rudolph Blankenburg. A continuation of the exposé of the appalling condition of municipal corruption in the Quaker City.

THE DIVORCE-LEGISLATION OF SWITZERLAND.

By Prof. Louis Wuarin, of the University of Geneva.

THE IDENTITY OF SOCIALISM WITH CHRISTIANITY.

By James T. Van Rensselaer.

HOMER DAVENPORT: A CARTOONIST DOMINATED BY NORMAL IDEALS.

A character sketch by B. O. Flower, illustrated with a number of Mr. Davenport's best drawings.

THE CHARM OF EMERSON.

By Prof. J. R. Mosley, Ph.D.

OUR DIPLOMATIC POLICY IN RELATION TO THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA.

By Prof. Edwin Maxey.

THE GRUB STAKE.

A story by Frank H. Sweet.

Besides the serious articles it will also contain **EDITORIAL COMMENTS, THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT, BOOK STUDIES AND REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.**

An original illustrated review of the best thoughts of master-minds; always bold, fearless, just and progressive. If you are unable to procure this magazine from your newsdealer, send 25 cents to the publisher for a copy, and ask him to order a copy for you every month.

25 cents a copy. Subscription \$2.50 net a year.

(Foreign Subscriptions \$3.00 a Year.)

ALBERT BRANDT, Publisher.

TRENTON, N. J.
and BOSTON, MASS.

The Roycroft Inn

FIRST-CLASS IN SOME PARTICULARS

Out-of-Door Sleeping Rooms with In-Door Dressing-rooms attached, Electric lights, Steam heat, Turkish baths, Running water, Art Gallery, Chapel, Camp-in-woods, Music Room, Library, Ballroom, Garden and Wood Pile :: :: :: ::

THE ROYCROFT INN has twenty-four out-of-door sleeping rooms with parlor or dressing-room and private bath adjoining. These for the comfort and delectation of visitors.

FRESH AIR! So far the monopolies have not clutched the ozone. Most doctors agree that living out-of-doors, including sleeping out-of-doors, will cure incipient tuberculosis. :: :: :: :: :: ::

¶ All doctors agree that well people who live out-of-doors will never die of tuberculosis. People who sleep out-of-doors do not catch cold. Insomnia, indigestion and nerve-frazzle are in-door diseases. Sleeping out-of-doors will increase your vital power from ten to thirty per cent.

Parties without baggage will receive Special Attention from Ali Baba Hammers for Knockers without extra charge

There are free classes in Bookbinding, Designing, Domestic Science and Expression, also daily lectures on Art, Music, Literature, Physiology, Nature Study, History and Right Living. Daily walks and talks afield—trips to the Woods, the Lake, Roycroft Camp, etc., etc.

We give lectures, but cannot undertake to supply comprehension

All persons who expect to have a Good Time at Roycroft will please bring a good time with them

FOR CIRCULAR
ADDRESS

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.



THOMAS E. WATSON.

TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. II

JULY, 1905

No. 1

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

Some Dead Men and the Tariff

WE compel foreigners to pay a license before they can offer their goods for sale in this country. This license, on an average, is equal to half the value of the goods. In many and many a case the license is double the value of the goods; in many others it is treble. Whatever license the foreigner has to pay, he of course adds to the price of the goods, and we refund the same to the foreigner when we buy his goods. This license fee is called the Tariff.

When a merchant living in your town can prevail on the Town Council to compel outsiders to pay a license fee before they can sell inside the town, the merchant inside the town gets the advantage of that arrangement, does he not? It shuts off competition, to the extent of the license fee, does it not? It gives the merchant a monopoly inside to the extent of that license, does it not?

Suppose the butcher outside the town has to pay a license fee of five cents upon every pound of beef he sells in the town, will not the butcher inside the town get more for his beef than he could if the outsider did not have to pay the license fee?

The butcher inside the town can sell beef at six cents per pound and pocket the whole sum as his own.

If the butcher outside the town sells at six cents per pound he pockets only one cent, for five cents must go to pay the license fee.

But if the butcher outside sells beef at all he must sell so as to make a profit; hence he runs up his price to a

sum that will afford him a profit *after* paying the license fee.

The butcher inside the town runs up his price likewise; both butchers making a profit, and the customers being compelled to pay *each* a higher price than they would have to pay to *either* were it not for the license fee.

Precisely so does our Tariff work. We charge the foreigner a license fee to sell; he adds it to the price of his goods; we pay the license fee when we buy the goods, and the home manufacturer of the same class of goods gets an advantage over the foreigner, and likewise over us, to the extent of the license fee.

This being the case, it would seem to be a fact that these license fees, or Tariffs, are exacted for the benefit of the "butcher inside the town," or the home manufacturer.

For one hundred years we have been compelling the foreigners to pay high license for the privilege of selling their goods here. *Somebody* has been benefited by these laws, else the Privileged Classes wouldn't clamor for them so.

Who is this somebody?

Most of the old party politicians say it is the laborer. They tell us that the Government has for a hundred years been shutting out foreign capital from competition with home capital for the benefit of the laborer.

It wasn't done for the benefit of the home capitalist at all, it seems.

And during all these hundred years in which foreign capital has been shut out, entirely or partially, from compe-



"A Valuable Beast—He Protects the One and Devours the Other"

tition with home capital, foreign labor has been loudly, constantly and urgently invited to come in and compete with home labor. This was for the benefit of the home laborer, we are told.

The unemployed of all nations have been brought here to compete against the employed and the unemployed of our own kith and kin. This was done to enrich the home laborer, it seems.

And what are the *fruits* of this strange tree? *Somebody* has grown marvelously rich on these laws. Is it the laborer? Or is it the capitalist? Look and see.

Yonder is the capitalist, with his palace for summer, and his palace for winter; his parlor car for land travel, and his yacht for the sea; his 28,000-acre shooting-ground in Scotland, and his \$10,000,000 bribe to buy a lord with as a husband for his daughter.

That's one picture. The other is too hideous for description. The homeless laborer, his wretched life, his squalid family, his degrading surroundings, his pitiless taskmasters,

his unheeded wail of despair—all these are but too familiar to us.

While Carnegie, the capitalist, was shooting pheasants on his 28,000-acre game preserve in Scotland a few years ago, twenty-odd of the laborers were shot down like dogs in the public highway by the "deputies" whom the courts and the capitalists have put there to subdue the laborers who dare to demand wages on which a human being may decently live.

The Tariff has been "protecting" these laborers for one hundred years, and yet they starve; the Tariff has not "protected" the capitalist, and yet he rolls luxuriously in millions.

Something queer about this Tariff, isn't there?

Those dead men in the public road, shot down by the hirelings of the Privileged Classes, are a memorial to all ages that a more damnable falsehood was never told a people than that Tariffs "protect" American labor.

Tariffs shut out the competition of foreign capital, thus enriching the Carnegie crowd.

Free Immigration laws bring in foreign labor to compete with home labor, *thus impoverishing both*.

Every one of those poor wretches murdered at Homestead was a foreigner—Hungarians. They had been brought here to beat down the price of home labor. And when they had beat wages down to where no human being could decently live on them, they struck for better pay. Even Hungarians are human, you see, and reach the point where flesh and blood cannot endure corporation greed.

And then the Federal judges, creatures of the corporations, got hold of them and enjoined them off the face of the earth.

And when the Hungarians didn't vanish into space, but continued to walk down the public highway unarmed, but hungry and unhappy, one hundred deputies opened fire with Winchester, and shot them down.

Yet the common people continue to vote for "Protection." Our millionaires come high, but we *must* have them.

A Tragedy in a Tree-top

THE blizzard of 1895, which froze the tea-olive, the banana-shrub and the japonica, came very near killing the live oaks which had grown from the acorns I brought home from South Georgia when I was a young lawyer.

She planted them on the sunny side of the chicken-house, and when the trees grew large enough to demand more space, I pulled down the house.

Yes, the inner bark of the live oaks turned dark, and it took copious waterings next spring to carry them through the summer.

But in April, 1896, when I came to note the many gaps which the frost had made in the shrubbery, I missed something else.

No bluebirds came singing in the apple trees.

The cold had been too much for them. The hollows where they had made their winter homes had been their sepulchres; and the April sun carried no warmth to the pitiful little forms in blue, rigid and decayed.

It was in the spring of 1898 that I was riding along through the country, some ten miles out from town, when with a thrill of joy I heard the old familiar note of the bluebird.

Sure enough here were half a dozen of the tribe, chirping musically in the sunlight.

After that, they gradually became more common, and in 1902 they were once more flitting about in the orchard and the cornfield.

Two years ago I watched a pair closely, and found the nest.

Creeping up to the old apple tree, I peeped down into the hollow, and there, cradled in the nest, were four well-feathered youngsters that would soon be ready to fly.

In a few days the entire family of six, the parents and the four children, were out in the cornfield, all singing together, flocking together, as companionable as folks, and giving every evidence of complete enjoyment of life.

Thus the bluebirds made themselves at home with us and multiplied. But last winter was very severe. Twice the sleet drove down from the North and chained the South. Every tree wore its armor of ice, and when the hoarse wind blew, even the giant oaks and hickories and pines shivered and bent, while great limbs were snapped and hurled to the ground.

It was bitter hard upon the birds.

So, then, when the warm days of spring came on, She and I thought we'd do something especially good for our feathered friends, and we put up boxes in the trees—boxes in which they could nest. In this way the cold rains and the chill winds would not endanger the young birds. Up went the boxes, and the birds came.

But only two bluebirds—just one pair!

All the others had perished of cold. Great was our delight when we made certain that this pair had begun to build a nest in one of our boxes.

I happened to see them there first, and told the good news.

"Oh, *isn't* that fine!" cried She, clapping her hands, her eyes a-dance with joy.

"But we mustn't let them catch us watching them," said She, "because that might make them leave the nest."

So we were ever so cautious, and I kept away from the tree lest I should alarm the busy home-makers.

From week to week I merely made sure that the birds were still at work in the box—and that made us content. One day in April one of these bluebirds sang with a volume which attracted my attention. I had never known one to repeat its simple little notes so continuously and so loudly.

Usually a bluebird is subdued; this one was almost boisterous.

Something or other—I don't know what—made me uncomfortable. I got the vague impression that the bird was in distress. Yet there was nothing disturbing it. Had it flown back and

forth from the box, or had it hovered about *that* tree, I think I should have suspected the horrible truth.

But the bird was quite a distance from its box, and I could not dream that such a tragedy had happened as I know now had happened.

My usual monthly trip to New York occupied ten days, and on my return I looked about for the young bluebirds.

There were none to be seen.

I made inquiries: but no one on the place had seen any.

That evening at dusk I saw one of the birds alight on the shelf of the box and look in upon the nest.

All is well, I thought. But next day I became uneasy. It was time the young birds were out.

What had happened?

The fear of doing harm to the little family held me back until nearly nightfall, and then I could stand it no longer. I *must* see what was the matter.

"Bring me the step ladder, Steve."

It was a rickety old thing, and Steve had to grip it at the bottom while I went up.

Reaching the level of the nest I peered in, but the limbs of the tree shut out the light, and I could distinguish nothing.

"Run and bring me some matches, Steve."

He brought them, and when I struck one and looked in there was something which looked like fish scales.

Puzzled and alarmed, I struck another match, and looked more closely.

There was no sound from within the box and no sign of life.

What pathetic mystery was this?

"Steve, this looks like the skin of a snake!"

"Law, Boss! Come down from dere and let's wait till mornin'."

While Steve was working up an excitement below, I lit another match, poked about in the box, and became convinced that no life of any sort was there.

Whatever had been done, it was finished.

We wrenched the box from its fastenings in the tree, and took it out into the open where the light was better.

When the roof had been knocked off, I pulled out the contents of the box and spread them on the ground.

The birds had made an unusually large nest. They had evidently fallen in love with their house. They had intended to make it their permanent home.

In the nest were four eggs, looking old and dry and discolored.

And there was the cast-off skin of a snake!

It lay along that empty nest, that blighted home—a ghastly memorial of the tragedy in the tree.

What had occurred?

The snake, probably a black tree-climber, had found his way into the nest, had swallowed the mother bird, and had then gone into quarters there until it had cast its skin. It had appropriated the property after having devoured the owner.

But why had the eggs been left?

I cannot guess, unless it be that they were stale and that even a snake dislikes stale eggs.

The supper bell rang, and I went into the house.

As I took my seat at the table I said heavily:

"The poor little bluebirds!"

Then She knew there had been a tragedy.

She heard the story, and neither of us wanted any supper. It went below, untasted.

The big, yellow moon came soaring over the woods, and Hickory Hill was soon in a blaze of silvery light.

But the mocking-bird which was singing so sweetly down in the meadow seemed almost a nuisance, for I couldn't get my thoughts off the snake and the missing bird.

Ah, if you could see the widower—the surviving bird! It would touch your heart. He will not return to the

tree any more. He goes further from the house every day.

I know now that when I saw him on the shelf looking in upon his ruined home he was paying his last visit.

I know now that when he was singing so stridently that day in April the serpent was already in his home, and he without a mate.

The last I saw of him was early yesterday morning. The sun was glorious; birds of every sort were bringing

off their young, and the air thrilled with their songs.

And the bluebird sang also, but mournfully—and he had already left my place. He was perched at the top of a tall tree in the adjoining field.

He sang and sang and sang—calling for his mate, perhaps—and then a bee-martin struck savagely at the homeless, mateless bluebird and, with a melancholy chirp, he disappeared in the remoter woods.

What the National Banks Enjoy

1. THE money they invest in bonds escapes taxation, whereas if they were to invest it in land, merchandise, cattle or produce it would have to pay its legitimate share of the expenses of the Government.

2. The interest and the principal paid to them from the taxes of other citizens is payable in coin, instead of in paper money; and under the favoritism thus practiced by the Government "Coin" has come to mean gold.

3. The money invested in bonds assumes none of the risks of legitimate business. Contraction of currency only adds to its value. The shrinkage of all other classes of property serves but to enhance the advantage it enjoys. The bond being, in effect, a national mortgage, every dollar's worth of property in the Union is pledged to its payment. The Government, through its power of taxation, is bound by the law of the contract to exhaust, if need be, every acre of land, every bale of cotton, every bolt of cloth and every chattel rather than allow the bonds to go unpaid.

Money invested in bonds escapes all the burdens of Government, all the expenses of legislation, all the chances of trade, all the risks of fire and flood. No panic affects it, no riot dismantles it, no boycott or strike or lockout can touch a hair of its head.

The merchant has to work with hand and brain to win prosperity; the farmer has to toil from sun to sun to achieve

success; the manufacturer has to study every change of machinery, explore every channel of trade in order to reap profits; the bondholder—what has he to do?

Nothing, save to sit, like Mathew, "at the receipt of customs." Paying no tax himself, his job simply consists in fattening upon the taxes of other people.

So great are the advantages derived from putting large sums of money in bonds that many capitalists are content to keep the bonds without reaping the additional harvest which comes from banking upon them. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, for instance, invested \$40,000,000 in Government bonds and did not bank upon them at all. He considered the absolute security of the investment, and the freedom from taxation of the money so invested, as a sufficient inducement to buy bonds.

4. The interest, to the extent of many millions per year, has been paid in advance during a long period of years. This is shown by official reports. On page 203 of the "Laws Relating to Loans and Currency" will be found the law (Section 3699) under which this practice of paying interest in advance has become a standing reproach to our Government. The law was passed by the Republicans in 1864, but the Democrats continued it in force.

During my brief and breezy career in Congress I introduced a bill to stop

this prepayment of interest, but the Democrats smothered it in the committee-room.

5. Having salted his cash down in a bond which pays no tax and which runs no risk, and which can only fail when the Republic dies, the bondholder now takes a step forward. He lays his bond in a vault which the Government provides for him, takes a receipt therefor, and demands \$100 for each \$100 of bonds! This \$100 is issued to him in blank notes, but the Government guarantee is back of each note. He signs the face of the note and immediately it becomes what the National Bank act describes as "money." It is called "*National Currency*," and is practically made a legal tender.

Hence the bondholder gets money on his property, while the landowner and the produce-owner cannot do so.

6. He can lend the \$100 at 8 per cent., when it cost him but $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent.

7. The Government agrees to take his notes in payment of taxes, excises, public lands, and all other duties to the United States, "except import duties." All salaries and other debts due by the United States to individuals or corporations of this country shall be legally payable in these notes.

No such privilege and power is given to any other citizen's note. Import duties must be paid in coin; so must the principal and interest of the public debt.

What is the public debt?

The bonds held by these national bankers.

Why is coin demanded for import duties?

In order that the Government may be able to give it to these bankers.

Therefore the law says that a National Banker can compel every other national creditor to accept his notes in full payment, but that the banker himself can refuse to accept his own note, and demand coin.

8. The guarantee of the Government is what sustains the value of the National Bank-note. The bondholder pays nothing whatever for this guaranty.



Playing Both Ends Against the Middle

9. The Government guarantees payment of the notes free of charge.

The people borrow the notes at 8 per cent. interest.

What constitutes the Government?

The people.

Therefore, the people indorse a note for the National Banker, free of charge, and then turn round and borrow that note at 8 per cent. This is a "picnic"—but not for the people.

10. National Banks become depositaries of public funds—paying nothing for the use of them.

The national banks have had more than sixty-five million dollars of the tax money of the people all this year. The administration can thus enrich its favorites at the public expense. Few Southern banks enjoy this side-dish of the "picnic." The North and East get the lion's usual allotment.

The Government reports show the full fatness of this system on page 59 of the "*Statistical Abstract*."

The figures for 1903 stand thus:

Capital.....	\$753,700,000
Surplus.....	370,400,000
Undivided profits.....	186,000,000

The table does not include the income from the bonds themselves.

Nor does the table show what the exemption from tax is worth. The income from the bonds must be added to the profits made from the banking, and then you will have the grand aggregate of the *double revenue* derived from the money invested in the bonds.

The fundamental objection to national banks is that the right to issue money is a sovereign power which should be exercised by the Government alone. It should not be delegated. To farm out to any individual or to any corporation the tremendous privilege of expanding and contracting the currency is to make a class the

masters of the situation. They can contract the volume of money, force prices down, and *buy*: they can then inflate the currency, force prices up, and *sell*. They can do this upon a regular system which the balance of the business world is powerless to check. Thus all other kinds of property are at the mercy of those who wield this tremendous power.

Jefferson and Jackson and Benton saw this, and they fought National Banks with all the strength they possessed.

But the party of Jefferson, Jackson and Benton is now controlled by National Bankers, and we find good Democrats everywhere disputing the existence of the "picnic."

The reason is plain. They are enjoying the spread, and they do not find any reason to quarrel with their victuals.

A Correction

IN *Collier's Weekly*, of March 18, 1905, there appeared on the eleventh and twelfth pages three distinct and prominent editorial paragraphs, condemning, with due severity, the conduct of those Congressmen who attempted to raid the Treasury, and plunder it of \$190,000, to pay mileage for journeys they had not taken, during a recess which never existed.

This editorial was illustrated on page twelve with a cartoon of the most striking sort, and running across the entire bottom of page twelve was the legend, "*The Mileage Roll of Dishonor*."

Under this legend *Collier's* gave the names of the Congressmen who voted for the grab, and also the names of those who dodged the vote.

Collier's is a high-class publication, with a very large circulation, and I had a right to assume that any erroneous statement which it published on March 18 would have been corrected previous to April. Inasmuch as no such correction came under my notice, I published in the May number

of this Magazine "*The Roll of Dishonor*" just as *Collier's* had done, giving due credit, and in an editorial comment, of course, followed the table which no one had corrected, so far as I knew, or now know.

But *Collier's* made a mistake, as we are all liable to do.

Some of the Congressmen whom they represent as dodging the issue in effect voted for the grab, because they were paired with members who were against it; while others of those who were represented as having dodged were paired with members who were in favor of the grab, and thus, in effect, voted against it.

Thus, *Collier's* was too light on some of the Congressmen and too hard on some of the others.

For instance, Mr. Birdsall, of Iowa, is represented as having dodged. In fact, he was paired with Mr. Caldwell, and thus, in effect, voted for the grab. The same thing is true of Mr. Bonynge, of Colorado, Mr. Dovener, of West Virginia, Mr. Hamilton, of Michi-

gan, Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana, and Mr. Kennedy, of Ohio.

On the other hand, the following gentlemen were paired with members who were in favor of the grab, and, therefore these, in effect, voted against the attempted steal:

Mr. Adamson, of Georgia, Mr. Bart-

lett, of Georgia, Mr. Bankhead, of Alabama, Mr. Brantley, of Georgia, Mr. Wiley, of Alabama, Mr. Gilbert, of Kentucky, Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky, Mr. Stephens, of Texas, Mr. Sims, of Tennessee, and Mr. Hopkins, of Kentucky.

I am indebted to Hon. A. A. Wiley of Alabama for this correction.

The Bank of Venice

WHEN Napoleon Bonaparte in 1797 shattered the famous Venetian vase, and rubbed off the political map the still more famous Venetian Republic, he gave a death-blow to the first and best bank the world ever knew.

Founded in the year 1171, the Bank of Venice lived and flourished for 626 years.

An institution which thus came so near living to the age of Methuselah deserves considerable notice.

In 1171 there was a war between Venice and the Roman Empire of the East.

Venice being hard up for cash borrowed 2,000,000 ducats from her rich citizens.

In return for this loan the Government simply gave the lenders a credit on the Government books for the amount loaned.

In other words, if a citizen loaned 100 ducats to the Government he was entered upon the Government books as a creditor to that amount. He held a receipt or certificate against the Government for the amount of his claim.

Now the Venetian Republic succeeded in its struggle with Constantinople, captured that city and became very rich and powerful.

Hence a claim against the Government was perfectly good; and people doing business with each other preferred these claims against the Government to gold or silver.

For instance, suppose a merchant of Venice held a claim for 100 ducats against the Government: he wished to buy goods from a merchant in Con-

stantinople to the amount of 100 ducats; to send the gold or silver was dangerous and costly; to send a transfer of his claim against the Government was safe and cheap; the merchant in Constantinople preferred the claim against the Government to silver or gold because it was equally valuable and much more easily kept; hence the transaction between the two merchants was closed, to their mutual satisfaction and benefit, by the transfer of the debt which one of them held against the Government.

These Government credits were preferred by the Venetian traders for many of the reasons which at this day create the ravenous hunger for bonds.

Bonds are mere Government credits, yet we have seen how eagerly gold was exchanged for them.

The Bank of Venice, founded upon this loan of 2,000,000 ducats, was a Government bank. At the beginning it was merely a "chamber of loans."

The credits we have spoken of supplied the circulating medium. The transfer of these credits upon the books of the bank was equivalent to so much money changing hands.

In 1423 a cash office was added, and the Bank of Venice received and returned cash deposits.

In 1587 a discount office was added.

Thus we see the great republic of the Venetian cities running, for hundreds of years, a bank which had three departments of the modern bank—circulation, deposit and discount.

But the two latter departments

never interfered with the original system of transferable credits used in the payment of debts.

At first the Government allowed 4 per cent. interest on the loans.

In 1423 interest was abolished, and thereafter none was paid.

At first the loan was made on the promise of repayment. Soon the transfer system became so much more convenient and desirable, as a circulating medium, that no one wished for repayment. All preferred to hold the claims against the Government. Consequently in 1423 *all promise of reimbursement was abolished.*

After 1423 whenever a citizen gave his gold in exchange for a Government credit he could never demand the gold again.

No gold was kept as a specie basis of credit. No "Gold Reserve" maniac had then been discovered and worshipped as a statesman.

The bank lived 400 years after it ceased to promise to return gold for gold. It lived on the strength of the Government, and on the demand for a cheaper and more convenient way of making settlements than with gold and silver coins.

The credit money of the Bank of Venice was not only as good as gold all over the republic and throughout the territory its commerce invaded, but it commanded a premium of 20 per cent. over gold.

The amount of this credit money, which was worth a fifth more than gold, reached \$16,000,000.

The population of Venice proper was 200,000, but she ruled over an extent of territory, both land and sea, which was equal to nearly one-half of what the Roman Empire had been in its best days.

At the time Napoleon conquered Venice its merchants were the richest in the world, and the Government bank was a vital part of their magnificent commercial system.

In 1423 the Government abolished the interest, as we have said.

It thus saved the taxpayers 4 per cent. interest for 400 years.

On each million ducats this little saving amounted to \$6,250,000,000,000.

The merchants could well afford to have the interest abolished, because the Government credit was really a money they could put out at interest to private parties; and as long as their wealth was represented by a Government credit it could only be lost when the Government perished. By getting the Government bank to hold his cash the citizen insured it against all risks so far as human prudence could do it, and saved it from taxation.

After 1423 the Bank of Venice issued its credits without any promise of redemption. Hence a Government credit, used among the merchants, was practically "irredeemable paper money." Yet it not only answered all the purposes of gold for 400 years, but commanded a premium of 20 per cent.

Why?

Because the credit of a great government is always better than a temporary and perishable lot of coin.

Why do United States bonds bring a premium over gold?

Because they constitute a Government credit.

Would greenbacks carry the pledge of the Government, just as the bonds do?

Certainly.

Would greenbacks, based on the credit of the Government and drawing no interest, be equal in value to gold and silver?

Certainly.

Then why not issue greenbacks and save the interest on the bonds?

Because the Stewart Syndicate of Millionaires not only wanted their money put where it would be safe and where it would be untaxed, but wanted interest also.

Having in their employ a President whom they had enriched, they naturally got from this President just what they bargained for when they put him there—bonds with interest, instead of greenbacks without interest.

Democratic Muddle and Republican Trouble

THESE are the days of fermentation. Men's minds begin to move.

Even the pulpit shows signs of life—Dr. Gladden, for instance.

After a while the savants of the Academy will get tired of hearing one another snore, and *then* things will transpire.

The day of the Common People is at hand, for the Masses are being educated as never before. Radical literature is a rising wave sweeping over the land in ever growing volume and strength.

Present conditions are simply intolerable.

Our Tariff and transportation systems have evolved the Trust, and the Trusts are destroying individual independence and individual prosperity.

Everybody knows this!

Our financial system concentrates wealth and power in the hands of a few men in the big cities, and all the smaller business men are at their mercy.

Everybody knows this!

Our system of national taxation puts the huge cost of Government upon those least able to bear it, exempting those most able to bear it: and these national taxes are so levied that the Privileged Classes pocket about five dollars of the vast sums which the people are made to pay *where the Government pockets one*.

In other words, where the Tariff compels you or me to pay six dollars more for the goods we buy than we would have to pay the foreigner, the protected manufacturer gets five dollars out of the six, leaving to the Government the remaining dollar.

Thus the power to tax is used as a power to confiscate.

Your money is taken away from you by law, and given to the beneficiary of Protection.

Everybody knows this!

The result of these abuses in government is that the Privileged Few are gathering into their clutches *all* the

wealth, *all* the power, *all* the opportunity.

The small merchant, banker or business man of any other sort will soon have to quit the struggle, or he will have to submit to the Boss—the Trust.

Independence, freedom of opportunity will disappear. Congress, the Cabinet, the legislatures, the judiciary will but register the will of the Omnipotent Few.

Everybody knows this.

What are the great political parties going to do about it? What remedies are proposed?

Judge Alton B. Parker, whose virtues as a Democratic Presidential candidate had the "sincere" indorsement of Mr. Bryan in the campaign of 1904, has declared himself definitely in favor of the Republican dogma of stand-patism. In a speech at the Jefferson Day banquet in New York Judge Parker put himself squarely on record as opposing any interference by the Government with the exploitation of the people by the Trusts.

This position is practically the same as that of the Hon. John Sharp Williams, House leader of the Democratic Party in Congress.

In line with these two illustrious Democrats will be found August Belmont, who buys nominations from Democratic National Conventions; Charles F. Murphy, Tammany boodler; Patrick McCarren, Standard Oil hireling, and Arthur Pue Gorman, Defender of the Faith for the Trusts in the United States Senate.

In the meanwhile Mr. Bryan has dropped his friend Parker, expressing "sincere" astonishment that the Parker of April, 1905, should have turned out to be about the same sort of man as the Parker whom Bryan denounced in April, 1904.

Mr. Bryan, also at a Jefferson Day banquet, has declared himself in favor of Government Ownership — would have done it sooner but had "not

time to study the question: besides, it *had not been reached.*"

"Reached" by whom, William?

So ludicrous is the Democratic effort to steal Populist thunder that the *Macon Telegraph*, a most hide-bound, esophagus-closed paper, says:

If his (Bryan's) advice is followed by Democrats, we do not see any use of the further existence of the Democratic Party. We might as well be honest with ourselves, and fair and honest to Mr. Watson and his party associates, and go over to them in a body, with apologies, *and acknowledge their leadership and greater wisdom.*

Further, the editor of this Bourbon, stand-pat organ, observes:

If Bryan and Hearst are right *now*, Watson was right *thirteen years ago.*"

The thoughtful reader is asked to reflect a moment upon this statement.

* * * * *

Which party deserves your confidence—that which has been struggling for Government Ownership for thirteen years, or that which suddenly seizes upon this principle as a means whereby votes can be won, or *held*?

Bryan plays politics with the issue; the Populists adhere to it as a conviction.

This is the child which we nursed through helpless infancy. Mr. Bryan seeks to adopt it, now that it has become able to *work*.

Such is the Democratic Muddle.

How is it with the Republicans?

They are in trouble.

The Emperor Theodore has gone down to Panama and bought a railroad.

Thus, while Bryan was speaking of Government Ownership, His Majesty, the Emperor, had actually committed the overt act.

Bryan talked about doing the thing, and Roosevelt had already gone and done it.

But this wasn't all.

The Emperor has proclaimed that in the purchase of supplies for the Canal he is going to buy things wherever he can get the best bargain.

If England will sell a ship cheaper

than it can be bought in this country, the English ship will be bought.

If steel rails, or any other commodity whatever, can be bought from the foreigner at a lower price than the American Manufacturer charges, then the foreigner will sell the goods.

Whereupon the American Manufacturer quakes at the knee, howling dismally.

For a hundred years he has been protected from the competition of the foreigner, and now he is selling his goods to the foreigner much cheaper than he sells them to his fellow-citizens.

Patriotism has been invoked to compel us to submit to the monopolizing of the home market by the American Manufacturer, but when Protection has made this American Manufacturer enormously rich at the expense of his fellow-citizens, who is it that gets the benefit of cheap goods?

The American citizen?

No.

It is the foreigner.

The masses, whom the manufacturer has robbed for more than a century, are being robbed worse than ever; it is the foreigner who can buy American goods at living prices.

The American cannot. He pays what the Trust demands. *He can neither sell nor buy save on terms dictated by the Trust.*

Now, Mr. Roosevelt virtually says to the American Manufacturer:

"You must sell to your own Government as cheaply as you sell to the foreigner—else we will buy of the foreigner."

The people are with the President.

But if that is good doctrine for the Government, why isn't it good doctrine for the citizen?

If the Canal Commission is going to exercise the right of Free Trade—the natural right to buy in the best market—why shouldn't *I* have the same right? Why shouldn't you, and every other citizen, have it?

Here, then, is trouble for the Republicans. They are in deep water on the Tariff question, the transportation question, the Trust question.

In the Democratic Party there are hopelessly irreconcilable elements; in the Republican Party there are the same.

The time is at hand when all Bourbons, Tories, Class-legislationists, Special Privilege-ites should be driven into one party; the Radicals should all unite in another.

The attempt to get radical reform in either old party is merest folly.

It is the *new* party always which revolutionizes the old order.

If Roosevelt goes far with his reforms he will tear the Republican Party into doll rags.

As to Bryan, he has been pottering away at "reform inside the Democratic Party" for fourteen years, and he is further off from success than he was in 1890.

Under his "peerless leadership" Nebraska has become a safe Republican

state — Nebraska, which Populism completely conquered in 1892.

If he has hopelessly lost his own state after we had won it to reform, how can he expect that similar tactics will yield better results in other states?

As the Macon editor argues:

If Populist principles are right, as Bryan says they are, he—and those who agree with him—should come over to us.

We will not exact "apologies," nor "acknowledgments of our leadership and greater wisdom."

If Bryan wants to head the Populists, he is welcome to do it. "*The tools to him who can use them.*"

The fault I find with Mr. Bryan is in holding true Democrats within the old party, when he ought to know from bitter experience that their hope of reform will be doomed to another heart-breaking disappointment.

The Statesman and the Crank

Collier's Weekly, in a recent issue, had a picture which suggested to my mind a number of things.

The subject of the picture was the Jefferson Day Dinner at Chicago, and it represented Mr. Bryan, clad in full evening regalia, proclaiming to those who sat at the table that:

"The *time* has come to demand Public Ownership."

It is true that "the *time*" has come; it is also true that it came without any help from Mr. Bryan.

The fact that Public Ownership has come, and that the time to declare political friendliness for it has come, is due to the fearless championship of broader, deeper and more aggressive men.

For thirteen years they have spoken when he has been silent. They have toiled for principles while he has been "playing politics." They braved public ridicule and opprobrium while he was basking on the sunny side and trumpeting for his little side-track issues of Tariff for revenue, "with

the *incidental protection*," and Free Silver.

These more consecrated men have been faithful to the sounder creed, have forced it upon public thought, have won for it a great victory which forecasts a revolution, and at the eleventh hour Mr. Bryan comes forward, with his patent-outside smile, takes charge of the issue, and proposes to ride it into office.

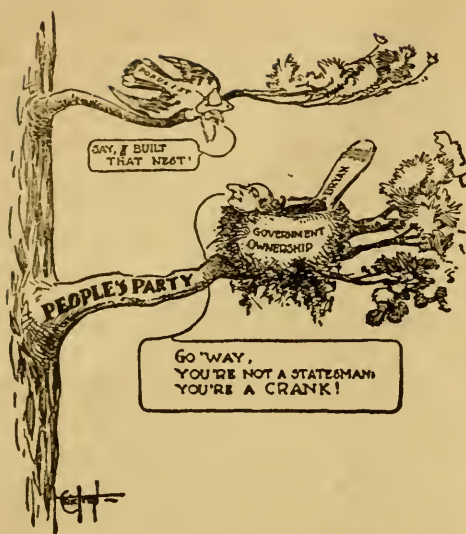
All right; let him do it if he can.

So far as I am concerned, I care not who gets the office so the people get the reforms.

Those of us, however, who bore the brunt of this long fight and suffered so much in its cause, while Mr. Bryan was side-tracking the great money question in the no-thoroughfare of Free Silver, may be permitted to moralize a little on the difference between the statesman and the crank.

The men who compose the intrepid minority, which first begin a battle against established wrong, are *Cranks*.

The men who at a later day jump



The Cuckoo in the Nest

into line when the victory is on the point of being won, and who go into office to carry out the demands of the reformers, are *Statesmen*.

Thus the leaders of the Chartist movement in England were Cranks. They demanded the abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament. They demanded universal suffrage. They wanted suffrage based on manhood, not wealth. They wanted the voter to vote by ballot. They wanted annual sessions of Parliament. They wanted members of Parliament to be given salaries, so that it would be possible for a poor man to represent the people in the legislature. They wanted the country divided into equal electoral districts.

These demands were so radical that the Chartists were called Cranks, and the troops were held in readiness to disperse them.

Their leaders were overawed by the Duke of Wellington and threatened.

They drew back and their cause seemed lost. But it was not lost. It grew continually in favor among the middle and the lower classes; and finally, the Chartist demands were enacted into law. The original minority leaders were, of course, *Cranks*.

The men who carried out the ideas of the Chartists, by having them enacted into law, were, of course, *Statesmen*.

* * * * *

Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census in 1890, went to London afterward and made a study of industrial conditions.

Writing from England to his paper, the *New York Press*, Mr. Porter said:

"In England, the sensible, far-seeing, conservative statesmen and business men are strongly advocating the absorption of the railways by the state. The idea has long since *passed out of the hands of the Cranks*."

To what "Cranks" did Mr. Porter allude?

Why, to the noisy minority which had originated the idea, of course.

* * * * *

It is a fearful sin in the eyes of the majority to have a noisily persistent minority raise a clamor about something which is wrong. It is a pity that this is true.

It cannot be known how many angels of happy suggestion have failed to visit and to minister to this world of ours, simply because the wise man in whose brain the thought was conceived knew he would best serve himself, his own peace and ease and pleasure, by keeping his mouth shut.

The idea that the public should own the public roads does not seem to resemble dynamite, yet when we first began to agitate for it in this country we were hated almost as much as though we had been professional bomb-throwers.

"Out of the hands of the Cranks," says Mr. Porter.

Ah, yes, we understand.

To call the fearless and faithful pioneer "a Crank" is the apology which the eleventh-hour man makes to himself for not having come sooner.

But we won't be called Cranks any more. W. J. B. himself, in full dress suit, in a gathering of the leaders of the eminently respectable, has smiled his

best campaign smile upon us: has declared that the time has come to appropriate the public sentiment which we have created; and I guess that his followers among the high and mighty will have the decency to treat with outward respect those whose grain they have consented to harvest.

Such is the fate of the original re-

former. He gets hard knocks, and lots of them, while he is creating public sentiment in favor of the principles which he advocates; and the moment when they become predominant, the politician bobs up serenely, and calmly "takes over" the product of the other man's courage, devotion and toil.

Is It Worth the Price?

THE world is full of young men who are panting to throw off the restraints of youth and to enter the battle of life. In every class in every college there is at least one boy who nurses the profound belief that he is "the coming man," and that he will open a new chapter in the book of human achievement.

In the court-house he will win cases which Joseph Choate and Ben Butler would have lost.

In medicine he will cure where Pasteur or Koch or Battey would have killed.

In science he will make Humboldt and Spencer and Huxley and Darwin appear pigmies.

As an orator he will spellbind where Phillips or Prentiss would have bored. As a statesman he will begin where Gladstone left off. As a warrior the first "round" in his ladder of glory will be an Austerlitz or a Jena.

Yes, indeed, I know what I am saying. When I was at college this "coming man" was in every class. In fact, there were two or three of him in every class. And, of course, I was one of him myself.

That was long ago—so long ago that when I met one of the "coming men" of those college days a few weeks since I found him as gray and as subdued as a quiet, drizzly day in October. He was traveling about selling a new edition of an excellent cook-book.

This feverish, desperate contest for Fame and Wealth and Position—is the reward worth the labor?

Is there any "reward" at all, in the

success achieved, which brightens the home, gladdens the heart and fills the soul with satisfaction?

In that hubbub of talk about you, which the world calls Fame, how many of the talkers are men whose good opinion is of actual value?

How many of *these* worthiest of people are citizens whose good opinion is so indispensable to you that you would work your legs and your heart out to get it?

What is that good opinion going to do for you that you should turn your days into days of drudgery and your nights into sleepless vigils of anxious thought? What are you going to get out of it that repays you for the health and the happiness and peace paid for it?

Napoleon believed that Fame was the only immortality. He had no belief in the soul.

Yet after toiling so hard over his books that he stunted his growth; after reaching supreme power by such a career of blood, hypocrisy, selfishness, genius, labor, lies and good luck as the world never saw before; after carrying his triumphant eagles from Cairo to Moscow, he had the mortification to learn that there were people living, even in France, who had never heard of him.

Where there is one man in the world today who has any clear idea of who Napoleon was, there are forty thousand who have not. Once upon a time a very prominent burgher of the town where I live, a man of eminent respectability and intelligence, closed a

harangue I had been making to him on the subject of Napoleon's greatness by asking me with the utmost seriousness whether Napoleon was dead.

What was there in the splendid fame he won to make it easy for young Henry Grady to sink into the frozen arms of death? What is there in it that Bill Nye should have worked

and the leisure hours at the fireside of a happy home?

Shall there be no rest for weary feet in this mad race for Fame and Wealth and Position? Shall there be no furlough from this all-devouring army?

Shall there never come a time when the rainy day is mine and the long, sweet hours in the quiet library?

Shall the fever of pursuit so entirely enslave us that there shall be no hour that belongs to friendship, none that belongs to solitude and reflection, none to memory and the sacred teachings of *Regret*?

Tom Reed once said to me, "We are not judged by character; we are judged by reputation."

Just so; and perhaps that's the very reason why it is worth while to stress the fact that reputation is not worth the price we pay—for surely the real value of the man is his *character* and not his reputation.

Get all the fame that flows from a good, industrious life. Such a fame is as healthy as the light that pours from a star, as unfeverish as the halo that follows sterling worth.

Get all the money you can honestly get. You owe it to yourself and to those who depend on you to bring the vessel into port, if you can, safe from the storm.

The man who says he loves being poor is a liar, and he takes you for a fool; else he wouldn't tell you so.

Win Position in life, if you feel that Duty calls you there.

No man can underrate the importance of Fame, of Wealth or of Position; but the man who pays his health and his happiness and his life for them *pays too much*.



himself to death, killing himself to supply the public with fun?

Where is the recompense which repays to the slave of ambition the loss of the sunny days in the fields, the myriad voices of the autumn woods

Northern Capital in the South

LAST winter a lady of New York, the wife of a millionaire, came to the South to escape the rigors of the Northern climate and to enjoy the mildness of ours.

In South Carolina she found nature

more genial than in New York, but she failed to find the enjoyment for which she had come.

Her trip, as a pleasure trip, was spoiled.

Spoiled by what?

As the night came on and this lady from the North looked out across the Southern fields she saw lanterns twinkling here and there in the darkness, and when she inquired what it meant she was told:

"It is the little children returning home from the factory after the day's work."

That is what spoiled the pleasure of the lady's trip, for the possession of millions had not chilled her heart or benumbed her intelligence; and she both knew and felt the outrage which commercialism, in its greed for gain, was inflicting upon the helpless children of the Southern States.

Ever since the close of the Civil War there has been heard the cry, "We must encourage Northern capital to come South."

Every effort has been made to carry out this policy.

We have got down on our knees to the Northern capitalist, and in almost every instance he has been enabled to dictate his own terms.

With reckless haste our legislatures have passed every conceivable kind of charter. The manner in which we have delegated to private corporations the state's right to condemn private property for corporate uses is something almost incredible.

The manner in which Town Councils and City Boards of Aldermen have given over the streets to be exploited for private gain, the eagerness in which they have sought to enter into a state of financial serfdom, is enough to make the impartial student stand aghast.

Even our public highways, the soil of which belongs to the private owners on either side of the road, subject only to the easement of travel, have been given, free of charge, by the state legislature to the telegraph and telephone companies, financed from Wall Street and run without the slightest regard for the people, whose lands have been stolen from them under forms of law.

Yes, we have got Northern capital, millions of it—billions of it—and God knows we have paid a big price to get it.

All over the South, when Northern capital puts up a factory, builds a railroad, opens a bank, develops a quarry, sinks a shaft or erects another mill of the Oil Trust, it has been shrewd enough to take into copartnership a sufficient number of Southern men eager to make money. It has taken in Southern editors, whose newspapers need financial support; leading lawyers hungry for good fees, ambitious politicians who need campaign funds, and



thus a fictitious public sentiment has been created in our midst which sanctions the system under which we suffer, making it almost impossible for us to throw off the yoke.

When we attempt to liberate the children from the slavery which is grinding up their tender limbs into dividends it is some utterly misguided or consciously corrupted Southern man who rushes into the legislature to defeat the bill.

It is his voice that is heard proclaiming that it is good for the chil-

dren to be shut up in the steam-heated, dust-thickened atmosphere of the workroom fourteen hours per day, deprived of sunlight and fresh air, deprived of wholesome outdoor exercise, deprived of mental training and spiritual guidance at the very time when good seed must be planted if ever they shall become good men and women.

When we attempt to compel the railroads to give us reasonable freight and passenger rates, to give us some reasonable share of the proceeds of our peach crop and our melon crop, to give us decent accommodations at the way stations which are totally devoid of them, it is the Southern man who comes forward to voice the plea of his Northern master, and to say that the railroad cannot afford to do more than it has already done.

That very railroad may have been the Western Maryland Railroad, which was bought by Wall Street capitalists at less than \$9,000,000 and was watered up to more than \$51,000,000 in order that dividends might be wrung from the Southern people on \$42,000,000 of capital which has no existence except in ink on paper.

Or, it may have been the Central Railroad of Georgia, which cost less than \$7,000,000, and is now watered up to \$55,000,000 in order that Wall Street pirates may rob the people of the South of forty-odd millions of dollars.

Or, it may be the Coast Line Railroad, which not long ago declared a dividend of 25 per cent.

It absolutely makes no difference how much watered stock is in the railroad, how much fictitious capital, how great a dividend has been declared, whenever the city government or the state government attempts to have Northern capital make any concession whatever to the people on whom it fattens, it is the Southern man who throws himself into the breach and makes the fight for the Northern capitalist—his master.

So it happens that the Southern States are indeed what the New Yorker calls "the provinces."

In every sense of the word they are "provinces"—political and financial "provinces"—ruled from the North, dominated by the Northern politician and the Northern financier.

Belmont cracks his whip, J. P. Morgan issues his command, and they are obeyed.

Politically they are obeyed; financially they are obeyed.

The Southern Democrats will accept and vote for any platform whatsoever, any candidate whatsoever, which the Wall Street millionaires, who finance the party, have decided upon.

The legislatures of the Southern States do not dare to pass any law against which our Northern masters resolutely set their faces, and the humiliation of the situation is that our Northern masters do not need to stir from their Wall Street offices.

They issue their orders to the lobbyist, to the politician, to the editor, and the covert threat always goes with the order:

"Do this, or off goes your head."

The lobbyist knows he must defeat undesirable legislation or he loses his job—his salary, his unlimited right to issue free passes, his private car for himself, his family, his friends, his creatures in the legislature, his creature on the Bench.

The politician knows he must obstruct undesirable legislation or the campaign boodle necessary to his success will go to a luckier man.

The editor knows that he must knock the life out of any bill to which his Northern master objects or the subsidy which keeps his paper going will be withdrawn. The stock which the railroad subscribed through Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick and Mr. Harry will be so voted as to throw Mr. Editor out of his job. Or that issue of bonds, which Mr. Editor went North to dispose of to certain railroads, will be used to thrust Mr. Editor from a position in which he is no longer effective for the men who bought his bonds.

What is to be the end of it all?

There are two courses, and but two:

Cowardly submission which leads on and on and on to degradation, misery, poverty, serfdom; or the revolt of Southern manhood to shake off the in-

tolerable bonds, and to reassert true manliness, true independence and the reign of the law, founded upon equal and exact justice to all men.

John Sharp Williams, "Leader"

DURING the last session of Congress the two old parties had a fine opportunity to "regulate" railroad rates. The necessity for such regulation had been demonstrated.

Mr. Hearst had prepared a bill which met every requirement of the case. It was the bill which the railroads most dreaded, for the reason that it really did do what it pretended to do. It gave the Government the power to regulate and to enforce the regulation.

The bell-wethers of the Republican Party, of course, opposed the Hearst bill. That was to have been expected. But the bill was also opposed by John Sharp Williams, official leader of the Democratic Party in the House.

Mr. Williams cordially united with the Republicans, and these allied forces put the Hearst bill out of action.

Ah, it is *such* an old story!

Ever since the Civil War the Corporations have *always* been able to count upon "a sufficient number" in both the old parties whenever their interests were threatened.

In the course of a lengthy speech defining and defending his peculiar attitude, Mr. J. S. Williams took occasion to tell mankind, officially, what might be expected of the South, at this time and for all future time.

Reduced to simple form the Williams statement is this: The North, the East and the West may adopt Government Ownership of railways, but the South never will—because of the negro.

Mr. Williams assumes that if the general Government owned and operated railroads the race feelings of the South would be disregarded, no separate coaches would be provided and whites would have to ride with blacks.

So we have here another evidence that as a constant stock in trade "the

nigger" is the most indispensable asset the Democratic Party of the South ever had. There is absolutely no end to the variety of ways in which Democratic cooks can serve up this toothsome political viand.

No matter what direction Progress would like to take in the South she is held back by the never failing cry of "Nigger!"

It sickens me to the very soul to witness the unscrupulous skill, on the one hand, and childlike ignorance and prejudice, on the other, which make the negro question the invincible weapon of Bourbon Democracy in the South.

No matter what reforms we need and approve, no matter what abuses afflict us politically or industrially, we must submit because of the "nigger."

We may want this, that or the other in the way of good things, such as we see other communities enjoying, but we are denied them because of the ever present and ever fertile "Negro Question." Like Sancho Panza at his gubernatorial feast, we hunger for this and thirst for that, but the court physician's wand touches it with a veto, and in the midst of food we feel the pangs of unsatisfied appetite, for the cruel doctor leaves us nothing to eat.

How does John Sharp Williams know that the Government would not provide separate coaches?

If the states have the power to do it, the nation has; and if the present management of the railroads thinks it a good thing to do, the Government would probably be convinced by the same reasoning.

With the present management the question is one of policy, not principle. Such men as those Wall Street kings

who own our Southern railroads care nothing for our race prejudice. As in the time of the late lamented Vanderbilt, they "run the roads to make money." For anything else they don't care a curse.

Ah, but you say the laws of the Southern States compel them to provide separate cars. Do you really think so? Do you really believe a Southern state can make a law which the railroads do not want it to make, and that they will obey this law for no other reason than that it is a law?

The railroad managers care nothing for the law.

Did not Paul Morton, a member of the Cabinet, admit that the railroads were constant law-breakers? Did not Victor Morawetz, general counsel of the Santa Fé system, testify to the same thing? Was not that horrible accident at Harrisburg in which twenty people were blown to pieces by dynamite caused by the refusal of the railroads to equip the freight trains with air-brakes, as the law of 1893 required?

Is not the Armour Meat Trust kept up by railroad violations of law?

Is not the Standard Oil monopoly reared on the same illegal foundation?

The railroads care nothing for law *excepting the laws of good business.*

They do what is to their interest to do—no more and no less.

The separate car laws were passed and obeyed for the simple reason that it was not good business policy to oppose them. No railroad wants to kill its dividends, and any attempt on the part of the railroads to coerce the entire South on the race question would immediately be followed by grave consequences not calculated to enlarge net earnings.

Now the position which Mr. Williams takes in his speech assumes that the national management of railroads will abolish common sense, ignore local conditions, and deal with one great big section of the Union as though it were peopled by ideal theorists rather than by non-ideal men and women of two distinct races. When John Sharp Williams assumes this I think he assumes

too much. Not only has the South a growing power in Congress, but there will always be found throughout the North, East and West a sufficient number of men to cry "Halt!" to any reckless legislation tending toward a revival of Reconstruction passions and conflicts.

In another respect I think Mr. Williams assumes too much: he says that "equality of treatment" is all that the South is asking. Who authorized J. S. Williams to say that? When did the South ever tell J. S. Williams that she was content to be robbed of her own peaches and melons provided the California growers were robbed, in like manner, of their grapes and oranges?

According to Mr. Williams, the South is willing to be beaten with many stripes so long as the other sections of the country are beaten with many. Let the corporations and the trusts do what they please to us, provided they are doing it to the others, too. That may be your opinion, Mr. Leader, but it sounds queer to hear you say it.

Mr. Williams, speaking as a prophet, declared that there never would be a successful advocacy of Government Ownership in the South. "The Southern Democracy would never indorse it."

What the Southern Democracy will not indorse is precisely the thing which remains to be discovered. Not until the last of all its national conventions has adjourned and the student has had time to summarize its crazy-quilt record will anybody be safe in predicting that there is any limit to its yielding disposition in the matter of indorsements.

Mr. Williams himself, during the arduous period of his leadership, has seen his party go all around the circle on the money question, and has seen it march from Clevelandism to Populism and from Populism to Parkerism. He knows that it is now headed for Populism again, and he should not be too sure that it will buck at the railroad plank.

Mr. Williams will remember, if he tries right hard, that this plank of our platform was the one which Bryan

jumped on when he was feeling for foothold after the St. Louis wreck of 1904.

Another thought which might have occurred to Mr. Williams is that the indorsement of the Democratic Party was not indispensable to the government ownership of railroads—even in the South; Democratic indorsements are not as good as they used to be.

Finally Mr. J. S. Williams prophesies that the South will never favor nationalization of the railroads, because it would tend to centralize power.

The answer to this is complete: In the operation of colossal corporations of this sort the power is centralized somewhere. It needs to be. At present Wall Street is the centre, and less than a dozen men exercise the autocratic, irresistible, almost despotic power for selfish purposes.

Isn't it better to centralize the quasi-public functions of the railroads in the hands of that representative of the public which we call the general Government, and which will have no motive to abuse the power as it is now abused?

Wouldn't you rather be governed from Washington than from Wall Street? Wouldn't you rather see your money go into the National Treasury

than to see it swelling the fortunes of Harriman, Hill, Morgan and Vanderbilt?

Your Congressman would have some control over a Government railroad, and you would have some influence with your Congressman. Thus the people could, to some extent, control Government railroads. Do they have any control now?

We can no more localize transportation lines than we can localize the Great Lakes, the rivers and the sea. In every way you look at it, you must realize the national character of the problem.

Bryan's idea of forty-seven different systems of railroads is silly. In a very short time it is practically certain that there will be but one vast system of railroads under Wall Street control. That power will be greater than the Government.

Decide, once for all, whether you prefer that the country shall be ruled from Washington, by Government officials chosen by the people, or whether you prefer that your masters shall sit behind closed doors in Wall Street.

It seems to me that a dangerous power is not made less dangerous by leaving it with those who have grossly abused it.

Editorial Comment

THE Democratic Iroquois Club, of Chicago, has nominated Mr. Roosevelt for President in 1908.

Why not?

Roosevelt is as good a Democrat as Parker, and Parker is as good a Republican as Roosevelt.

Any man who voted for Parker can consistently vote for Roosevelt, without doing the slightest violence to principle.

* * * * *

In Philadelphia the Law, represented by the police, threw its protection around the bribed rascals in the Councils while they were delivering the

property of the people to the Gas Companies.

With loaded revolvers, the representatives of the Law stood guard over the rascals while they were committing a crime and the people were not allowed to intrude upon the law-breakers.

When the Law becomes the champion of the criminal, and the property of the people can be stolen while they are looking on, isn't it about time for the people to assert themselves, exercise that original authority which dwells in them, and try lamp-post methods a while?

* * * * *

To the laboring men of Chicago Mr. Roosevelt said, in reference to the use of force to quell riots:

"Back of the city stands the state, back of the state stands the Union."

Right. That is good law. Mr. Cleveland reversed this order.

He did not wait for the city to appeal to the state and for the state to apply to the Union.

He sent Federal troops into Chicago when the state authorities had not applied for them, and when the Democratic Governor of Illinois protested against their coming.

In doing this Mr. Cleveland violated the Constitution and the precedents of a century.

It seems a queer thing that we had to wait for a Republican President to reassert the old Democratic doctrine that the Federal troops cannot legally be sent into a state to quell domestic disorder until the state applies for assistance.

* * * * *

The President has paid to the various railroads the expenses of his recent travels.

In this he has acted the gentleman, the honest man. He knows very well that when corporations grant favors they expect favors in return.

They themselves have told us with brutal frankness that they operate the railroads for their own benefit, without the slightest regard for the public.

"The public be damned!"

When a railroad gives favors to a Congressman, it is simply making a good investment.

When they put free passes in the pockets of a judge, the judge is expected to be friendly to the railroad.

Now that the President has set the example, perhaps Congressmen and judges will begin to pay their way like gentlemen.

* * * * *

If a juror trying a case accepts a five-cent cigar or a handful of peanuts from either of the parties to the suit, the verdict rendered is null and void.

The law assumes that the cigar corrupted the juror and therefore tainted the entire panel.

The verdict is set aside, incontinently.

But the judge who presides in the trial of a railroad case has in his pocket the Free Pass upon which he traveled to the town in which he is holding court, and this Free Pass is worth hundreds of dollars to him annually.

Does his acceptance of the gift from the Corporation taint his rulings and make void his decision?

Not at all.

The same law which conclusively presumes that twelve jurors have been corrupted by the five-cent cigar takes no account of the bribery of the judge.

Queer thing—the Law.

* * * * *

The Supreme Courts of our land are never failing fountains of national enjoyment.

That of California has decided that the people of Los Angeles have no right to oust from office (by the Recall) a dishonest member of the city council.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the state of New York has no right to make a ten-hour day for laborers in bakeries.

Democracy cuts a pitiful figure in the higher courts, especially the Federal courts.

As to the Supreme Court of the United States, with its four-to-five decisions, it is detested and despised by everybody who realizes what a servile tool of Plutocracy it has become.

* * * * *

The Minneapolis *Journal*, in a recent issue of its Free Pass medley, has an editorial under the headline of

"The Three Toms."

One of these is Tom Johnson, another is Tom Watson, and the third is the tom-tom—an old, old hackmule of Free Pass journalism.

The editor, alluding to the Public Ownership question, remarks:

"But though Tom Johnson and Tom Watson may fool about with it (Government Ownership), it will never be

of any use to the country until some people of common sense take it up."

I wonder if this editor doesn't wear a number twelve shoe and a number six hat.

If the men who hereafter "take up" the principle of Government Ownership are men of "common sense," what sort of sense was possessed by those from whom the men of "common sense" borrowed the idea?

Steal our clothes, if you must, brother, but *do* have the decency not to insult our nakedness.

* * * * *

If Tom Johnson and the Populists have been teaching good doctrine for many years, and the good doctrine has at length been accepted by Bryan and other teachable youngsters, that is no reason why the schoolmasters should be pelted with mud by the graduated scholars.

Forgive us, brethren, for not having convinced you long ago. We did our best. Angels are not required to do more.

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan finds it hard to say "Good-bye" to that Bennett estate.

Having got knocked out in his pursuit of the legacy of \$50,000, he is now trying to break into the Promised Land by another route.

He has presented a preliminary bill of \$2,500 for professional services.

The services which Bryan has rendered the Bennett estate consist mainly in his efforts to corral that \$50,000.

Now here is the question:

If Mr. Bryan is such a poor lawyer that he did not know how to draft Mr. Bennett's will, when he himself was to get \$50,000 by it, is he enough of a lawyer to be worth \$2,500 to the estate?

William, William—let the Widow Bennett and her money alone.

A man who can earn a hundred thousand dollars a year on such a paper as *The Commoner* ought to thank God devoutly for His marvelous bounty and rest content.

* * * * *

I wish somebody would tell me, in plain, simple language, what an

Ambassador does to earn the salt which goes in his victuals.

Ignorant booby that I am, the Ambassador is, in my eyes, the most pompous humbug, the costliest sham, the absurdest pretense, the veriest impostor now extant.

What does he do?

How does he earn his salary?

In what way is he indispensable to nations?

No mortal can say.

He is an Institution—handed down from ancient times, and we accept him, and pay for him, just as we accept and pay for several other worn-out Institutions.

* * * * *

For instance, Mr. Joseph Choate has been Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain these latter years.

He has drawn a large salary for doing so. Of course, the salary was not large enough to suit our plutocrats who pay none of the taxes, but it was large enough for the plain people who do.

Now what has Joseph done that could not have been as well done by letter, by cablegram or by special messenger?

Will somebody *please* tell me?

* * * * *

Eagerly perusing the newspapers, I learn that Mr. Choate has been a guest of the Duke of So-and-So, the Marquis of Tom-and-Jerry and the Earl of Chuckaluck—but what good does that do the plain folks who pay the ambassadorial salary?

Further, I learn that Joseph has been "received" by His Majesty, King Edward VII, and has been feasted by the Lord Mayor of London. All this is delicious, but what is it *worth* to the plain people who pay the salary?

"Keeps up good relations," you say?

Well, is there no other way of keeping up "good relations"?

Can't I keep on decent terms with my neighbor without sending an agent to squat on his hearth and eat a hole in my pocket?

* * * * *

The time once was when resident Ambassadors may have been a necessity: but that time has passed.

Under modern conditions, the Ambassador is as much of an incumbrance as a tail would be to a man. Tails are nice things for monkeys—and Ambassadors may have been useful before mankind evolved the condition which we live in at present.

* * * * *

All the nations have Ministers or Ambassadors at Washington.

What good do they do for the nations which send them and pay them?

What actual value has the Russian representative at our Capital been to Russia? What value to France, Germany and Spain have been their representatives?

What have they said or written that could not have been as well said or written over the wires or through the mails?

They have lived in fine houses; have

dressed like a lot of gorgeous savages who delight in feathers, beads and gold braid; they have danced and feasted; they have shown Washington "Society" how it is done abroad, where "filthy Democrats" are kept duly subordinate, but what effective work have they to show for the money they have spent?

* * * * *

Consuls, commercial agents abroad, are perhaps worth keeping and paying for. Even this is doubtful.

But as to the Ambassador, my mind is clear and my faith strong: He's a fraud, a humbug, a sham, an international parasite, a costly political loafer, an elegant high-priced fribble, an imposition upon the taxpayer, a belated relic of semi-barbarism who should be abolished, consigned to the limbo of the spinning-wheel, the hand-loom, the tallow dip, the wooden plow and the mail-clad vagabond who used to be called Knight-Errant.

Short Sermons

THE millionaire is the only luxury we have that isn't taxed.

MANY men think it's time enough to be honest when they have made their pile.

THE millionaire who gives away money to his pet hobby never asks himself if the people he took it from would like to have it spent that way.

WE never realize how cheap the trusts can sell their goods until they begin to fight each other and cut the rates.

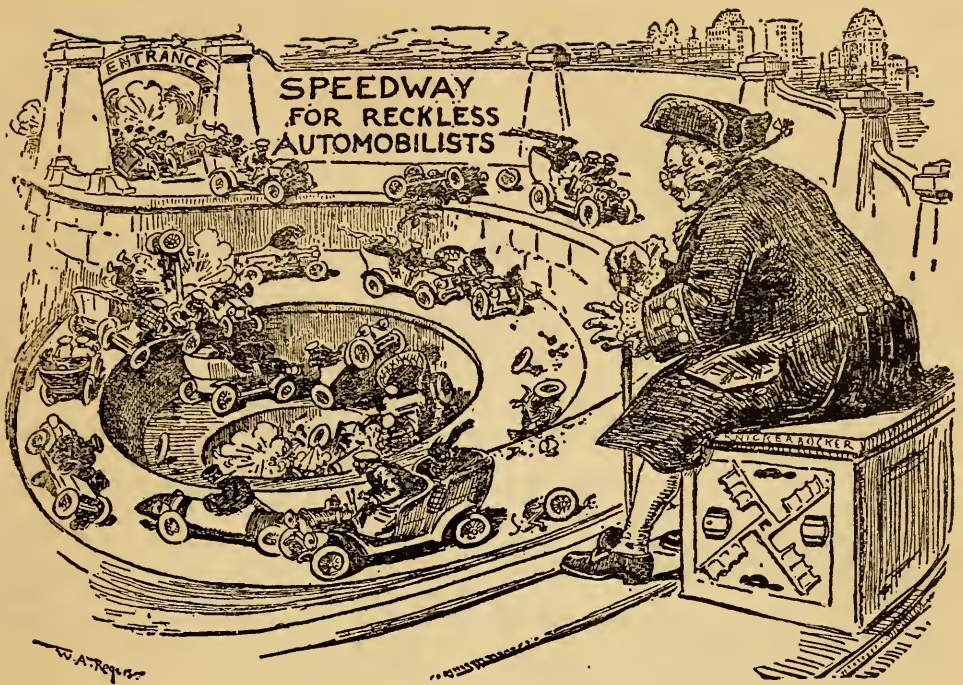
THE man who raises the price of the necessities of life doesn't care, because he lives on the luxuries.

SOME people seem to think that it's all right to accept graft if they give a small percentage of it to charity.

A SUCCESSFUL grafter is one that hasn't been caught with the goods.

THE advantage of having money working for you is that you can stop working yourself.

J. J. O'CONNELL.



They Could Be as Reckless as They Liked

W. A. Rogers, in N. Y. Herald



Uncle Samuel—Did You Overlook This One, Theodore?

W. A. Rogers, in N. Y. Herald

What Buzz-Saw Morgan Thinks

BY W. S. MORGAN

GREED is a god more reprehensible than any that the heathens worship.

Great indeed are the trusts, and greatest of these is the Money Trust.

The worst chump in the world is the man who is a political fool and is glad of it.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and we have tasted of the fruits of the two old political parties.

Since the railroads have gone into the government business, why not the Government go into the railroad business?

If the power of the Standard Oil Company is greater than that of a state, it is high time that the Federal Government should clip its wings.

Everybody seems to be willing for the election of the United States senators by the people except the corporations and the senators who represent the corporations.

The man who apologizes for speaking the truth is worse than a liar.

Burning the greenbacks will roast the party that does it.

Among the unusual things which the Standard Oil Company has accomplished is to successfully mix oil and water.

The railroad companies are biting off more than they can chew, and it won't be a great while until the people will chew it for them.

We haven't heard of any packers being put in jail yet for contempt of court. If workingmen had defied an injunction as the packers have, they would have been in jail long ago. If all this talk against trusts is mere stage play it ought to be "called off."

With the power to tax the people divided between the railroad companies, trusts and national bankers, all other taxes are made to look like thirty cents.

With the banks and trusts owning one-half of the property in the United States, together with most of the legislatures and courts, it is about time for the American eagle to get busy.

While the trust magnates are trying to get everything in sight into their pockets, the yellow dog politicians are floundering around trying to find something with which to fool the people in the next campaign.

Great wealth in the hands of one man means that there is a screw loose somewhere—either in the man or the system, or both.

So-called "vested rights" are more frequently wrongs that have to be fortified with special legislation to give them even the color of right.

Nearly every great reformer from the very beginning of time has been called a crank. In fact, the cranks have put up the milestones of progress in this world.

If the railroads are private concerns the Government has no more right to "fix" rates for them than it has to fix the wages of workingmen. If they are public institutions, then the public should own and operate them.

In a system of equitable distribution it is as necessary to have plenty of money, in order to change ownership without credit, as it is to have plenty of cars with which to change the location of that which is bought.

The financial strength of a nation is its power to produce. Everything else

is artificial. Great Britain is a money-lending nation, but of what use would that be if other people would not borrow her money? The United States is the greatest producing nation in the world, and therefore the most powerful. It is not armies and navies that make a nation great, but its power to produce the necessities of life.

* * * * *

I am willing to admit that a majority of voters are political chumps; that they will vote for what they don't want for fear there is not enough of them to win and get what they do want by voting for it; but they will wake up one of these days, and "sich a gittin' upstairs" you will never see the like of. Talk to me about a few puny plutocrats, who couldn't stand half a day's work in a potato patch, binding an intelligent people to abject slavery! It can never be done in this country. The overthrow of predatory wealth is only a matter of time and education. The leaven is working. It has been working for twenty years. From now on the progress of reform will not be slow. The logic of events is driving it along at a rapid pace. Parties are falling to pieces, and there will be a new alignment. Manhood will win. The power of money will be overthrown. Trusts will be crushed. A new era will be ushered in. It will not be the millennium, but it will be a higher and better civilization. The rights of man will be uppermost in the administration of justice. Slavery can be the condition of the ignorant, but it is not for intelligent Americans.

* * * * *

But there is one thing apropos of the above that is worthy of serious consideration. Industrial slavery is as certainly doomed as was chattel slavery at the time Lincoln and Douglas were holding their famous debates, and Kansas was struggling over the adoption of a new constitution. The conflict is as irrepressible now as it was then. The question is not whether industrial slavery shall be the fate of our people, but whether the bag

barons, in their greed and arrogance, and drunken with power as was the slave oligarchy before the Civil War, shall continue their aggressions until the people are wrought to a pitch of frenzy that will impel them to settle by force that which ought to be settled by peaceful methods. To be plain, shall industrial slavery be shot to death, as was chattel slavery, or will predatory wealth be satisfied with what it already has and release its hold? The Slave Power overreached itself and lost all. Is it not possible that the bag barons may profit by that lesson? Only a few days ago I received a letter from an old friend who is now a railroad president. His father was a large slaveholder before the war. In that letter he says: "Things are coming along, but, as you say, slowly, oh, so slowly. The railroad officials are assuming much the same attitude of the slaveholders of the fifties, and do not seem to have any more sense. The slaveholders could have had gradual emancipation without war and without ignorant enfranchisement. They preferred war and lost everything. It may be a long time coming, but Government ownership is certain. The arrogance and unscrupulousness of the railroad officials and financiers make anything else irreconcilable to the best interests of the country. The American citizen is slow to wrath, but a terror when he gets started in earnest."

This letter is from a man who has been a student of social conditions for years. He has been in the state legislature and in Congress, and comes from one of the best families in the South, one whose name is prominent in the history of that section. His view is not a pessimistic one. It is based upon existing conditions. When the pressure becomes strong enough to break party ties we are nearing the danger line. We are repeating now just what happened before the Civil War. Will the trust magnates and the managers of corporations take warning, or will they goad the people on to desperation?



"Oh, I've eaten the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Russian brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig."

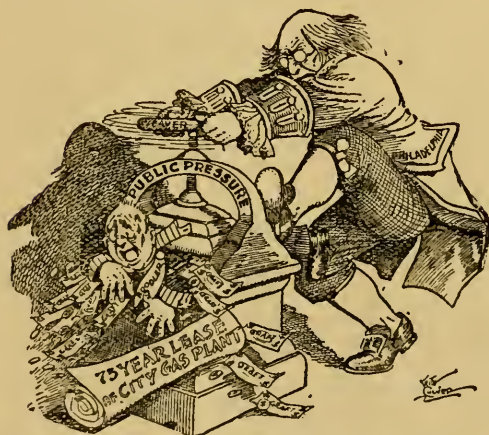
(Revised from the Bab Ballads.)

Culver, in Baltimore American



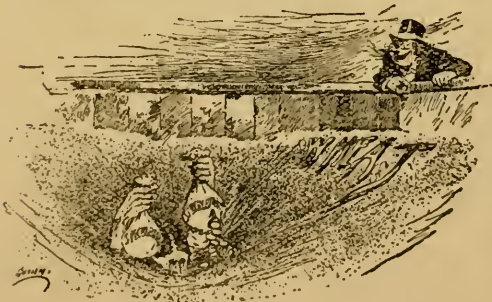
**Attorney-General Moody Says Congress Has
the Power to Fix Railroad Rates. . . .
Has It?**

Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal



Philadelphia—Now Will Thee Be Good?

Culver, in Baltimore American



The Bottomless "Pit"

Donahay, in Cleveland Plaindealer



"The Colossus of Loads"

F. Oppen, in N. Y. American

A Phase of the Money Problem Bankers Dare Not Discuss

BY ALBERT GRIFFIN

SECOND PAPER

THAT our present monetary system is faulty is admitted by all, but the many remedies proposed are conflicting—and, too often, are discussed with more heat than intelligence. Its most serious defects are: The ruinously small quantity of money provided; the frequent and great changes in its volume, and, therefore, in its market value; and the unjust advantage it gives to the few thousand bankers who constitute "The Money Power." If possible, these evils should be corrected simultaneously, and the remedies would better be such as can be tested on a small scale, and extended only so long as they are found to work well.

In considering how this can be done, the first thing to be noted is that practically all political economists admit the soundness of "the quantitative theory of money," which simply affirms that its value, like that of everything else, is regulated by the inexorable law of supply and demand; and, if all recognized authorities are not mistaken, the only possible way to keep the value of money from changing is to make the supply of it always exactly equal to the demand—enough, and no more. Evidently, this is impracticable, but it is possible to come much nearer to it than the present system does.

At least 15,000 banking institutions are now constantly making and canceling hocus pocus money; and, as each one acts independently, the quantity of it in use at any given time cannot be known, even approximately. For-

tunately, to solve the "supply" part of the problem, it is only necessary that the general Government shall, in some way, provide all the money that is needed, and prohibit all persons and corporations from making any kind of money, or any substitute therefor. That is, *the making of money must be truly a government monopoly*. Moreover, as the "supply" of money is now ruinously inadequate, this part of the problem is more immediately important and pressing than the "demand," and settling it would also entirely end the unfair advantage of bankers, by equalizing opportunities, so far as the making of money is concerned.

The "demand" for money is affected by every self-supporting person, but the market demand created by the needs of nine-tenths of the people is greatly decreased by the fact that the scarcity of money diminishes the call for their services, and also prevents the most of them from securing the tools and other equipments without which they cannot do their best. It is therefore evident that whenever, for any considerable period, there shall have been enough money in use to enable everyone to work to the best advantage, and it is known about how much that was, it will be much easier (and will grow more so) to approximate the future demand.

Whenever people become unusually restive about financial conditions the beneficiaries of the present system retire behind that political holy of holies, the Constitution of the United States, and hiss: "Now fire at us if you dare!" Yet the Constitution plainly makes it the duty of Congress to do the very

things the opponents of the present system wish done.

That document says: "The Congress shall have power . . . to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and to fix the standard of weights and measures." At the time of its adoption, "to coin money" meant to *make* money by impressing some specific design on pieces of metal or paper. "To coin" is a verb, and applies to the act of stamping, and not to the substance to be stamped.

Another vitally important fact is that the courts have repeatedly decided that the rights and powers conferred on Congress are not mere privileges, but are duties as well.

As the Constitution was made for *all* the people, it goes without saying that the duty to coin money imposed on Congress impliedly requires it to make enough for all—if possible; imperatively commands it to permit no person or corporation to exercise this function to the detriment of the people as a whole; and also, as nearly as can be, to keep all money of uniform value. But Congress has flagrantly and persistently failed to discharge these duties. On the contrary, it permits fully 15,000 banks to make and collect interest (often at extortionate rates) on more than six thousand million dollars of hocus-pocus money; and, with this immense sum—to make which costs practically nothing—the leading bankers are fast absorbing the wealth of the land and securing absolute control of its industries.

I am not insisting on the adoption of any particular plan, but suggest, as a substitute for our existing monetary system, something like the following:

1. Close the mints to private coinage and instruct the proper officers to purchase and coin all the gold and silver that may be offered at coinage rates.

2. Provide for the coinage and issue of paper Treasury bills—not notes; repeal all laws authorizing the making of any other kind of paper money, and substitute Treasury bills for all outstanding Government paper currency

as fast as it comes into the possession of officials.

3. Make both metallic and paper money full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and exchangeable for (not redeemable in) each other at the Treasury at the wish of any holder, provided that, in the event of an apparent disposition to appreciate or depreciate either metal, Government officials shall be *required* to pay out the one the plotters are supposed to be working against, as has long been done by the Bank of France.

4. Coin enough Treasury bills to pay for the purchased gold and silver, to replace all outstanding Government paper currency and all bank bills the security for which may be withdrawn, and to bring the supply of money up to the sum needed to keep the wheels of industry constantly moving, provided that the parity of metallic and paper money shall be maintained at all times.

5. (a) Require *all* persons and corporations doing a banking business always to keep on hand, in actual cash, a certain percentage of their deposits and to increase that percentage at a prescribed rate at specified dates; (b) command the Secretary of the Treasury—if, at any time, bankers appear to be trying to discredit the Treasury bills (and authorize him when there seems to be any other sufficient reason)—to require such further increase in the reserves as the situation makes necessary; (c) impose a 10 per cent. tax on the deposits in all such institutions as do not furnish to the Treasury Department sworn statements similar to those the national banks may be required to make as to their deposits, and whose cash reserves are not kept up to the requirements of the national laws and regulations on that subject.

6. Establish a national savings bank, all deposits in which shall, under proper regulations, be invested for the benefit of the depositors in national, state, municipal and other securities.

7. At the proper time expand the Money Order Bureau into a General

Deposit and Exchange Bureau, in which all may deposit their money, to be paid out only on their own checks, provision being made to sell exchange at low rates for any amount desired on any office in this country and on all foreign countries with which we do business.

This, of course, is a mere skeleton of a plan, but its practicability will be evident to those who have given much thought to the money problem. It proposes to do only three things—increase the quantity of real money, decrease the quantity of hocus pocus money, and compel the banks to do a safer business. The first four suggestions are intended to increase the quantity of real money. Their adoption would cause no sudden inflation; and although I am sure the common sense of mankind will ultimately cast all metallic money, except small change, into the melting pot, it proposes to keep all paper money at par with gold until the folly of so wasting valuable metals becomes apparent to all—when it will be dropped by common consent. The others show how the present banking system can easily be greatly improved, or wound up, and a better one provided.

Every serious monetary disturbance in the United States has been caused by operations decided on in bank parlors. Most business men never wish the quantity of real money diminished. The Government has never contracted its volume, except when constrained by an agitation begun and carried on by bankers who practically compel many of the business men they “accommodate” (and bleed) to do for them what the cat in the fable did for the monkey. The aim of my suggestion is that whenever, as a reason for contracting the volume of real money, bankers intimate that money is becoming too plentiful, they shall be required to increase their reserves, or, in other words, to contract the volume of the hocus-pocus money made by and for themselves, instead of the real money made by the Government for all the people.

No proposition to decrease the quantity of real money should ever be even considered so long as a dollar of unreal money is being used—because a real thing must be better than a fictitious representative, and *the people should always be given the best.*

Another reason for doing this is that the quantity of real money cannot be materially increased or decreased without the knowledge of the people, but that of hocus pocus money can be—and is—to a ruinous extent. In fact, *all* of the disturbing fluctuations in the quantity of money during the past century have been due to this.

Nor is it absolutely necessary to make so radical a change in our monetary system as I have proposed in order to improve conditions. With coinage on private account stopped, silver remonetized, and both metals purchased and coined by the Government, greenbacks, redeemable in metallic money, could be issued in sufficient quantities to make it safe to require the banks materially to increase their reserves.

It is not proposed that the Government go into the money-lending business, for I think that would be very unwise. Banks could continue to do a legitimate banking business—with their own money—for the prohibition suggested applies only to their using other people's money as their own and to their making any kind of mythical money.

With their cash reserves raised to 25 per cent., their “loans and discounts” could be so increased that the dividends on their stock (but not the profits of grafting managers) might, for a while, be even larger than they now are.

All classes of business men, except bankers, know that their own business is most prosperous when real money is most abundant, and if they could be assured that the country would be well supplied with money for five years (or even for one) ahead, they would immediately prepare to do a larger business. All well-posted and candid men admit that our present financial sys-

tem is seriously defective. The most of them are uncertain as to what the chief trouble is, but they feel that "*something* is wrong." Is it not time for them to inquire diligently what the real effect of our present banking system is on their business?

As large as is the sum of money lost by the breaking of banks, it is probably less than a hundredth part as large as is the loss due to the acts of banks that never close their doors. In practically every community—from two to a dozen times each year—the money market becomes more or less cramped; and every time this occurs some (and frequently many) suffer loss. There are scores of thousands of business men who, for different reasons, the banks will not (or cannot) "accommodate," who, in consequence, have their hopes blighted and lose what they have already accumulated. A still larger number cannot do business on short time bank loans, and, because of the scarcity of real money (which bankers are always trying to make scarcer still), they are unable to procure the financial tools without which they are as helpless as empty-handed farmers and mechanics. In short, this system, financially, paralyzes nine-tenths of the people.

Loan and trust companies, and most private banks, are not required by law to keep any reserves at all—and they usually aim to keep only about 2 per cent. of those of their deposits that are due on demand. State banks average only 6 or 8 per

cent.; national banks between 8 and 10 per cent., and the average for the whole system is probably less than 8 per cent.

Is it not evident to anyone possessing even a little common sense that such a system ought not be tolerated? Every increase in their reserves would make even the present system safer.

Yet simply to require all banks to keep a 25 per cent. reserve in their own possession—or even 15 per cent.—would not help matters, but, on the contrary, it would precipitate a panic—unless people generally agreed to sustain the bankers in defying the law, as the business men of large cities have repeatedly done in the past.

Compel them to keep larger reserves; but it is absolutely necessary that a great deal more real money shall be made and put into circulation.

And so I repeat that the important question, for the present, is not, Shall we decide to wind up immediately the present deposit banking system, and substitute for it a new and untried one? but, Will it not be wise to make the existing system safer and less ruinous, by requiring all deposit banks gradually, but steadily, to increase their reserves—and to precede such requirement by a sufficient increase of the volume of real money?

Care should be taken to do them no injustice; but, to be made effective, the new laws must be framed by those that really wish to put an end to the evils from which the masses have so long and so grievously suffered.

Pruntytown's Way

"WELL, how is everything here in the village?" inquired the patent-churn man, who visited the hamlet sufficiently often to be mildly interested in its happenings.

"Lively—livelier than git-out!" triumphantly replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "Why, we've had an elopement, two fires, a donation party, open-air concert by our new band, a jail-breakin', case of delirium tremens and an automobile explosion in our midst, all inside of the last ten days! I sh'u'd call that pretty lively myself, for old Pruntytown!"

"Yes; I have already heard of those occurrences," was the answer. "No-body seems to have been injured by any of them."

"No; that's a fact! Pruntytown is only just lively—it ain't vicious!"

Scars of the Southern Seas

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Sultana of Zulon," "The Ruling of the Fourth Estate," etc.

Is Justice blind that she cannot find
A flaw in your nerveless ease?
Who called us forth from the Honest North
To the Scars on the Southern Seas?
—*The Harvest Time.*

IN the cool of early morning Melangete awoke slowly, apathetically and at peace with itself. Palms swayed gently in the sea breeze and the sapphire water of the gulf glinted in the rays of the sun, molten masses of blue and gold. The odor of ylang-ylang from the jungle, mingled with the salt tang of the ocean, produced a sweet yet invigorating odor refreshing to the nostrils.

Built on an elevation, Melangete rises in tiers from the Bay of Barangan; tiers of nipa-thatched huts among cocoanut and betel palms, banana and mango trees, surrounded by chaparral and kindred growths. Like a huge mouthful taken out of the island by some protean monster of the deep, the Bay of Barangan ripples gently in upon the white sands of the beach. As a background, the forest hems in the town from the rear, and from among its gorgeous growths this same early morning came forth the screaming of paroquets and the shrill chatter of the monkeys.

And now the town was astir, for it is not wise to neglect the gifts of the gods, and the cool of early mornings comes not again during the day. Streams of wood smoke arise from the houses, and venders of fruit and fresh vegetables cry their wares from door to door. From the beach many boats put off containing men with lines in their hands with which to ensnare the morning meal.

Within the constabulary barracks forty dusky Visayans had hastily climbed into khaki and red and seized carbines. Under the direction of a sergeant and a corporal of their own color they had formed in the compound and stood awaiting the coming of their captain. They did not have long to wait, for upon the balcony overlooking the compound a form in white drill clothes and red epaulets soon appeared. "Attention!" he said slowly, and the drill of morning began.

Ten minutes later Barton Ellicott went within and sat down to his breakfast of grape-fruit and eggs. Soon disposing of the food, he pushed away his plate, pulled his coffee-cup toward him and lighted a *dhobie* cigarette. Smoking and sipping the coffee, he remained at the table for fully fifteen minutes longer, his *muchacho* standing nearby, silent, motionless, awaiting the orders of his master. Ellicott looked up.

"Oh, that's all, Dagorro!" he said in Spanish. "But—well, bring me another cup of coffee. Then clear away these things."

At least thirty, this Barton Ellicott, and looking older. For there were streaks of gray in his brown hair and his brow was lined with many bitter thoughts. Looking out from beneath half-closed lids, his blue eyes, sunk deep in their sockets, gazed out on his surroundings with an air at once tolerant and scornful. But just now neither look was in his eye; there was only hopelessness there.

The *muchacho* entered again. "Señor Misono is here," he said.

Ellicott's eyes winked rapidly, then

opened wide and showed as round and glittering as glass in the sun. "Ah, Mixson, eh?" he said in anything but a pleasant tone. "Ah, Mixson—" Then, adverting to Spanish again, "Tell him I will receive him, Dagorro."

The boy went out, to return later with a large-framed, insolent-faced American, who strode into the room heavily and dropped into a chair opposite Ellicott.

The two Americans looked at one another steadily; and there was something in Ellicott's look which caused Mixson to shift his gaze. A smile, almost apologetic, quivered about the corners of his mouth, and he gave way to it. He grinned, to all intents amiably.

"Morning, Ellicott," he said, with a wave of the hand holding the cigarette. "Tell your Gugu to vamose, will you? I've got something to say."

"Remarkable," sneered Ellicott. "Positively remarkable. You have something to say. Really, I can hardly believe you. Dagorro, you may go. Well, now, Mixson—eh?"

Mixson had been looking away from Ellicott, and his bearing was now as insolent as before. "Well, you look here, Bart Ellicott," he blustered, "I'm gettin' pretty tired of the way you've been actin'. Guess you know why I've come, all right, all right. Hey—now don't you? Hey?"

"I thought *you* had something to say, Mixson," returned Ellicott, lighting another cigarette and looking out to sea with apparent lack of interest.

Mixson, uninvited, poured himself a cup of coffee from the urn and stirred some sugar and condensed milk within it. "Well, I have got something to say—and it's just this, Ellicott. I'm a white man, ain't I, hey?"

"One can tell nothing from exteriors," murmured Ellicott to the tip of his cigarette.

Mixson, disregarding Ellicott's interruption, which he did not understand, continued:

"I'm a white man—sure. You're a white man—sure. Now, there ain't another white man on the island—see?

Nary one. There ain't another white man nearer than Cebu. Now, you're Captain of Constabulary and I'm Coast District Inspector of Customs, and——"

"And you're a very tiresome person, Mixson—a very tiresome person. I really wish you wouldn't come here and bore me. Really, I do——"

Mixson drank a bit of his coffee. "Well, now, nobody can't say I didn't give you warning, Bat——"

"Don't call me that—I don't like it—from you," said Ellicott slowly.

"Oh, well! You always was so touchy. Well, now, what I want to say is this. That I'm the Coast District Inspector of Customs for this here island and for Zulon likewise. And I ain't responsible to nobody but W. Morgan Shuster and the Governor. And, furthermore, you ain't got nothing to do with the customs, and I'm getting tired of the way you come down and borrow my customs cutter without so much as 'by your leave,' and go out on smuggling expeditions of your own——"

"In which I always manage to confiscate a choice assortment of guns and munitions of war, evidently intended for *insurrectos* hereabout. It strikes me that one of the duties of the constabulary is to root up the seeds of trouble before they have had a chance to take root."

"Well, all I gotter say is this, Ellicott. I ain't goin' to have it! You can't use my cutter, and that's all there is to it——"

Ellicott tossed his cigarette through the window and eyed him coldly and malevolently. "And I'll tell you the reason why, you foul-mouthed gutterhound," he said, without apparent emotion. "I've known for a good long time that you've been in league with Cipriano Salis and his crowd of 'bad men'——"

"It's a lie——!"

Ellicott stopped and took one step toward him. Mixson started back and fumbled around his hip-pocket.

"Oh, don't trouble!" sneered Ellicott. "I wouldn't hit a man who was

so little and so mean as you are. Well, to continue—if I hadn't made those seizures, Cipriano would have had his crowd well armed by this time and ready to drive me and my constabularies to kingdom come. And that would please you immensely, wouldn't it, Mixson? Think of the lovely smuggling rendezvous this island would be——"

Mixson, his face purple, advanced toward Ellicott. "Well, I wouldn't say too much if I was you, Captain Barton Ellicott," he said, his face twisted into an ugly leer. "I guess I've been looking up your record. I guess I know why you're out here in the Philippines. Yes! if I was a common drunkard—a sot—a disgrace to my family—if I'd been kicked out of the United States Navy because I'd been drunk on duty, I guess I'd be more careful about how I slung mud at other people. Yes! and the General knows all about it, too—yes, General Allen, I mean—your General. I wrote him. You ain't got a reputation none too good with him, I can tell you. I've told him, by letter, as how you've been seen staggering through the streets of Melangeth with the little children calling after you. Huh! guess I wouldn't talk so much, Captain Barton Ellicott, if——"

"So you wrote that to General Allen, did you, you hairless ape?" (Residence in the Philippines gives one a peculiar proficiency in the art of evil nomenclature.) "You did, eh? Indeed!"

"Yes! and that ain't all, neither," continued Mixson, with some pride. "I wrote him that you treated the Filipinos like under-dogs instead of like free men and your equals, and I got the Presidente and Vincente de Goa and Cipriano Salis, and other prominent natives, to testify—and unless you promise to let me alone I'll send it off today—to the Governor. Hey, how do you like that?"

With a single bound Ellicott cleared the space that lay between him and Mixson, caught the smaller man by the shoulders and shook him as a dog

would a rat. "You little puppy!" said Ellicott slowly. "You filth! you mud! Send your petition to the Governor—who cares! And get out of my house!" He released him and stood back a pace, regarding the shaking customs official. "If you ever speak to me again in public or in private, if you dare come near me, I'll horsewhip you as I would a pariah dog. You stay to your own end of the town and call your brown men your little brown brothers, but don't ever come near me again. Get out, before I kick you out. If you say a word, I'll——"

As Mixson retreated toward the door his hand slid into his hip-pocket and now he flashed out a revolver. "Don't you touch me, Barton Ellicott—don't you touch me! If you come a step nearer, I'll shoot. I'll blow your head off! I'll——"

Ellicott, rolling a cigarette, laughed mirthlessly. "Oh, you amusing person!" he said. "*You*—shoot me! Why"—he advanced with quick steps toward Mixson and struck him lightly across the cheek with the palm of his hand—"why don't you shoot, Mixson? I'll tell you why. Because you're afraid. Oh, you tire me. Get out!"

Mixson, the hand holding the revolver shaking, opened the door. "I'll—I'll fix you for this, Ellicott——"

"I have eyes in the back of my head for such vermin as you, Mixson. God! I'm ashamed of being an American when I reflect that you belong to the same nation." He gave the Inspector of Customs a push and closed the door behind him. Then he returned to his seat and lighted the cigarette which he had just rolled.

But his bearing changed when he sat down. "So that dirt knows—he knows," he said. There was bitterness in his tone. "How did he discover? My letters!" Ellicott smote the table a forcible blow. "My letters! He's the postmaster. Yes! that's it—my letters. It's easy enough to believe anything about that hound. So he wrote Allen! And I'm a common drunkard—a sot—kicked out of

the Navy—" Ellicott rested his head on his hands. "And the worst of it is that it's true—yes, it's true!"

He arose and crossed the room, from a tiny cupboard at one end taking a bottle of Scotch and a siphon of soda. He filled the tumbler half full of whisky and filled it to the brim with soda. Then he drank it down at two gulps.

"After all," he meditated as he put the bottle away, "after all, it's the only thing left. There's no use in my cutting it out now—no use."

There was a knock on the door, and he called admittance. His constabulary sergeant, brave in his khaki, red and gold, entered and saluted.

"Coastguard boat *Panay*—he come," the Sergeant informed him in pidgin-English, of which the Sergeant was inordinately proud. "He come hurry-up now. Capitan maybe want go down take look—see?"

"Yes," answered Ellicott. "Yes, I do. Thanks, Sargento. Yes, I will go."

As the Sergeant quitted the room Ellicott picked up his white-peaked military cap and drew on his white gloves. "I suppose Ennis will be aboard," he reflected. "God! what a relief it is to talk to a real white man—a real one. It doesn't happen often. I wonder what brings the *Panay* here this time?"

Ellicott pulled his cap over his eyes and descended the stairs, crossed the court and bade one of his orderlies saddle his little horse. This operation completed, Ellicott swung on her back and guided her through the gate to the yellow street without. The little beast, glad of an opportunity to stretch her limbs, set off at an accelerated pace as soon as she became aware of the fact that her master was willing, and the Captain of Constabulary crossed tier after tier until the water front, with its waving palms and white-sanded beach, stood out before him.

There, steaming inward, its white paint and brass work resplendent in the sun, was the coastguard cutter *Panay*, a trim, yacht-like craft of some

five hundred tons. Ellicott knew well enough that she could not cross the sand bar, but that she must anchor at least a quarter-mile from shore; so, tossing his reins to a nearby native, he hailed a boatman.

"Take me out to the steamer," he said, stepping into the little rowboat. The boatman, knowing not whether to scowl at labor imposed or to be glad of the half-peseta which would be his reward, handled the oars hesitatingly.

"Hurry!" frowned Ellicott.

A stiff wind was blowing off shore, and the boatman raised his matting sail. Soon the boat passed over the sand bar, and the *Panay*, now anchored, showed a number of people leaning over the rail and viewing their approach.

The accommodation ladder had been dropped by the time Ellicott approached, and the Constabulary Captain stepped from the boat to the ladder, mounted it, and swung himself over the side and upon the deck. A man in a white drill uniform, with anchors on his neckband and the peak of his cap, came forward, greeting gladly.

"Hello, Ellicott," he said. "You're just the man I want to see."

"Thanks, Ennis," returned Ellicott. "It rather makes me feel good to see you."

Lazenby, the first mate, came up likewise and shook hands. He also grinned appreciatively.

"We've brought you a Christmas present this time, Ellicott," he said as he shook hands. "No more loneliness in Melangete. No more dusky belles of the Pacific——"

"You haven't brought my successor?" asked Ellicott, remembering Mixson's words.

"Successor!" returned Ennis. "No; no blooming fear! Those people in Manila are only too glad to get a man who will stay in a God-forsaken place like this without kicking. Successor—huh! Guess again, Ellicott. But, say, come down to my room and have a drink first——"

"But what—?" persisted Ellicott.

"You see that girl bending over

those bags and boxes? Isn't she a pretty little thing, though! Lord! she's made me feel like home again since she's been aboard. I wish she had a permanent position on this ship. Well, she hasn't. She's thrown away on you, you old misanthrope. She's booked for Melangete."

As Ellicott looked the girl turned, and Ellicott had that rare feeling, a desire to be very, very decent again. The girl had large brown eyes and red-gold hair, and she looked like a very nice girl indeed. Besides the eyes and the hair, and the delicious creaminess of her skin, she was a mass of fluffiness. Her little canvas-shod feet peeped out from a mass of white stuff; there was no end of white drapery about her hat, and lace hung from her sleeves. Involuntarily Ellicott doffed his hat.

"That's the girl," said Ennis gleefully.

Ellicott looked at him sourly. "Well—does she know what sort of a place Melangete is?" he inquired. "Look here, Ennis, it's a shame to let a girl like that come to such a place as Melangete! Why has she come——?"

"Why, the Bureau of Education sent her. She's a school-teacher just fresh from the States. They sent her down here—Lord knows why. I think she refused to marry one of the high muck-mucks in the Bureau——"

"And so they send her to a place where there is only one other white person——?"

"Two," interrupted Lazenby.

"You don't call Mixson white, I sincerely trust," said Ellicott with scorn.

"No, come to think of it—no!" returned Lazenby.

"Come, have a drink," said Ennis.

"A drink!" muttered Ellicott.

"And there's only one white man on the island, and he can't drink in moderation. No—no, thanks, Ennis. You'd better introduce me."

A moment later he was holding his cap in one hand while his other held the small pink palm of the fluffy young lady.

II

NIGHT came upon Melangete suddenly with the disappearance of the blood-red sun behind the sapphire seas, and lizards croaked out of the darkness. Star-gemmed skies and purple-tinted clouds about the translucent moon shed a queer, ghostly glimmer over the palms and ylang-ylang trees. The faint tinkle of guitars told the tale of the brown sweetheart of the maiden who listened at her latticework to his Visayan interpretation of an air popular in Spain half a century before.

Alone on the balcony of the mess-room Barton Ellicott sat, eying a bottle of whisky on a little table nearby.

"God! what a cur you are, Barton Ellicott!" he told himself bitterly over and over again. "What a cur you are! And that is your conqueror!" He pointed to the bottle of Scotch, and a queer choking sensation gripped at his throat. "And I thought I was a strong man—God knows I have no right to drink it now—there's only one white man on the island—and she—how she needs a protector! While you—oh, you dirty hound!—you get drunk! You were drunk last night—drunk—and she saw you—she saw you——"

Somewhere near him the plaintive wail of a violin came to his ears. It was no Spanish air, but a little tune popular in the United States that year, one that had in it that faint strain of longing for things past, of yearnings for things that might have been:

Toyland! Toyland! Little girl and boy-land!

While you dwell within it you—are ever happy then;
Childhood's joyland—mystic, merry toy-land,

Once you pass its borders you—may never return again.

Barton Ellicott put his hands to his ears. "I can't listen to that!" he muttered savagely. "Good Lord, what a child I am!"

He stared moodily out into the darkness. "Why did she come here, any-

how? I was just getting satisfied to live this life. I'd be as barbarous as any of them if I lived here two years more as I lived last year. And now *she comes.*"

The violin's plaintive strains ceased and Ellicott felt as though something had suddenly snapped within him. Instinctively he reached his hand for the whisky bottle. Then his fingers became limp.

"No! I mustn't!" he breathed fiercely. "I mustn't!" He lighted a cigarette with trembling fingers and blew out the smoke in uncertain, quivering rings. "I mustn't," he muttered again, but the determination was almost gone from his voice. He reached out his hand again. "Just one drink. It surely can't matter. Just one drink."

He pulled the bottle toward him and uncorked it. His fingers gripped the glass in the other hand and held it beneath while he poured. In the moonlight the yellowish stuff shone with a pale light in the glass. He held it up, his mouth working convulsively.

Tap! He started. "What was that?" he demanded of himself. "Eh—what was that?"

The tap was repeated, lightly, gently. Someone was knocking at his door. He set the glass down untasted, his face flushed. There was but one person who might knock so gently. And he had been about to drink!

He crossed the room, hesitatingly. Should he not let her think that he was out? And he had been drunk the night before—she had seen him.

But he continued on his way, mechanically, and opened the door. She stood outside, the moonlight shining on her glorious hair, her face upturned, her large, grave eyes upon him.

"Oh, Captain Ellicott!" she said, with a sudden start. "I've come to ask you—you'll forgive the intrusion, won't you?—to ask you whether you won't come down into my little reception-room. It's just fixed up. You know how I've been working on it, and——"

He eyed her, afraid of himself.

What right had he to take advantage of her loneliness and go down? He was not fit for association with such as she, and she might as well know it. Barton Ellicott had never sailed under false colors.

"Miss Lorimer, you—you do me an honor to invite me"—his tongue seemed never at ease when he spoke with her—"an honor—undeserved, Miss Lorimer. But I will come, I will come, because—well, I have something to say that will show you—how undeserved the honor is. I'm——"

"You will come, then? Please do." She turned. "Follow me, please."

Ellicott went out and closed the door behind him, following the dainty figure in white down the steps and across the court to the other side of the compound where her quarters had been established. Ellicott followed her, his head bowed, and entered the tiny reception-room which she had fitted up, where freshly cut palms, orchids and other growths adorned bare walls, along with framed drawings, posters and woman's knickknacks. By the open window was an easy-chair on which lay a violin, and a leopard skin was spread at the foot of the chair.

Ethel Lorimer picked up the violin and motioned Ellicott to the easy-chair. "Do sit there—do," she entreated. "I'll sit down here on the leopard skin. It's really much nicer anyhow."

"No, you must sit in the chair, Miss Lorimer," said Ellicott. "Otherwise, I will remain standing—really."

With a little sigh she sank into the recesses of the chair, her violin in one hand. "Such an obstinate person you are, Captain Ellicott," she said. "And you have never been here to see me since you helped me to fix up my place. I had to come to you. It wasn't nice, maybe, to do that. But I wanted to thank you, Captain Ellicott. How kind you have been to me, and how little I feel I deserve it. You have put yourself out in a thousand ways for me. You made the natives build the schoolhouse. You superintended it. Oh, I saw you! You gave up

part of your own quarters to me, and you have a guard over me so that I will be in no danger. Oh, I know! And you went about and got me my scholars and have your soldiers make them come to school. And you fitted up the school-room, and you got me a cook, and oh, so many things! How can I thank you, Captain Ellicott?"

Ellicott was steeling himself for what he must say. "Thanks?" he repeated in a surprised tone. "Why, any half-decent white man would have done all I have done. He would have done much more if he had been thoroughly decent. You exaggerate, Miss Lorimer. I have done very little."

"Oh, so you say; but I know!" pouted pretty little Miss Lorimer. "You have been very kind. And I do wish you would sit down, Captain, and be comfortable. And smoke! Please do."

"If you care to ask me to sit down after what I have to tell you—" he choked out the words. "Listen, Miss Lorimer. I have no right to be seen with you. I—well, my reputation—I must tell you this for your own sake. You mustn't receive me, mustn't have anything to do with me. You must go back to Manila and get another station. I—I must tell you, because—you see, I have some decency left. I am here, Miss Lorimer, because I wanted to hide myself away from the world. I was an officer—naval officer once—I was court-martialed, broken. No, it was no mistake. I was intoxicated on duty—beastly drunk, that's the plain English of it; not once—more than that—a drunkard. I've been that for five years. I'm that now—I was drunk last night. I'm not fit, can't you see—can't you see—?"

He stood erect. Slowly she arose and came toward him. Then she took one of the limply hanging hands between her two pink palms caressingly.

"Poor Captain Ellicott," she said softly. "Poor Captain Ellicott! And you came down here, without a kindred soul to talk to, here to die—oh, you mustn't! you mustn't! And you

are brave and kind—won't you let me help you, won't you? Maybe I can't do much—but won't you let me try?"

"You!" he choked out. "You—you mean that—you mean that?"

"I can't do much—but maybe if you came and talked to me and told me, maybe I could help you fight it. Oh, don't think I'm prudish or anything like that—but—"

"Miss Lorimer," he said slowly, "I am a brute—a hound! But if you—you know now—and if you will believe in me, maybe, maybe—"

"Then that's settled," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness; but there were tears in her voice. "Whenever you feel as though you must do that, you'll come to me, won't you? And we'll talk about other things—and maybe that'll help—" She released his hand and stepped back. "And now you'll sit down, won't you? And smoke. And I'll play for you if you wish. Do you?"

"Very much," he replied faintly as he sat down on the leopard skin, wondering what had suddenly come into his life to cast a roseate hue over existence. He felt suddenly as though things were worth while after all. He lighted a cigarette, and she began to finger the strings of the violin, softly, caressingly.

Toyland! Toyland! Little girl and boyland, she played; and as the strains were wafted out on the night air Barton Ellicott felt something hot and wet on his cheek. Ashamed, he put up his hand and wiped away—tears.

An hour later he ascended the steps and entered his mess-room. Soon afterward Ethel Lorimer, chancing to peer out of her window, saw a tall figure in white clothes standing on the balcony. In his hand he held a bottle. A second afterward something smashed into little bits on the stones of the inner court.

III

GOING to and from her little nipa-thatched schoolhouse, Ethel Lorimer

had chanced to note that oftentimes there stood nearby a thin native who wore pongee clothes cut in the American style, and who also reveled in boiled shirts and ready-made bow ties, the latter article being generally decorated with a diamond pin. Instinctively she disliked that native. There was something cruel about his mouth, something insulting about his eyes. He stared insolently at her whenever she passed, and somehow Ethel felt reminded of a snake.

The third week in Melangete had brought her to the recognition of the fact that there was another person whom she disliked; and that, unfortunately, this person was a white man. Now, Barton Ellicott had said nothing of another white man on the island. From his conversation she had supposed that he was the only man of her own color there. But the appearance of Mixson within the schoolhouse undeceived her.

She had just dismissed her dusky children and was preparing to take her departure when Mixson entered. He wore a blue serge coat and white drill trousers; also yellow shoes. In his buttonhole was an orchid growth, in his hand was a great bunch of them, and on his face was an expansive smile. He advanced toward Miss Ethel Lorimer.

"Miss Lorimer, ain't it?" he inquired. "I s'pose I oughter have an introduction, but them ain't such handy things out on an island. So the fact that I'm an American oughter make good, don't you think—hey, miss? I just brought along some of these pretty flowers as an offering—that's the word, ain't it?" He looked at her. She was smiling dubiously, endeavoring to make her smile a welcoming one and failing. "My name's Mixson," he concluded. "S'pose Barton Ellicott told you something 'bout me?"

"Er—yes," she admitted, "I believe so, Mr. Mixson. How do you do? Thank you so much for the flowers. They are lovely."

She reached out her hand and took

them, then looked at him. "I'm closing the schoolhouse now," she explained, "and so—if you don't mind——"

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mixson, opening the door and passing out. "I'll wait."

The girl frowned a little, and locked the door. Mixson immediately took up a place at her side. "I'll walk a little piece of the way with you," he said. "But not far. You see, me and Ellicott ain't friends. Wonderful how you get along with him. Disagreeable person, he is."

"I haven't found him so," she returned.

"S'pose he's been telling you lots of things about me—how bad I am?" ventured Mixson, with an oily smile.

"No," she returned. "In fact, he has never mentioned your name, Mr. Mixson. I think he said that he was the only white man on the island."

Mixson scowled at the double meaning of this remark. "Hoh! he said that, did he? Hoh! indeed! Hoh! indeed!"

Miss Lorimer noted that the native whom she disliked was bowing very servilely, his hat in his hand. Mixson also noted it, and did not seem pleased; but he removed his hat and grinned recognition.

"That's Cipriano Salis," he volunteered. "Most intelligent native here, that Cipriano Salis." He looked around and found that Salis was following him, working his countenance into very uncouth twists meanwhile. In return Mixson beckoned. Salis came up.

"Miss Lorimer, let me have the pleasure," said Mixson, "of introducing my friend, Señor Don Cipriano Salis——"

"De Salis," corrected the native, with an ugly look.

"Quite so—de Salis," amended Mixson. "Quite so." Then Mixson noted the constabulary barracks rising before him, and caught Salis by the arm. "Well, good day, Miss Lorimer." Then in a low voice, "Say good-bye, Salis."

"Adios, Señorita," said the yellow man, with a profound bow. Miss Lor

imer bowed stiffly and moved on toward the headquarters of the constabulary. She felt vaguely that she should tell Captain Ellicott of her meeting with these two men, but something in Mixson's manner told her that between him and Ellicott there lay a feud; and Ethel Lorimer was not quite sure that Ellicott would approve of her acquaintance with Mixson. So she said nothing.

The next day she found Cipriano waiting for her at the schoolhouse door. With many bows he insisted on accompanying her to her quarters. She dared not refuse, for she was not sure of herself in this foreign land. Salis made many courtly observations concerning the beauty of her eyes and the glorious majesty of her person, and Ethel Lorimer felt vaguely uncomfortable. That night she told Ellicott when the Constabulary Captain came down to chat.

"Oh, yes, Mixson. He's a bad character, Miss Lorimer. What? Introduced whom? Cipriano Salis? Well, I'll be—well! Oh, yes, that's like Mixson! So Cipriano insisted on accompanying you. Yes? Well, you need never be afraid of him forcing his company again after tomorrow. Now tell me, how are the children behaving?"

"But who is this Salis man?" Miss Lorimer desired to know.

"A black *insurrecto*—one of the worst. He's like the snake in the grass. He's at the back of every row that we've ever had on the island of Melangete. He's at the head of this gang who are smuggling arms and ammunition in from Hongkong. Oh, he's a sweet specimen of a *mestizo*, Miss Lorimer. And now, shall we talk of something pleasant?"

So another evening slipped again, and another night passed without recourse to the whisky bottle. Slowly there was growing up within Ellicott a strength he had never known before. The desire came, of course, but when it did he thought of her eyes and somehow it was impossible for him to think of drink when he thought of her eyes—those large, grave, brown eyes.

The next day, when Ethel came out of the schoolhouse and found Cipriano

waiting for the pleasure of accompanying her home, she somehow felt as though Ellicott had failed in his promise. She would then take things in her own hands.

Salis came up, bowing. She regarded him fixedly. "Señor Salis," she said, "I do not care to have you walking with me. No, I do not like it, Señor Salis. I prefer to be alone."

Salis opened his mouth in a wide grin. "If the Señorita will permit; the streets are not the property of any one person," he said.

"But I do not wish you to walk with me, Señor Salis," she insisted. "I do not wish it."

Salis stepped forward, his eyes blinking rapidly. "Ah! the Señorita will then tell why she does not like the company of Cipriano de Salis. Is it because he is a Filipino? *Si?* Then the *Americana* holds herself above the Filipinos? Yet she is not so high as is the Governor, and he has called us his brown brothers. *Si.* Then the Señorita will permit?"

"The Señorita will not permit," said the girl firmly as she opened her parasol and started away.

The *mestizo* came up behind her. "Cipriano Salis has some influence with the Government in Manila," he said in a sibilant whisper. "Perhaps he might tell that the Señorita knows too well *el Capitan de los Constabularios*. And he is not a man who is liked in Manila. And the Señorita, it is said, spends evenings with——"

Hardly had the *mestizo* spoken when the sudden impact of a fist behind the ear sent him sprawling into the dust of the road. Ellicott, a cigarette in his mouth, stooped and pulled the yellow man to his feet instantly, then brought his riding crop down heavily over his back. A snarl, a sight of yellow teeth and a knife glinted in the *mestizo's* hand. Quickly Ellicott dropped the crop and wrenched the knife away, then threw Salis sprawling.

"Now, you yellow ape," he said slowly and in Spanish, "if ever again you speak to this lady, I'll thrash you well. The third offense means that I

will use a revolver on you. Get up, carrion, and run along before I use my whip again."

Shaking with impotent rage, de Salis faced his conqueror. "Pig of an American," he shouted, "I shall yet be avenged for this! Maria! Josef! I swear—such a revenge!" Then, as Ellicott reached for the riding crop, he discreetly took to his heels and vanished around the corner of the school-house.

Ellicott handed the knife to the girl. "As a souvenir," he said lightly. "I don't think Salis will ever speak to you again."

IV

No one save Barton Ellicott will ever know through what stress and travail he passed during the month that followed his smashing of the bottles. Many hours of the night were spent tramping the mess-room, smoking innumerable cigarettes and looking out into the night with haggard, sleepless eyes, while the desire for liquor tugged at his throat as though to choke him. His lips were parched and dry, his throat burning, and his whole frame shaking as with the fever. Many the time he came near descending to the pantry, where he knew the cook kept wine in plenty; once even he descended the stairs and opened the door. But the grave, honest eyes of the girl seemed always before him, and he knew that to be conquered meant that he might not look on her face again save with shame.

It was only in the small hours when he could not go to her for help that the desire attacked him so fiercely. When he was with her he did not think of it, for to have in his mind at one time the exquisite sweetness of the girl and the desire for drink was indeed impossible. But when she was sleeping dreamlessly the fresh sleep of youth, then came the demon and sat with him, walked with him, tempted him.

But Barton Ellicott rose triumphantly above the temptations. At the

end of the month he found that he was able to sleep without fear. Gradually the desire fell away from him as would a rotting garment, and he knew that he was free.

But as he emerged from the thralldom of drink he knew that he was slowly entering another bondage—the bondage of a pair of brown eyes. The image of the girl was with him night and day; and when he sat with her in the eventide watching the glint of the moonlight upon her face—as dainty as a portrait on ivory—he was consumed with the temptation to caress her, to tell her how her coming into his life had changed him. For now that he was free Barton Ellicott was willing to confess to himself that he had not broken away from liquor because of himself, but because he wished to win the respect of this girl—to feel worthy to look upon her without shame.

As for pretty little Ethel Lorimer, she did not know that this man had placed her upon a pedestal at the foot of which he worshiped. She was a very humble little person, was Ethel, unconscious of her own attractions, believing in her littleness and futility. She had not had the chance to learn her own power, for she had known the world at large only for a little less than a year. Before that she had spent six years in a "select school for young ladies," where two prim old Philadelphia women had fashioned her thoughts and impressed her with an overwhelming sense of her own littleness and unworthiness, at the same time taking care to show her that the Misses Wendell-Biddle, with their ancestry stretching back to William Penn, were very important people indeed.

At eighteen, remittances from her father ceased; and it was discovered that he was dead and had left only a few choice thoroughbred horses as an estate. These, converted into money, gave Ethel a chance to look about her. She had it impressed on her that she must do something, and that something appeared only in the shape of a governess's position in a very vulgar newly-rich family. Here Eth-

el was treated in the same manner that Mrs. Kammerson treated her maid—the same being an extremely poor imitation of the way the wife of the phosphate magnate had seen servants treated on the stage by actresses earning at least twenty dollars a week. It was not very likely that Ethel's good opinion of herself would flourish in such an atmosphere.

Then she had taken an examination for school-teacher and had been offered a position in the Bureau of Education at Manila. She came. In Manila she attracted the attention of one of the officials of the Bureau. He proposed to her. She did not like his face nor his manner, and his proposal was rejected. Then, as a revenge fit for such a petty person, he had her transferred to the most undesirable station of which he knew—Melangete.

In Barton Ellicott the girl found substance to build up a character which overshadowed her. His affliction was only another point in the romance, and his fight against it was heroic to her mind. The man himself, with his innate gallantry, his charming deference, yet, withal, his strength—his sheer strength—appealed to her in a way she would have found impossible to describe. She would not have confessed it to him, but when alone in Melangete she was always on the alert, always expecting something to happen, something unpleasant, something terrifying. But this feeling always disappeared when he was with her. He was a rock against which she could lean, a protector who assumed all responsibility for her safety.

She gathered vaguely from his talk that he himself was far from safe in Melangete. Both Mixson and Cipriano Salis bore him a grudge which would, as soon as possible, be repaid. She knew that Salis and Mixson were at the head of a conspiracy to smuggle arms and that Ellicott and his constabularies had defeated their ends many more times than Salis and his companion *insurrectos* liked to remember. It was not pleasant to give many thousands of dollars to German traders in Hong-

kong, to pay the hire of a steamer, and then to have the contraband seized within a few miles of its destination.

But both Salis and Mixson feared Barton Ellicott, and while each one separately longed to have him out of the way, they did not especially care to risk their own precious necks in the act. So, with Oriental patience, they lay low and waited for their opportunity.

Salis, himself, had another reason for wishing Ellicott disposed of. He had taken one of those queer Malay fancies to Ethel Lorimer, and he longed to have her in such a position that she would acknowledge him her lord and master. At the thought of this his yellow face always overspread with a dull glow and he rubbed his hands softly. Mixson, however, disagreed.

"Don't be a fool, Salis," he would say. "If that girl set up a howl the Government in Manila would have to act, and act pretty quick, too. You don't understand the way Americans look on women. You do anything to her and you'd have every white man in the Visayas after you. You remember what that young Kent over in Zulon did—don't you?"

But Salis only grinned evilly and rubbed his hands, thinking of the satin softness of the girl's skin, the faint pink in her cheeks and the lustre of her hair. He was content to wait until his time came. And his time came sooner than anyone expected.

One day, in the Calle Real, an Igorrote down from the mountains doubled up suddenly and tore at his thick masses of black hair. His naked body twisted, and he vomited forth blood. A number of natives surrounded him, and when they saw the blood their brown faces went white.

"The cholera! The cholera!" they shouted, and ran away. A few minutes later the Igorrote fell on his face and writhed like a snake. Presently his twistings became weaker, and soon he died.

The fear went straight to the hearts of the natives, and fear is a horrible thing when the cholera is about. Be-

fore noon there lay ten dead, and Ethel Lorimer, sitting in her school-room, saw a little boy—one Amorro—suddenly rise from his seat and pitch forward in the aisle—and he, too, vomited blood.

The girl did not know nor understand—but she knew that the boy was sick. She picked him up in her arms. The boy was doubled up and continued to vomit blood.

"The cholera! The cholera!" shouted the scholars, and within the minute the school-room was empty save for the teacher and her pupil.

And soon the pupil died, and Ethel Lorimer went out to look for Barton Ellicott that he might take the proper means of having the boy taken to his parents.

She did not know the cholera, nor did she understand what it meant in the Philippines. But when she reached her quarters in the constabulary barracks she was conscious of the fact that a dull, heavy feeling about the head oppressed her. Then a queer, griping pain took her about the stomach and she became very ill indeed.

But when Barton Ellicott's step resounded in the court she summoned up enough strength to totter into the reception-room of her quarters and call for him.

"Captain Ellicott!"

The two words came to his ears like a presage of approaching disaster. He knew that she would not call thus unless something had happened—something that meant ill to her. He turned quickly and rushed into the reception-room.

She was standing unsteadily, gripping a curtain for support. As he entered she tried to smile, but the smile was a very feeble one.

"I—a little boy—died—in the schoolhouse," she began, trying to speak coherently.

Sudden realization came to the man; but he knew he must not tell her, must not alarm her. He choked back the great fear that had come to him and took her hand. It was hot.

"You are not feeling well," he said gently. "You are not feeling well."

Her eyelids fluttered, and her grasp on the curtain became limp. "No," she assented. "No," and she would have fallen if he had not gripped her.

He guided her gently to her bedroom. "You must undress and go to bed—quickly," he said. "I will return in a moment or so, when you are in bed, and then I will give you some medicine. Don't be afraid, now."

He turned and went out, and she, his words impressed upon her, struggled with her clothes and tore them off. She was hot and tired, and queer griping pains were shooting all over her. She managed to creep into her night-dress and pull the covers over her.

Meanwhile the man, his lips dry and working, was pulling things from his medicine chest. His *muchacho* entered.

"Get me a nurse! The Señorita is ill—very ill. Get a nurse quickly," he commanded.

"Cholera!" he muttered. "Cholera—oh, my God! cholera—the poor little girl——!"

He crossed the court with mixtures, medicines and bandages, and knocked on the door of the room. There was only a spasmodic coughing for answer. Entering, he saw blood on the floor.

For five days his knowledge, wrested from experience through a dozen cholera troubles, served him in good stead. Save only when it was necessary for him to leave the room and give place to the Visayan woman who was nursing her, Barton Ellicott was at the girl's side. And he listened to her ravings with tears in his eyes, and heard her sing "Toyland" in her delirium. Other men might have succumbed from sheer weariness and lack of sleep, but Barton Ellicott, his jaw set firmly, resolved that there should be no sleep for him until she was out of danger. He, too, felt pains and knew that trouble was soon for him, but by the exercise of all his will he held himself up until the fifth day, when Ethel Lorimer opened her eyes.

"I have been sick, haven't I?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered dully. "You have been sick—yes, you have been sick——"

He knew she was out of danger, and he gathered up some of the medicine he had given her and went to his own room. Then something griped him at the stomach, and he swallowed the opium and camphor and tottered about, a stricken man. Presently he sank down on the floor and great heaves shook him, and it seemed as if he must cough. And when he coughed he looked at his own blood.

But he got up determined that he would not believe it, and staggered bravely across to the balcony, where he drank more of the cholera mixture. But his arms were weak, his brain swam, and his head sank down on the table.

Benicio, his Sergeant, entered the room, and saw the blood on the floor—also his Captain at the table. Benicio had been through the cholera and was immune, so he came forward and put a brown hand on Ellicott's arm.

"Master must go to bed," he said. "Master have got sick."

Ellicott raised his head and looked at his Sergeant with pale eyes. "You go down to Señorita, Benicio. You tell me whether she is all right now—whether she is all well. You go now—quickly. Then come back."

And Benicio, being a well-trained Sargento, went; and presently he returned.

"She very well now, master," said Benicio. "But master is sick. Must go to bed."

"She is well——?"

"Well—very well, Señor el Capitan," agreed Benicio.

Then the Sargento heard a sigh and looked down just in time to see his master tumble to the floor, a limp, senseless mass.

The Sargento called from the window and several *constabularios* came running up.

"El Capitan have got cholera," said Benicio. "Very bad. Catch cholera from Señorita. Now maybe he die and we get a bad Americano Captain. Must not die—not so?"

"Yes," agreed the *constabularios*, and they carried the Captain to his room and put him to bed.

V

AFTER an eternity of delirium, of strange sights, of fighting with gigantic shapeless monsters who thrust their hot fangs into his flesh and tore it, Barton Ellicott opened his eyes and looked about him. He felt no more pain, only a great weakness and an incapacity to move. Then a cool, soft palm stroked his cheeks and he raised his eyes and looked into two great brown ones.

"Ethel," he murmured. "Ethel—don't go away." Then he closed his eyes and murmured querulously: "It is Ethel, isn't it? It is Ethel."

"Yes, dear, it is Ethel," said a soft voice caressingly.

He stretched out a thin, wasted hand, and the soft one met it and closed upon it; and then he went to sleep again. He also had come through the Valley of Death triumphantly.

An hour or so later he felt strong enough to talk, and he asked her about himself. He had had the cholera, was it not so?

"Yes. You caught it from me while you nursed me. Beaterio told me about you. How you stayed at my bed day and night and did not sleep. Oh, how could you? You were so weak that the cholera got a hold upon you. You were very near—death." She shuddered. "You have been ill for ten days. Your attack was worse than mine."

"Well, we're both well now," he said, with a brave attempt to appear cheerful.

"You are not well," she answered. "You are very weak. You will not be well for days. But the danger is past."

"I would like a cigarette," he murmured. "And I would like you to play for me."

She got him the cigarette and lighted it for him; then she played for

him. When the evening came she fed him his milk and gruel, and he fell asleep before long. The girl looked down on his face, thin and pitifully hollow, and a great lump came into her throat.

"Dear Captain," she said, and she bent over him and kissed him lightly on the cheek. He stirred a little in his sleep and smiled as though his dreams were pleasant ones. And she, fearful of what she had done, blushed.

Day by day he grew stronger, though still weak. He was able to talk more and to listen to her while she told him about affairs and while she sang and played for him. One day early in the forenoon there came a rap at the door. She opened it and encountered Benicio. Together, the girl and the Sergeant talked for several minutes; and Barton, catching a word, affirmed that he was strong enough to talk to Benicio. And so Benicio came in.

Barton propped himself up with pillows and looked at his Sergeant. "You were very good, Sargento," he said. "I want to thank you." He held out his thin, wasted hand, and the Sargento took it humbly; then clicked his heels together and stood attention.

"If the Señor Capitan must know," said Benicio in Spanish, "I have come for orders from him. The ladrones have broken out ten miles to the north of Melangete. They have burned the town of Estrella del Norte, killed many men, and stolen many women and cows. If it is permitted I will lead your *constabularios* among them and wipe them from the face of the earth, the foul animals! Is it permitted that I take command in the absence of the Señor Capitan?"

Barton reflected for a moment. "This you can do, Benicio?" he asked. "The men will follow you without question?"

"Yes, Señor Capitan," returned Benicio, bowing.

"Then it is permitted. Go out and make an end to the ladrones. Leave behind five men to garrison the bar-

racks, and go to my table, open the drawer, and bring to me my pistols—*sabe?*"

The Sergeant bowed again, saluted and went off. A few moments later he returned with Ellicott's Colt revolvers and a cartridge belt.

"Put them beneath my pillow," said Ellicott. Benicio obeyed. "And now go, Sargento, and give a good account of yourself. I expect great things of you. Let me not be disappointed."

The Sergeant put one hand upon his heart and swore by the Trinity not to return unless victory attended him; then he saluted and went away.

"A good fellow, that Benicio," said Ellicott wearily. "God occasionally makes a good Filipino—but it is seldom. And one thing I will wager—that Cipriano Salis is behind this uprising. He knows that I am ill and cannot lead my men against his ladrones. But I trust Benicio. He is a good soldier."

"You have excited yourself," said the girl softly. "Now you must close your eyes and rest. Try to sleep."

But Ellicott did not sleep. He lay there and watched her flitting about the room, a dainty mass of white fluffiness; and a great desire came up within him to tell her how much he cared for her. But this was not the time. Pity must have no share in her feeling for him, nor must gratitude enter into it. No, he would wait until he was strong and well again and could press his suit with her like a man, not an invalid.

They ate their dinner together, and she read to him from a popular magazine while the light lasted. Then she picked up her violin and played "Toyland." It was the first time she had played it since he had been ill.

Certain trifles exercise great influence on us, although we can assign no reason for their doing so. A faded rose, a certain strain, a bit of lace, a line of verse, often stand for something intangible which makes or mars our lives. In Ellicott's case this little song, this simple little strain,

stood for the best in him—his love for the girl. The longing, the desires unfulfilled, the regrets for things past, all were embodied in this little lilt; and somehow he had argued out that her playing of it meant that she understood what the song meant to him and played it with a full understanding. It was a devious development, interesting to the psychologist because it was unexplainable.

So, somehow, when she began the strain, his heart beat wildly, his whole body shook, and the tears stood out in his eyes. She played on:

Once you're past its borders, you—may never return again.

"Ethel!" he said. He had never pronounced her name so before except when she was unconscious of it. "Ethel!" Just the way he said it meant all that he would have had it mean. She ceased playing and turned her eyes, shyly, to him, the long lashes almost hiding them from view. There was a blush-rose tint on the satin ivory of her cheeks.

"Ethel!" he said again, and stretched out his hand. Somehow hers met it, and he raised himself in his bed and rubbed the soft fingers along his cheek, caressingly.

"Sing that for me—just sing it," he said, his tones very low. She sang it. But there was a new tone in her voice—one that he had never noted before. It was a triumph over unhappiness; a fulfilment of desires expressed; a joyous certainty of the equality of the present with the past—mayhap a certain superiority.

"I knew—when I first heard that," he said. "I knew that you—one can't say these things—they are so different when they come to mind—dream-children, maybe, and not to be materialized. But you divine me, don't you, Ethel? I don't have to try to say them to you—because you understand, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, I understand," she answered softly.

"So there is only one thing—I want you to promise to marry me when I'm able to get up. Then—well, then we'll

go away from here, go back to civilization. I'm not poor, you know. I'm living here from choice—because I thought my life was ended. I wanted to live among beasts—because I was a beast—before I met you. But you've been all and all to me. You've brought me out of the mire. You've made a man out of me. Oh, dear little girl, I wonder if you know what you've done with this pitiful creature Ellicott! I wonder if you know how pitiful he was before you came. And now—well, he's none too good now, and you are risking much when you put your sweet person into his power for life. But he loves you, Ethel—the only thing in the world for him. God! how he loves you, little girl—little girl, my little girl! You *will* marry me, won't you?"

She bent over until her cheek touched his. "You know I will," she said. "You know, dear."

And he kissed her.

The silence of the night was upon them, broken only by the guttural clucks of the lizards, the chirping of innumerable insects, the tinkle of guitars; and in that silence was plenitude and, after what had been said, no need for speech. Rather would it have been desecration of their new-found happiness. Both were living in a world apart then, floating above the material and in the realms of intangibility.

Then, out of the silence, came a report—sharp, quick, final—and the shrill cry of one stricken to death. Four revolvers took up the challenge and a fusillade followed. *Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

"God! what's that?" cried Ellicott. "Jesus! Maria—!" came the cry of the one done to death; and his lips were cold ere the "Josef!" had come to them.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of scurrying feet was on the stairs, and the door flew open. A *constabulario*, revolver in hand, stumbled into the room.

"Señor—Capitan," the words with

an effort. "Ladrones — many ladrones——"

He pitched forward and lay very still. Instinctively Ellicott's hands went under the pillows. A strange, new sense of strength came to him.

"Ethel," he said slowly. "You must go—into the next room. You cannot——"

"I will stay with you," she said courageously. But her lips were white.

"No, no! you must not!" he almost shrieked. "I tell you, you must not! Go into the next room. Go, for God's sake!"

"I will not go," she declared, pale but determined.

"Then go into that closet until I need you—that place over there where my uniforms hang—quick, Ethel! I see what this means! I've expected it. Cipriano is taking his revenge. My God! don't you see what this means to you? He's come for you—for *you*, you understand! He'll kill me—that doesn't matter. But I'll kill him first—he sha'n't have you—you—must go into the closet and shut the door—you must go—you hear, you must——"

"I will not! I will stay with you," she cried defiantly.

With the stimulative strength of the moment Barton felt the equal of many men. He pushed the coverlet from him and sprang to the floor, attired as he was in his silken pajamas. He caught the girl by the arm. "I must compel you, then," he said sternly. Quickly he carried her across the room by the sheer force of his newly found strength and pushed her into the capacious closet in which his clothes hung. Then, without more ado, he shut the door, locked it and thrust the key beneath his pillows. His face, white and drawn, shone wolfishly in the moonlight as he crossed the room, a revolver in each hand.

"So he thinks I'm done for—the hound!" he snarled. "I'll send him to hell if I catch sight of him!" With nervous hands he buckled the cartridge belt around his waist, then rushed to the door and bolted it.

He crept cautiously forward into the

circle of moonlight by the window, his head below the level of the railing of the balcony. In the court he heard cries and shouts. He crept forward and peered below. There, bunched together in little groups, were many masked men.

The rage that possessed him did not cause his arm to shake nor his aim to be less true than always. He leveled one of his Colts and fired quickly. Six times he fired, all six seemingly one long shot, and from those in the court came cries of pain and shrieks of fear. Then, in the moonlight, Ellicott's figure showed erect on the balcony.

"You dogs—you filth—you sons of hogs—you ape-souls!" he shouted in their own language. "So you thought the Americano was near death! So you come to attack me, you hounds! I'll kill every one of you for this—every one of you——"

A bullet whizzed upward, grazing his left arm, and one of his revolvers fell to the balcony with a crash.

Immediately Ellicott dropped behind the railing, and a shout of triumph went up from him who had fired the shot. "He is but a boaster. He is alone. He cannot fight us. His soldiers we have killed. The others are away. Come, brothers, let us make an end to this Americano. Come!"

A fierce cry of approval went up from the others, and Ellicott could hear the sounds of many bare feet upon the steps leading from the court.

He hastened across the room and stood waiting at the door. He did not wait long. There was a fierce blow, and the thin wood was shattered. Ellicott fired swiftly through the opening, and heard cries of pain from those without.

"The dogs!" he muttered. "The dogs! So they think the Americano is easy prey. They will see!"

His teeth were biting into his lips and the blood streamed over his chin. His eyes were almost popping from his head. A stain of red came from his shoulder where the bullet had struck.

Choking back his pain, he reloaded

the two revolvers from his cartridge belt. There were no more cartridges, he noted, with a grim philosophy. Well, it hardly mattered with regard to him. They would kill him, maybe. But she was safe. They would not think of the closet. And in the morning Benicio would come.

His eye fell on his sword hanging above the bed. With a cry of approval he sprang upon the bed and pulled the weapon down. Then he threw the bed over on its side and lay behind it.

Just as he did so the door fell in with a crash, and the room was filled with dusky forms making straight for him. His first revolver blazed out its six deaths, then the second, but they were upon him by that time, and he sprang back from his bed, a strange figure in his silken pajamas, the blood streaming over them, a smoking revolver in his wounded hand and the other brandishing a sabre which glittered in the moonlight. As they rushed upon him he dropped the revolver, and his blade described a circle, biting into the neck of the first man who approached. He dropped like a stalk before the reaper. But Ellicott's triumph was not for long. They closed on him, firing and beating at him with clubbed carbines. He shortened his sword and thrust. Then something heavy came down on his head. He collapsed, shapelessly, and went down in a heap.

As the first thin streak of red thrust itself athwart the horizon Ellicott's eyelids fluttered and his fingers clutched air. With the feeling of consciousness came the realization of great pain. He tried to raise himself, but the agony was too much for him, and he sank back with a groan.

His eyes, now open, took in the blood-stained floor, the overturned bed, the streaked sabre and the used revolvers. And then he remembered, and the shock of mental pain was so great that the physical pain was forgotten.

"Ethel!" he cried; "Ethel!"

July, 1905—4

There was no answer. His body straightened itself, and he pulled himself to his feet, although it seemed that his head and body were being seared with hot irons.

"Ethel—Ethel!" he cried again. Then he hobbled across the room and blinked at the closet.

It had been broken open from the outside.

"Oh, my God!" he muttered.

As he spoke he tottered and fell, and his hand came in contact with something soft. He clutched it feebly, and held it in line with his eyes. It was red with blood, and it was her handkerchief. Her handkerchief!

"Cipriano Salis!" he choked. "Oh, my poor little girl! Cipriano Salis!"

The repetition of the name seemed to set his brain on fire. He kept muttering it, and his thoughts whirled in an atmosphere of red. "Cipriano Sa-lis," he whispered sibilantly. "The snake—the snake——"

On hands and knees he crept across the floor to where his revolvers lay, and his fingers tested the barrels. One was empty—the other——

"One left!" he cried, his eyes blazing. "One left!"

A light shone in his eyes, the light of the tiger's eyes when it is stalking its prey. Barton Ellicott pulled himself to his feet, a new strength coming to him. Clutching the lintel, he passed through it, and, on hands and knees, crawled down the steps to the court. The pain in his head and body was slowly sapping what strength he had, but a fire was burning in his brain that only death could extinguish.

He reached the court, a strange figure, his face scratched and bleeding, his feet bare. He made his way across unevenly, and went into the stables.

His little pony, Estrella, whinnied delightedly and rubbed her cold nose toward her master. Ellicott managed to drag her saddle and bridle from their place and put them on her. Then, slowly and painfully, he climbed into the saddle.

He stroked the mare's mane and

whistled gently, and she ambled forth into the court and into the street.

"Faster, faster, little horse!" cried the man feverishly. "We are going to find Cipriano Salis, you and I. We are going to kill Cipriano Salis, you and I. We will find Ethel—we, little horse, we are going to find Little Girl—we, Estrella, you and I, little horse."

The pony whinnied in sympathy and trotted along evenly. The jolting in the saddle gave him acute pain.

"Faster, faster, little horse," he gasped. "Faster!"

Through the groves of nodding palms, through the sweet odors of the ylang-ylang trees, among the morning chatterings of monkeys and parquets, the man rode. And out of a rice paddy he saw a yellow house. There Cipriano Salis lived.

Across the marshy rice land Estrella pulled herself with difficulty. And now they had entered the inclosure about the nipa-thatched dwelling. With a groan Ellicott slipped from the pony's back.

"Wait, little horse, wait," he said. The pony whinnied in reply. Barton Ellicott crept to the door and pushed. It swung open and he hobbled into the court.

Through his head the strains of the little song were running, slowly, mournfully—a song of lost hopes. The eyes of the girl, frightened, resisting her brown captors, came to him, and his face worked convulsively.

He had been to Salis's place before, hunting for arms, and he knew Salis's sleeping apartment. Painfully he crossed the court and crept up the steps to the inner garden.

His hand touched the latch of a door. He pushed. It swung open.

There, his mouth open and his flat nostrils dilating, his pajamas unfastened at the throat and showing his naked brown flesh, greasy and revolting, lay Cipriano Salis, sleeping the sleep which comes to just and unjust alike.

The fact that Cipriano was unwounded and that he was sleeping, to all appearances innocently, meant nothing to Ellicott. Salis was the

brain back of these affairs—he did not risk his brown skin by participating in them.

So, panting with pain, Barton Ellicott threw himself forward on the bed and pressed the cold nose of the Colt to the forehead of Cipriano Salis. With a start and a yell, Salis awoke and looked into the glaring eyes of the half-maddened man, with face bloody and hair disheveled.

"Señor—Señor—what is this? Jesus! Maria! Josef!" he cried in Spanish.

From between his teeth, grinding themselves together, Ellicott's speech came slowly but distinctly: "Where is she, you yellow hound? Where is she? Move, and I'll send you to hell. Where is she? The Señorita—quick! Tell me! I know, you made the attack on me—your hired assassins! I know——"

"It is not true—it is—" shrieked the Filipino.

"Liar! Tell me where is the Señorita? Where have you hidden her?"

"I do not know!" Salis was attempting to rise, but the cold muzzle of the revolver pressed him back. "Pedro! Dagorro! Help, there! I am being murdered!"

The muzzle of the Colt was eating a red ring into his forehead. The eyes of the man holding it glinted. "Tell me! tell me! I will count five. If you have not told me then, I'll send you to hell, you hound! One, two, three, four——"

With a wild shriek Salis clutched the revolver and threw himself upon its holder. The energy of despair, of great hate, came to Ellicott. He hurled himself upon the brown man and bore him back on the bed. At the same moment two half-dressed Filipinos burst into the room, but not before Ellicott, his knee on Salis's throat, had pulled the trigger.

The room was filled with smoke, and when it cleared away Salis's head, mangled, fell limply over the side of the bed. At the same moment Ellicott, smoking revolver in hand, seemed to hear someone playing "Toyland."

He listened for a moment. A smile overspread his face. Then he stumbled and rolled at the feet of the two Filipinos who had just entered.

VI

DIMLY, during the succeeding weeks, Ellicott remembered vaguely that things were happening to him. Not that it mattered much, for nothing mattered. But he remembered that he had been carried to a ship and that the ship rocked a great deal—maybe there was a storm. A bearded man sometimes injected something in his arm and he went into a sleep after that. Between the times the bearded man came he heard Ethel playing "Toyland." But she was far away from him and he was not strong enough to go to her.

Then he remembered that the ship stopped and they carried him from it, and put him into a carriage, and he went to some place, smelling of fresh drugs, and his heated limbs were put between cool sheets. Women in white hovered about him, and a young fellow smelling of violet perfume bent over him and listened to his heart beats, and seemed concerned about him.

But by and bye they took off the bandages that confined his head, and he felt freer, and looked up, and saw that he was in a white-painted room. The bed was white and the table was white, and the girl who sat on the chair was in white. But she was not Ethel.

Things shaped themselves more definitely after that. He asked the girl where he was, and she told him that he was in the general hospital in Manila, and that if he lay quiet for some time he would get well. So he lay quiet and wondered.

The days passed quietly after that. One day they opened the window blinds, let in the sunshine and allowed him to sit up, and then he began to ask questions.

"Where is she—Miss Lorimer?" was the first one he asked. The girl did

not know. She was Miss Knowlton and a trained nurse. She asked him who Miss Lorimer might be, and Ellicott, glad to share the burden of his thoughts with someone, told her. She shook her head and went out, and she blinked back some tears.

She sought another nurse, Miss Leslie, and told her the story. "I do not believe he is a murderer," said Miss Knowlton firmly. "He did not tell me all about it, but this girl—he was in love with her, you know—the ladrones attacked them and carried her away, and he doesn't know where she is."

Miss Leslie nodded solemnly. "But he killed a man—crept into his room and killed him," she said.

"Oh, maybe," said Miss Knowlton vaguely. "But it must have had something to do with the girl. Her name was Ethel. He raved about her in his delirium and sang a little song, or tried to sing it, 'Toyland.' I must get that—it's pretty. He was asking her to play it—do you know, it was very pitiful."

"But he killed a man," shuddered Miss Leslie.

"Oh, bother!" cried Miss Knowlton indignantly. "Oh, bother!"

"Well, bother or not," said Miss Leslie, "they are going to try him for murder. The Governor himself approves of it. He says the white men in command in solitary places hold the lives of Filipinos in too little esteem. And this man whom he killed was very well known—he was a graduate of a university in Spain. And all the people there thought a great deal of him. And none of them thought much of this man."

"That's right. Turn against your own race for these brown men," said Miss Knowlton indignantly. Miss Knowlton was a Southerner. She did not agree with the Governor that the Filipinos were her little brown brothers. "Just the same, the Filipino has a soul as good as yours," cried Miss Leslie. "And this man is a murderer."

And, unfortunately for Ellicott, the views taken by Miss Leslie were the

ones taken by the Government of the Philippines.

So when Jasper Mixson came to Manila with a petition signed by every Filipino in Melangete excepting the *constabularios*, requesting that Captain Barton Ellicott, of the Philippine Constabulary, be tried for the wilful murder of that esteemed citizen, Cipriano de Salis, the Governor listened to the words of Mixson. And when Mixson produced the two friends of the late Salis who had witnessed the shooting, and they had duly sworn and testified, the Governor took notice officially, and the ultimatum was given forth that, as soon as Ellicott recovered, he was to be put on trial for his life.

One day Stephen Risley, Captain, P.C., and an acquaintance of Ellicott's, came to the hospital, and, gently, told him the story. Ellicott listened with a stony face.

"Very well, Risley," he said when his brother-in-arms had completed the tale. "That doesn't matter. But there is something that does matter, Risley. There is a little girl—" And, concisely, Ellicott told him of the disappearance of Ethel Lorimer. Risley's face flushed.

"It's an outrage!" he exclaimed. "Yes, of course, Ellicott, I'll take the matter up with the Bureau of Education immediately."

But all the Bureau of Education did was to refer the matter by official letter to the constabulary, who finally referred it to the coastguard. The latter sent a boat to Melangete to investigate.

But before the boat started Barton Ellicott was summoned to be tried for his life.

To the end of his days the picture of that court-room will always be with Barton Ellicott. The judge was a wizened, rat-faced man, with shrewdness and cunning planted firmly on his visage. Ellicott knew that, with him, judgment meant the decreeing of whatever the Government wished. And the Government wanted

an example made of Ellicott "to restore amicable relations between the white men and their brown brothers of Melangete."

One of the peculiarities about the administration of justice in the *Islas de los Filipinos* is that there is no such thing as trial by jury. A judge, appointed by the politicians of the United States and sometimes devoid of knowledge of the forensic lore, deals out injustice with an unpracticed hand.

Hiram Z. Conway, the Hon. Hiram Z. Conway, was a man who hid behind a shrewd face and an owlish air very little else save the overdeveloped cunning of the fox. And it was in his hands that Ellicott's fate reposed.

By his side sat his Filipino clerk, who took down the proceedings in Spanish. At his back his stenographer made marks on the paper and gazed idly about him.

As witnesses sat Mixson, grinning amiably; Pedro Gonzalez and Dagorro Punt, the friends of the late Salis. Martin Genami, Presidente of Melangete, attired in a very long frock coat, spoke rapidly with his two countrymen.

There were a number of constabulary officers, six or seven newspaper men—correspondents for New York and London agencies and newspapers, and several local men—a scattering of natives who had come hoping to see the *Americano* condemned to death and gloating over the prospect, and the wives of Government officials who had nothing better to do.

Barton Ellicott, pale and tired-looking, listened to the opening of the case with little interest, smoking cigarette after cigarette and wondering when the interminable formalities would end. The room began to assume the appearance of a blue-vapored cloud, for nearly everyone smoked.

Seen through the tobacco smoke, Pedro Gonzalez arose to give his testimony as to what he had seen. From Pedro's statement it appeared that Ellicott was nothing more nor less than a Simon-pure murderer—a fiend lusting

for blood. In a broken voice Pedro added a few words eulogistic of the many worthy qualities of Cipriano Salis as a man.

Dagorro Punt followed and gave testimony to the same effect. In fact, the language was cast in the same mold, and it was evident that they had agreed upon the matter before they came into the court-room. There was no cross-examination. Ellicott had not desired it.

He remembered now, however, that he had pleaded "Not guilty" to the charge of murder. How would these people view his statement after these Filipinos had just sworn that he *was* a murderer?

Mixson took the stand after Dagorro, testifying to the general bloodthirstiness of Ellicott, his threat to shoot him if he spoke to him again, and his general manner of stirring up strife between white men and Filipinos. "He treated the Filipinos of Melangete as a slave-driver would have treated the slaves that he flogged."

Then Martin Genami, his hand thrust in the breast of his coat, ascended the stand with much dignity and testified to the lack of respect with which he, Martin Genami, Presidente of Melangete, had been treated by this Americano. In long, rounded periods this gentleman declared that Ellicott was a menace to the peace of the country. That his (Genami's) countrymen, hot-blooded and impetuous creatures, might take Ellicott's acts as representing the opinion of the Government and feel that the Government did not consider them the equals of the white man. Which would be unfortunate, affirmed Señor Genami.

He further elaborated his testimony by recounting a little incident in which he had figured with Ellicott. It appeared that he, Genami, was about to receive a visit from Samio del Gado, a neighboring Presidente. He had sent a note to Ellicott requesting that he and his *constabularios* turn out to act as his (Genami's) escort. As a reply Ellicott met him on the street next day and pulled his (Genami's) nose, for the

reason that (according to Ellicott) he (Genami) had insulted him.

One point in the character of Ellicott was not forgotten by any of the witnesses—his propensity for liquor. Mixson added to the others' testimony by recalling the career of Ellicott in the United States Navy, from which he was expelled for intoxication on duty.

The case looked very black against Ellicott, and when the time came to make his statement all eyes were fixed on him, wondering how he intended to justify his plea of "Not guilty."

But Ellicott, when he faced the Judge, was not thinking of his life and liberty at stake. Somehow he heard someone singing:

Little girl and boyland!

Once you pass its borders you—may
never return again.

He looked around, almost uncomprehendingly. Then he realized that he must say something.

"Oh, yes," he began vaguely. The song was in his ears. "Cipriano—Salis—yes, I killed him. I shot him. Yes, he was defenseless. He was an assassin—a cowardly dog—I shot him as I would shoot a dog. And I do not regret it. Yes, Your Honor, I killed him. But it was not murder."

He swept his arm around, taking in the witnesses. "Those men, of course, they wish me to appear guilty. And the white man, so-called, Mixson, yes, of course. He and this Salis were smugglers. I interfered with them, captured arms, ammunition intended for insurrection—they wanted me out of the way.

"There was a girl—Miss Lorimer. This Salis cast his eyes on her—desired her, I suppose. I thrashed him one day for insulting her. Yes, I thrashed him. And I warned Mixson not to speak to me. I don't like renegades. Then the cholera came—Miss Lorimer had it—then I. She was nursing me—my *constabularios* away putting down Salis's ladrones. They attacked me that night—Salis's followers. I was sick, weak, just recov-

ering from the cholera—they were too many for me. The next morning when I revived I found they had stolen her away—Miss Lorimer. I had none of your so-called legal proof, but I knew that Salis was at the bottom of it—I had just enough strength to reach his house. He was in bed. I asked him—Miss Lorimer—where was she. He called for assistance, refused to tell me—I shot him. Yes, I shot him, and I would shoot him again!”

Ellicott sat down and mopped his brow. Things seemed twisted somehow, and the words of the Judge came from a great distance.

“But you had no proof. You did not know that this Señor Salis kidnapped Miss Lorimer. You did not see him that night. You had no proof——”

“No proof,” he agreed vaguely. After all, it didn’t matter very much. Ethel was gone. “No proof,” he reiterated. “No—hadn’t any proof.”

“All you have said is without the solid basis of legal proof. Mr. Mixson is a trusted Government employee. These worthy gentlemen,” the Judge indicated the three Filipino witnesses, “have told of your notorious character and your unlawful threats. You bear them out in what they say. You had no proof——”

“No, no proof,” echoed Ellicott. It seemed like the refrain of a popular song. “You had no proof—you had no proof—you had no proof,” formed on his lips in combination with an air from “Pinafore.” He kept muttering the words over again and again, heedless of what might be going on in the room.

Women were whispering. Men scratched matches and lighted cigarettes. The Judge talked in an undertone with a Filipino cigarette in his mouth, and his stenographer winked at a girl passing outside.

Then out of the confused murmuring came the demand for silence. Ellicott heard indistinctly. He knew that the words concerned him, yet he felt an entirely impersonal interest.

“Guilty—murder in the second degree—twenty years—labor—Bilobid!”

“No proof—you had no proof,” hummed Ellicott. Anyhow it didn’t matter. Ethel was gone!

VII

THE Governor was signing the afternoon mail which had been prepared for his signature by the secretary, who stood at the back of the Governor’s chair, and briefly summarized the contents of each letter before the Governor signed it. A Filipino *muchacho* removed each letter after the Governor’s signature had been inscribed between the “Very respectfully” and the “Governor.”

It was a warm afternoon, and the punkah, swaying gently, seemed only to send more heated air toward the Governor. He ran his fingers around his collar and loosened his white scarf, signing meanwhile. It seemed as though the mail was interminable, and the Governor was getting weary of the monotonous hum of the secretary’s voice behind him. Presently, the last letter came to view, and the Governor signed it without waiting for the secretary to explain. Then he leaned back in his chair, threw open his white drill coat and reached for a cigar.

The secretary declined the honor of joining him in a restful incense-burning to the goddess Nicotine, and withdrew to his own office. The Governor breathed a prayer of thankfulness, and blew smoke rings upward. As he smoked he looked reflectively from the windows at the River Pasig with its never-ending stream of bancas, lorchas and cascos, passing up and down. Occasionally a customs launch shrieked shrill warning or a transport tug lumbered by with a weighty toot. The frequently uttered cries of the Filipino boatmen, “Ai-ai!” came unmelodiously to his ears. Briefly, he directed the *muchacho* to pull the green blinds and then absent himself. Somehow the life on the river had lost

interest for the Governor, and its many noises had become unpleasant.

The Governor was not happy. He wished himself well out of the Philip-pines. He had been sent there some years before with certain directions as to the shaping of the Filipino race. He had carried out those directions, with the result that he was worshiped by some natives as the "White Father" and scorned by others as a weak ruler. But the Governor cared little what the Filipinos thought of him. He was only sorry that his name was held in execration by some of his fellow-white men.

The Governor meditated for some time, blowing little smoke rings out of the window and dropping his ashes, unnoticed, on the floor. In the midst of his meditations a clerk from the secretary's office entered.

"Your Excellency," said the clerk.

The Governor started and regarded him. Then he smiled benevolently. "What is it, Mr. Parsons?" he asked.

"A young lady—she says she must see you. She said she couldn't tell the secretary her business."

"Well—you may bring her in," said the Governor as he laid his cigar on the tray and brushed some ashes from his white linen coat.

A moment after Parsons's exit the door was held open and a very fluffy person entered. The Governor arose and bowed. He was a gallant man. Then he regarded the girl, and saw a very grave pair of brown eyes looking into his.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked. She thanked him and did so. The Governor followed her example, picked up his cigar, excused the action, and looked at her inquiringly.

"I come about the case of Captain Ellicott," said the girl. "They tell me he is in Bilobid Prison—like a common criminal. Is it so?"

The Governor remembered the Ellicott case, and knew the universal condemnation of the press was upon the Government in the matter.

"Really, my dear young lady," said

the Governor, "I do not know for certain, but I'm afraid you're right. Yes, he has been in Bilobid for three weeks, I think. I believe the warden of the prison was requested, nay, directed to put him on light work——"

"But he is innocent!" burst forth the girl.

"My dear young lady," said the Governor suavely, "he admitted the killing of the man——"

The girl stretched forth a pink palm protestingly. "Yes! But the man was worse than a murderer. He deserved death. I know. I am Ethel Lorimer!"

The Governor started for a moment and nearly lost his balance. Then he smiled benevolently. "The Government has been interested in your case," he said. "I am glad to see you safe."

"When they attacked the house that night I was captured and taken to Salis's house. They *were* his men who attacked us! Salis directed that I should be put in a boat and taken to the other side of the island, where they have a smuggling rendezvous. Salis *was* guilty of that attack! He *was* at the head of the smuggling conspiracy! I heard him talking to the men."

"My dear young lady," said the Governor kindly, "you astonish me."

"A storm came up and swept the little sampan out to sea. We were picked up by a vessel going to Singapore. I saw the American consul there, and he loaned me enough money to get to Manila. And I landed this morning. I heard all about Captain Ellicott. Oh, Governor, you do not know what a brave man—what a——"

"Ah—yes, I understand!" smiled the Governor. Here was the heaven-sent opportunity to be just and to win acclaim from those of his own race, at one shot. "Your evidence throws an entirely new light on the matter." He touched a bell on the desk. "I am calling a stenographer. If you will dictate your story to him, he will type it out, and then I shall ask you to swear to it and sign it. You will do this?"

"Can you ask that, Your Excellency?" she replied, with a reproachful smile.

"You know how much I want Captain Ellicott freed. How can I thank you?"

"Ah, yes; quite so!" said the Governor hurriedly. A thin youth with spectacles entered. The Governor explained what was required of him, and the youth fixed a pair of lacklustre eyes on the girl, flapped back a number of pages of his notebook, fastened them with a rubber and moistened the tip of his pencil.

She talked for ten minutes, after which the stenographer arose and left the room with the Governor's injunction to make good speed. While he waited the Governor made himself agreeable with the girl, and showed her photographs. And the girl, noticing his benevolent smile and kindly actions, wondered how it was possible for the newspapers to malign him as they did.

Presently the stenographer returned with the typewritten report. The girl glanced over it and then signed, after which she arose and the Governor administered the oath.

"Ah," said the Governor, "now we can begin!" He called his secretary and held a whispered discussion with him.

When the secretary had gone the Governor arose, threw away his cigar and opened the door for Miss Lorimer. "You must meet my wife," he said cordially. But as he spoke he paused on the threshold and called for the secretary again.

"Don't forget to let the press have the story," was his command.

VIII

WHEN Bilobid received Ellicott within its stone walls the ex-Constabulary Captain was informed that, if he wished for anything which the prison did not have and had the money to pay for it, it would be his.

"I have an income of three thousand a year, maybe more," said Ellicott. "I don't remember. And I want some whisky—yes."

The turnkey throve on such men as these. Bringing liquor into the prison

was strictly forbidden, but then the turnkey's stipend was not large and he must, perforce, resort to other means to make money if he would ever return to the States. So he procured a bottle of Scotch for No. 978 and charged him just three times its worth. Ellicott wrote him a "chit" on the local bank and spent the next hour in gazing at the bottle of whisky.

"It can't make any difference now," he said as the demon of desire clutched him. "She's not here, and I—what's left, anyhow, except this?"

Why would those strains of music persist in haunting his brain? She was gone. Why would they not leave him and let him be a beast again?

Once you pass its borders you—may never return again.

Something hard came into his throat. He stretched out his hand and slowly pushed the bottle to the edge of the table. It smashed on the floor and the liquor trickled on the stones.

"To her memory," he said softly as one who is drinking a toast.

He had been assigned to light work. They discovered that he had a taste for carpentry, and he was given a turning-lathe, a saw and other implements, and allowed to make such things as he wished. He worked hard to banish thought from his mind, and his energy was a surprise to his fellow-convicts, who believed that the less done the better for them.

Work by day, books by night—the books the turnkey brought him for treble their price. Ellicott made no companions among the men who worked with him. He was grim, silent and inscrutable, with a bad habit, according to his fellows, of staring stonily at those who broke into his meditations. He was not popular.

Twenty years! He said it over and over again—twenty years! Three weeks convinced him that he could not live this life for twenty years. And after all, what did death matter now?

So he spoke to the turnkey.

"A revolver! I couldn't, I couldn't.

It would cost me my position—if you were found dead. Lord, no!”

“I will give you a cheque for five thousand dollars,” said Ellicott. “You won’t need to stay here then. Five thousand dollars, eh?”

The turnkey went away thinking. The next day he told Ellicott that he would get the revolver for him.

“That’ll end it, thank God!” said Ellicott to himself, and he went to sleep and slept soundly.

On the afternoon of the next day one of the prison guards tapped Ellicott on the shoulder.

“No. 978, ain’t it?” he inquired.

Ellicott nodded.

“The warden wants to see you,” he said. “Come along.” Ellicott went, wondering. The guard led him to the warden’s private quarters across from the prison side.

“Captain Ellicott, I believe?” said the warden when the guard had retired.

“No 978,” amended Ellicott bitterly.

“Come, come!” said the warden genially. “After all, three weeks isn’t a long imprisonment. The Government rectifies mistakes. There’s a suit of white drill, a shirt, shoes and other things in the next room. Put them on, please. The Governor wants to see you.”

Ellicott paused, dazed. “Governor wants to see me?” he repeated. Then he turned savagely on the warden. “Does this mean freedom or doesn’t it? Tell me! No half-measures, please. Does it mean freedom?”

“It means freedom,” said the warden gravely.

Ellicott put on the clothes and came out, confronting the warden defiantly. He was on the alert for some trick—something, he did not know what. Freedom!

“Yes, Captain Ellicott,” said the warden. “Your pardon has been signed by the Governor. If you go to the palace he will give you a copy of it——”

“My *pardon!*” flashed out Ellicott.

“Your release, then,” corrected the

warden. “The Governor telephoned me only a half-hour before. He requests that you go immediately to the palace. If you don’t mind, I’ll loan you a *peso* for *carromata* fare.”

“Thank you,” said Ellicott. “I hope I haven’t appeared rude. I’m sorry. Good-bye.”

And a boy led the way down the steps and out into the court, where a *carromata* was hailed. The ex-convict entered the vehicle, and gave directions to be driven to the Governor’s palace.

Half an hour later the door-boy at the palace carried the information to the Governor that Mr. Ellicott was below and wished to see him. The Governor directed that Mr. Ellicott be sent up to the library.

As the Governor smoked his cigar and turned over the pages of a magazine he became conscious of the fact that a man, thin-faced and fierce-eyed, attired in a suit of white drill clothes much too large for him, was watching him from the doorway. The Governor arose.

“Captain Ellicott, I believe?” said the Governor. He held out his hand.

“Mr. Ellicott,” said Ellicott, with a slight stress on the first word.

“Oh, yes—quite so!” agreed the large man. “I am the Governor; you knew that, of course—eh? Well, won’t you sit down, Mr. Ellicott? And won’t you have a cigar—a cigarette?” He pushed them forward. Ellicott lighted a cigarette.

“Your case—very unfortunate,” said the Governor a little disjointedly. He did not like the way the man eyed him. “But I’ve signed your—release. I called you Captain Ellicott, you know. That was proper. I have just telephoned the constabulary headquarters to take steps to have your position restored to you.”

“That was very kind, Your Excellency,” said Ellicott. “But I do not care to re-enter the constabulary. I shall leave the Philippines as soon as I can get a steamer.”

“Oh, yes, quite so,” agreed the Governor. “Well, I’ll fetch your reprieve,

Mr. Ellicott. "You'll pardon my absence—thank you."

The Governor arose and left the room. Ellicott breathed heavily and drew on his cigarette.

He was wondering that he should have been released. Why was it? What had happened? Out of the darkness of non-understanding there came an illumining flash. She—had there been news?

"No, no!" he cried. The words hurt him, but he forced them out determinedly. But even as he spoke he heard someone singing ever so softly.

He started to his feet, his nails tearing the palms of his hands. No! It was only a trick of his disordered imagination. He would not believe it.

But the song, "Little Girl and Boy-land"; he could hear even the words. And the voice! There was but one voice like that!

He listened intently, and the singer's voice grew more distinct. Then the curtains parted at the end of the room and a girl's figure was shrouded in a mass of red.

He staggered and closed his eyes, choking back the denials that had come to his lips. When he opened his eyes again he was prepared to look sanely.

It was some time before he opened them. The temptation to stay in his fool's paradise was great. Slowly he opened his eyes.

There, standing erect, one arm outstretched, he saw her. Stumblingly he strode across the room and, with an inarticulate cry, fell at her feet, burying his head in the folds of her dress.

A moment later two soft arms were about his neck and the fragrance of her presence was in his nostrils.

The Gift

FATE promised me my wish, and I replied:
 "Fortune for them who have no higher thought,
 And fame for those whose souls may so be bought—
 But give me love, and I am satisfied."
 I spoke, and straight one stood there at my side,
 A child of sorrow on whose face grief wrought
 Such misery as nowhere else is taught
 For man's imagining. And then I cried:
 "Oh, liar fate, beshrew thee for thy guile!
 Thou sendest me this poor and sorry thing
 When it was love that I had asked of thee!"
 The grave-eyed stranger smiled—oh, such a smile
 One sees but on the mask of suffering!—
 And sadly made me answer: "I am he."

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Cutting Rates

FREDDIE—I want a dime for being good.

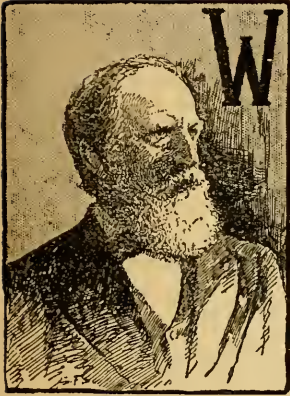
MRS. JOHNSON—Why, your little brother said he would be good for a nickel.

FREDDIE—I'll punch that kid as soon as I catch him. I always said he was a scab.

Winston Churchill, M.P.

ENGLAND'S COMING MAN

BY W. T. STEAD



W. T. STEAD

WINSTON CHURCHILL is the first of England's coming men.

If he chooses to take it, a seat in the next Cabinet is at his disposal. Whether he will take it or not, no one knows, not even Mr. Churchill him-

self. For he has got ten years' start of all his competitors, and as time is on his side, he need not hurry.

Winston is to Randolph as Pitt was to Chatham. It is seldom that son follows so immediately in the steps of his father. Chatham first took office when thirty-eight, Randolph when thirty-six. Pitt refused subordinate office when twenty-three, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer six months later. Winston Churchill, if the General Election takes place this year, will have the refusal of Cabinet office before his thirty-first birthday.

Winston's past has been variegated. His present is exciting. His future is more brilliant in its prospect than that of any other man, save his old colleague, Lord Hugh Cecil. If both are alive and hearty in 1910, one will be leading the Liberals, the other the Conservatives. For we are on the threshold of the era of youth.

The gerontocracy is passing. In five years' time we shall probably look

in vain for a Cabinet Minister over sixty. Winston Churchill, like Millbank, has "immense faith in the new generation," and if his fortune depends upon daring, he will not fail.

Winston Churchill is an Anglo-American. His father, the third son of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, died when Winston was twenty years old. His mother was a Miss Jerome, of New York, and is now Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. He was born November 30, 1874, sent to Harrow in 1888, entered at Sandhurst in 1893, and became lieutenant in the Fourth Hussars in 1895.

His first essay in journalism was as special correspondent for the *Daily Graphic* with Martinez Campos in the last vain effort the Spaniards were making to suppress the insurrection. There he won his first order, "Military Merit of the First Class," with the praises of the Spanish General.

His first experience in actual warfare was gained when the Fourth Hussars were ordered to India. He fought on the Malakand Frontier, had described the operations for the *Daily Telegraph*, and published a book about it when it was over. In 1898 he was attached to the Tirah expedition as orderly to Sir W. Lockhart.

His first success in impressing the great public with a consciousness of his personality was when he joined the Twenty-first Lancers in order to accompany Lord Kitchener up the Nile for the reconquest of Khartoum. His correspondence—this time for the *Morning Post*—was singularly lucid, interesting and outspoken. He was

evidently more than a mere photographer in words. He wrote like a historian, and condemned his seniors with all the audacity of youth and the assurance of a judge.

No sooner was he back from Egypt than he rushed off to South Africa—as war correspondent only this time. He went out imbued with the prevalent prejudices against the Boers. When he saw them the scales fell from his eyes. They captured him when they upset an armored train, and thereby did him the best service in the world. Nor did he do them a bad turn when he made his adventurous escape from Pretoria prison. After that picturesque incident, Winston Churchill had the ear of the public for everything he wished to say. He did his best to infuse reason and chivalry into the Jingo mob, and it was not his fault he failed.

Before the war was ended he was elected Member for Oldham, as a Conservative. His first speech in the House was made in reply to Mr. Lloyd-George in the debate on the Address. The opponents of 1901 are allies today, and will be colleagues tomorrow.

His first parliamentary success was achieved May 12, 1901, when he slew Mr. Broderick's Army Scheme, although it crawled round unburied for another year. He then raised the tattered flag of Retrenchment, which had fallen from his father's hands, and on April 14, 1902, boldly attacked the excessive expenditure of the Government. Before that date (November 12, 1901) he had somewhat timidly unfurled the Radical banner of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform before the scandalized gaze of the members of the Constitutional Club.

His own party damned his impudence, and told all manner of stories about his egotism, his assurance and his infernal confidence. Winston did not mind. When Mr. Chamberlain started his fiscal heresy, Winston Churchill took up a position of stern and unrelenting antagonism to Protection. He denounced the new departure before the Sheffield Shufflers,

and generally made so deep a mark on his party that in the spring of the following year, when he rose to speak, all members of his own party got up and went out. No such supreme compliment has been paid to any member in our time.

He offered to resign his seat at Oldham to test the feeling of the constituency. The local caucus implored him to do no such thing. At next Election he will stand for Northwest Manchester, a constituency which elected Sir W. Houldsworth in 1900 by a majority of 1,471. He will have to add 42 per cent. to the Liberal poll—supposing the Unionist vote remains the same—before he can win the seat.

He is described in Vacher as N. P., a man of No Party. In reality he is personally a Tory Democrat, as his father before him. Randy Redivivus he is, with more than Randy's popularity in the country. In the House he is still looked at askance. He is so revoltingly young—only thirty-one, a beardless boy, a mere infant. But when he made his last great speech on his resolution against taxes on food, it was admitted by friend and foe alike that he had won a right to a place in the first rank of parliamentary debaters. After that night his right to a place in the next Cabinet has ceased to be a matter of argument.

Winston Churchill has a somewhat curious catch in his voice, which does not in the least prevent his being heard with ease by the largest audiences. He is a more serious politician than his father—whose Life, by the way, he is now engaged in writing. He is much less random and reckless than was "young Randy," who, when he first stood for Woodstock, had to gain attention by the extravagance of his epithets and the vehemence of his abuse.

"Winston," said an old parliamentary hand the other day, "never uses a bad argument." It is a great deal more than the same authority would have said of Lord Randolph.

Winston Churchill and Lloyd-George are now the Castor and Pollux of the Opposition. They are both as keen

as mustard and as sharp as needles. They are always on the spot. The two of them would certainly command greater audiences than any other two men in the party, with the doubtful exception of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Morley.

I conclude this brief appreciation of this first of England's coming men by quoting the tribute paid to him, when he was a stripling of six-and-twenty, by Lord Dufferin:

He had already contrived, young as he

was, to cram into his life a finer series of military adventures than half of the general officers in Europe, and, furthermore, he might say that upon each occasion, whether in the Soudan, in Cuba, in India or in South Africa, he had played an honorable and a distinguished part. On every occasion he had shown that chivalrous courage which became a high-minded gentleman, and, what was equally important, that capacity, that skill and that resource which bore testimony to his intellectual ability.

Since then in politics he has beaten his own record in war and in journalism.

Why I Believe in Free Trade

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

WHAT is meant by the term Free Trade? What is it that Free Traders assert and are prepared to maintain against all comers?

We say that the staple food of the people should be sold in the markets of the country as cheap as the competition of the world can make it, and that no private interests in England or elsewhere shall twist the law of the land so as to raise food prices artificially and put unnatural profits in their pockets. We say that every Englishman shall have the right to buy whatever he wants, wherever he chooses, at his own good pleasure, without restriction or discouragement from the state. We have followed that plan for sixty years and we are not quite ruined yet.

Why is it that we are so resolute in opposing any attempt to destroy a

fiscal system under which our present position of industrial and commercial prosperity has been created? I am a member for a Lancashire constituency, and as I travel from one great city to another in the county palatine I am impressed whenever I look out of the window with the artificial position which it occupies, and see in every valley of that undulating region, towns and townships which are the homes of a vast thriving population living on a soil which could not support in decent comfort a twentieth of their number. Within thirty miles of the Manchester Free Trade Hall there is gathered together the greatest concentration of human beings on the surface of the globe. This mass of people are absolutely dependent for the food they eat and the material they employ, upon supplies of food and raw material which reach them mainly from foreign lands. They are dependent on the condition of a crop at one end of the world and the state of a market at the other; and yet, upon this artificial foundation, through the inestimable advantage of unfettered enterprise and of unrestricted sea communication, they have been able to build up a vast industrial fabric which it is no exagger-

ation to say is the economic marvel of the world.

At present we stand on very firm ground in respect to food. With the telegraph and with steamships there is hardly a food-exporting country in the world that is more than sixty days from Liverpool. The harvests of the world are at our disposal, and we secure not merely a low, but a fairly stable price. With that marvelous operation by which the crowded population of Great Britain is fed I dare not take the responsibility of interfering, and I feel the gravest anxiety when I see the reckless hands of politicians, struggling for political mastery, laid upon all that delicate and stupendous structure of such vast consequence to so many thousands of very poor people.

The victory of the Free Traders in the forties was so complete, so crowned with triumph and smiling days, that the strength of the Protectionist army had been forgotten. The last sullen commandos were never subdued. They survived in holes and corners. Faithful sentinels watched from mountain caves the long heyday of prosperity in the valleys below them. They never bowed the knee to new ideas. The Duke of Rutland, the Lowthers, the Chaplins, the Howard Vincents, all in their own way and at their own time, kept the old flag flying; and all waited patiently for their hour to come.

They naturally sallied forth when a new and unexpected champion sounded his bugle horn, to summon them to attack the camp which he had just deserted. But after the first moment of alarm it was evident their onslaught would be hurled back all along the line. The coming General Election will record on the tablets of history the final defeat of the last desperate charge of the old brigade.

They attacked under two standards—Retaliation and Preference, the two wings of the Army of Protection. Both were agreed in desiring to achieve an entire revolution in the fiscal system which owes its existence largely to the labors of Cobden. For a moment it

seemed as if the allied host might enforce at least a temporary retreat from the position held for sixty years by both the great parties of the state. But it was only for a moment.

In the long stairway of human achievement which the toil and sacrifices of generations are laboriously building, it was Cobden's work to lay a mighty stone. Other stones—stones of social reform and of Imperial responsibility—have been set on the stone that Cobden laid; and even now there is plenty of work for the masons and master-builders. But the work that Cobden did was done forever; the stone he laid shall never be transplanted; the heights he gained shall never be abandoned. We may differ about how far, how fast and in what direction we are to move forward. But in one thing we are agreed. We are not going back—not one inch.

During the last fifteen years there has been an actual increase in the amount of food produced at home. There is a slight increase in domestic dairy produce, a substantial increase in beef, and some increase both in pork and mutton. But in that period our imports of food have rapidly increased. The English people ate, in 1902, 3,000,000 hundredweights more bacon and ham than in 1887, or nearly double as much. They ate nearly three times as much butter, nearly double as much cheese. They consumed six times as much cocoa or chocolate. In the year 1901 they ate a thousand million eggs more than in the year 1887, or twice as many as in that former year, and twice as many hundredweights of potatoes. These things prove, beyond all possible dispute, that the inhabitants of England have enjoyed, year by year, a larger and more varied fare. The figures of food imports prove absolutely that the growing wealth of the country, as measured by the Income tax, has not merely gone into the pockets of wealthy investors, but that the mass of the people have eaten more. And that, again, proves that they have had the money to pay for more.

Is Protection a boon and a benefit to the poorest classes in any country? Do the poor of other countries think so? The lot of the poor is always harsh and their burden heavy; and I am one of those who think that, with our great and growing wealth, we have done too little of late years to elevate and alleviate their sad condition. It is an undisputed fact, proved as far as can be judged from figures, that the English working classes are better off, man for man and trade for trade, in every single respect—better fed, better clothed, better housed—than their fellows in the protected countries of Europe. And it is also proved that their wages are higher than in any other country except America, that the purchasing power of those wages is already greater and is increasing far quicker than in any other country, *including* America, and that the hours and conditions of labor are better regulated. To say that Protection means greater development of wealth is unspeakable humbug. The Democratic Party in America and the Socialistic Party in Germany are made up of the poorest and least fortunate of the people of those countries; and they have learned by bitter experience that high protective tariffs, whatever profits they may confer on capital, whatever privileges they may bring to certain of the higher ranks of labor, are to the poor and to the poorest of the poor an accursed engine of robbery and oppression.

Under Free Trade there came last year into the United Kingdom, from every land and people under the sun, £528,000,000 worth of merchandise, so marvelously varied in its character that a whole volume could scarcely describe it. How did it come? It came, for the most part, in ships which fly the Union Jack, and the profits of its transportation were, for the most part, the rewards of British capital and British labor. Why did it come? Was it to crush us or to conquer us or to starve us, or was it to nourish and enrich our country? It is a sober fact that every single item, however incon-

siderable, in all that vast catalogue of commodities, came to our shores because some Englishman desired it, paid for it and meant to turn it to his comfort or his profit.

And in return for this service, toward which every nation, every race, every tribe of men contributed, and for the sake of which the remotest nooks and corners of the earth were searched, we gave what? Our money? No. Our accumulated capital? No. Yet we paid for every pennyworth. Our manufactures, made out of these very imports, our mining and our shipbuilding paid for £283,000,000; our merchant shipping, which, though possessed only by the 40,000,000 of people in these islands, was nearly equal to that of the whole of the rest of the shipping of the world, paid for £90,000,000. Certainly not less than £20,000,000, probably a great deal more, was in consideration of the banking, broking, commission and insurance business which fell to us in an unusual measure, because, owing to Free Trade, we happened to be the commercial centre of the world; and the rest of these imports, excepting what came only to be sent away again, was the interest on those foreign and Colonial investments which had paid us so well in the past, which were the legitimate children of imports and labor, and which, in spite of all the talk of our living on our capital and bleeding to death, we were healthily and steadily increasing. For, as we pay for our imports by our exports, the difference between them represents our profits, interests on foreign investments and freights.

It is the theory of Protection that each country should make everything possible itself, and that foreign goods which compete with existing or potential home industries should be shut out or penalized. "Let the nation do its own work," that is the cry. And it is believed that if the importation of goods that we now get from the foreigner were to be stopped, we should make those goods ourselves, and, in addition, all the goods that we are mak-

ing now, including what we send to the foreigner in exchange for what he now sends to us. The doctrines that by keeping out foreign goods more wealth, and, consequently, more employment will be created at home are either true or they are not true. I contend that they are not true. I contend that for a nation to try to tax itself into prosperity is like a man standing in a bucket and trying to lift himself up by the handle.

Why should the world's shipping labor in the chops of the Bristol Channel or crowd up the dreary reaches of the Mersey? It is because the perverted ingenuity of man has not been occupied in obstructing our harbors with fiscal stake-nets and tariff mud-bars. That is why they come. That is our one great advantage; and when we have thrown it away, what shall we have to put in its place?

Of the whole volume of our importation, so complicated, so varied, so immense, which flows through a thousand unseen and incalculable channels through the industry and commercial life of the nation, scarcely £50,000,000 are ready for final sale, and all the rest are either the material of some industry or other, or food which is the raw material of human life. The finished product of one trade is the raw material of another. By placing taxes on any of these commodities to raise their price may indeed for a time help this trade or that trade, but it will be only at the expense of this or that other trade and to the impoverishment of the general consumer. No one can tell whose enterprise it will be that will be hindered or whose it will be that will be undermined. You may, by arbitrary and sterile act of government—for governments create nothing and have nothing to give but what they have first taken away—you may put money in the pockets of one set of Englishmen, but it will be money taken from the pockets of another set of Englishmen, and the greater part will be spilled on the way. Every vote given for Protection is a vote to give governments the right of robbing Peter to pay Paul

and charging the public a handsome commission on the job.

It is a sober fact that the British Empire produces within its limits every commodity which luxury can imagine or industry require. I do not wonder that many people have been captivated by the idea of creating a self-supporting and self-contained Empire. I admit the fascination of the idea—until you look into it. Then it is apparent that it rests on no moral, logical or scientific foundation. It does not make for prosperity, it does not make for international peace. The dangers which threaten the tranquillity of the modern world come not from those Powers that become interdependent upon others; they come from those Powers which are more or less detached, which stand more or less aloof from the general intercourse of mankind, and are more or less self-supporting. Apart from the economic argument, I do not want to see the British Empire degenerate into a sullen confederacy, walled off, like a medieval town, from the surrounding country, victualled for a siege. I want this country and the states associated with it to take their part fairly and freely in the general intercourse of commercial nations. I do not mind even if we become dependent on foreign nations, because by that very fact we make foreign nations dependent upon us.

Free imports can contend with hostile tariffs. This is denied by those who maintain that the best plan of campaign is a policy of Retaliation. What is this policy of Retaliation? No consistent Free Trader could object to such leverage as the necessary customs duties afford being employed to secure more advantageous treatment. The duty upon sugar gives us counters to play with the German. The tobacco tax touches the American. The tariff against wines and spirits is a matter of importance to the French. There is something to be said for an occasional policy of commercial pin-pricks. But when you look into it, Retaliation is actually a small and

petty affair. There is a feeling that England has only to retaliate, and foreign tariff walls will immediately collapse. But all the other great nations of the world are Protectionist. They have been for one hundred years past, and perhaps for many years before that, endeavoring by every dodge of reciprocity or negotiation to get each other to reduce their tariffs in each other's respective interests. Where have they come to? Have they reached Free Trade? On the contrary, their tariffs have got higher and higher, and at this moment Free Trade England, which does nothing—Free Trade England, with masterly inactivity—occupies in regard to the nations of the world and trading conditions, so far as tariffs are concerned, a position of advantage to which few of the Protectionist countries have attained and which none of them has surpassed.

The truth must be swallowed that the main object of foreign protection is to protect. What the Protectionists' countries really love is the monopoly of their home market. Retaliation upon their export trade, which is all that can be reached, may possibly gain small concessions, will more probably provoke reprisals, but will not, in any case, break down that minimum tariff which their statesmen approve and their capitalists demand.

In France, for instance, the logical genius of the French mind has developed perhaps the most perfect instrument of Protection in the world. There is a shockingly high fighting tariff for fiscal foes and a lower but still sufficiently high protective tariff for fiscal friends. So long as the minimum tariff necessary to protect the home producer is not infringed the Government may act at discretion, but the lower tariff they are not allowed to touch without the consent of the Chamber; and when once a question gets in the Chamber the great powerful vested interests will see that it comes to no great harm. All the advantages of the minimum tariff France already freely gives us. Noth-

ing but prolonged and ruinous tariff warfare is likely to secure more. The case of the United States is different, but not dissimilar. A reciprocity clause in the Dingley Tariff Act authorizes the President to negotiate commercial treaties within certain limits. The President has accordingly negotiated no fewer than eleven. But so far the Senate, which has to ratify these treaties, and which is an extremely Protectionist body, has not found it convenient to consider one of them.

Mr. Balfour has declared against a general tariff from which reductions may be made according to favors received. It would, he declares, be too great a disturbance of our industries and commerce. So that each separate case is to be dealt with on its merits. By whom? Is Parliament seriously to be asked to surrender the power to tax or untax to a Party Cabinet? It is not possible to conceive a greater constitutional change. The first set of tariffs may indeed be framed to serve the trade of the country. The second set would be arranged to suit the fortunes of a party. This to catch the iron vote, that to collar the cotton; this other, again, to rope in the woollens. Every dirty little monopolist in the land will have his own "society" to push his special trade. For each and all the watchword will be, "Scratch my back," and the countersign, "I'll scratch yours." Every election will turn on tariff. Apart from all the bribery—direct and indirect—which cannot fail to creep in, who will dare to set himself above the needs of his own constituency? Others are having their share. Why stand out? "Favors for all in front, and the devil take the hindmost." What would happen if the House of Commons—hitherto chaste because unsolicited—were to have the fate of every industry periodically placed in the hollow of its hand?

Out of all these changed conditions and unmeasured forces the new party will emerge. Not the old historic

Conservatism, with its traditions, its beliefs and its dreams, but a blatant thing of "caucuses" and "platforms" acting through a tributary House of Commons, sustained by a strong confederation of capitalists and combinations, and founded on special classes of organized and privileged labor. The slave of great interests. The master of a great people. Over all, like a red robe, flung about the shoulders of a sturdy beggar, an extravagant and aggressive militarism; and at the top, installed in splendor, a party leader, half German Chancellor, half American boss.

The story of the fall and rise of the price of sugar affords an admirable object-lesson in the workings of Protection. Prompted by a laudable desire to stimulate home industries, the German, Austrian, French and Russian Governments decided to give bounties on the growing of beet sugar. Every peasant began to grow beets in his back garden. There is, consequently, a gigantic production of beet sugar, and as competition is excluded, producers who are able to charge what they like in their own market make very great fortunes in particular cases. That is the first step. The second is this: Great vested interests are formed out of the money which those fortunes provide, and backed by the voting strength of the peasant producers, those vested interests immediately set to work to besiege the Government, just as English dockyard constituencies besiege the Government for further privileges. The price of sugar in the home market meanwhile is kept up by rigid Protection. Every foreigner has to pay more for his sugar, and consequently he buys less, and the consuming power in those countries steadily declines. The result is that overproduction on a gigantic scale takes place. That is the second step. What is the next? Do they lower the prices in their home market and give all these good things to their own people? They would rather throw the stuff into the sea. They look to the export trade as the

outlet for their immense surplus of sugar. Then begins a cutthroat competition between the different great trusts for the inestimable privilege of supplying the English market at a loss. England has done nothing meanwhile. She grows no sugar; she does not give bounties; she has made no observation or remark of any kind. In England sugar becomes cheap—extremely cheap—it becomes cheap in proportion as it gets higher in the countries where it is actually grown. The English people consumed every year—the ratio is altering now in consequence of recent legislation—three times as much per head as the people of France. On the basis of this cheap sugar, which is a benefit and a source of pleasure to great masses of people who use it—apart from that a whole range of secondary industries has sprung up—jam, biscuits, mineral water; even blacking, sweetmeats, preserved fruits and pickles. Before the convention we had become the world's confectioners. Stollwerck was erecting a factory in England. Chocolat Menier was already made in London. The confectioners in other countries contemplated moving, and in some cases actually did move, their businesses into this great free market where the flow and distribution of good things of the earth were not distorted and twisted by the avarice and the folly of man.

There are two arguments which no Protectionist has yet even attempted to answer. The first is shipping. Our shipping industry is the greatest in the world. Shipping supremacy is the legitimate child of insular position and unrestricted trade. We are now owners of more than half the shipping in the world. More than half the imports into every country in the world are carried in British ships. We build annually for our own use and for sale to foreign nations as many ships as all the rest of the world put together. Why should so many ships come to British ports? It is only natural that ship-owners should fail to view with extravagant enthusiasm a plan for diminishing imports—or, in other words, a

plan for reducing the tonnage of goods carried across the sea, and for hindering or preventing their entrance to our ports. They have seen how completely Protection has strangled the carrying trade of the United States, and they have no wish to see British shipping share the same fate.

The second argument is cotton. The cotton industry depends for its prosperity, and even for its existence, upon four main and vital conditions: an abundant and steady supply of the raw material, cheapness of production, the maintenance of the great Free Trade markets of India and China, and the preservation of industrial peace at home. Of these, the supply of raw material might be checked by import duties, or, if the United States chose to amend their Constitution—and they have frequently amended it—by export duties in America. But under no conceivable circumstances could any duty that the wit or folly of man could impose, stimulate or increase the growth of cotton. Tariff duties, whether Retaliatory, Preferential or Protective, would not make the cotton fields larger, would not insure good harvests, would not promote cheap transit, would not destroy the ravages of cotton insects, American speculators or other pestiferous vermin. Cheapness of production is vital to the cotton trade. Raise the price only a little and the demand must fall off. Cheap food and the cheapness of living must be the foundation of cheapness of production. Supposing by taxes imposed on food, or on clothes, or on houses, or on personal necessities, a sovereign loses some of its purchasing power, and suppose it only purchases as much as fifteen shillings does now, one of two things must happen. Either the operative must live worse than he does at present or he must obtain an immediate raise of wages.

The adoption of Preference would endanger the very foundation of the Empire, as well as the prosperity of trade. There is no logical or scientific distinction between the raw material of manufacture and food, which is the

raw material of human life. No scheme of Colonial preference can be a scientific scheme unless it applies equally to food and to raw material. That is equally true whether the question is argued from Free Trade or a Protectionist standpoint. Every argument, moral or material, that can be advanced in favor of the preferential taxation of corn, meat and dairy produce holds good, even in a stronger degree, in favor of the preferential taxation of timber, leather and wool. Any system of preferential tariffs which included the one and excluded the other must be lopsided and illogical in its conception, and whimsical and unfair in its operation.

The attempt to establish a preferential system would cripple our freedom and power to retaliate, if we wish to do so, and expose the Empire itself to a storm of popular hatred. It is quite true that the workings of nature are beyond our control. There are many factors in prices—harvests, freights, speculations—which do not recognize the authority of the House of Commons. Taxes alone are absolutely in the hand of Parliament. Fluctuations have occurred in the past; no one can doubt that they will occur in the future. Whatever rise may take place in the future, preferential duties would, if imposed, have to bear the brunt of public indignation. It is upon these very links of empire so laboriously and expensively forged that the direct impact of public displeasure in times of scarcity must inevitably descend. If there is an unpopular tax today we are in no great difficulty. If public opinion is sufficiently incensed a pliant Chancellor of the Exchequer—or, failing that, a vote in the House of Commons—removes the cause of offense and gratifies the national will. But these preferential duties, if they are imposed, will not be taxes which the House of Commons can remove at pleasure. They will be fixed by a treaty with every self-governing colony scattered all over the surface of the world. In consideration of these taxes Great Britain would receive conces-

sions with regard, say, to certain classes of manufactured goods. Upon the basis of such mutual concessions industries will have grown up, and, however fierce the demand, they will not be able to alter the preferential duties without the consent of the other party to the bargain. In that day, when a British Ministry with taxes which it could not remove without a long delay was confronted by the imperious demand of a hungry and an angry electorate, we would realize the truth—that it was a grand and cardinal error in imperial statecraft to lay the foundations of a democratic empire upon the protective taxation of food.

The differences of Free Trader and Protectionist strike down to the roots of thought. Their controversy is abiding, and, while the question is alive, they must always fight. The dividing line is not one of intellect only, but of sentiment and aspiration. If the first dispute is about the multiplication table, the last is upon the destiny of man.

The British Empire is held together by moral, not by material, forces. It has grown up in liberty and silence. It is not preserved by restriction and vulgar brag. The greatest triumphs of our race have been won not for Britain only, but for mankind. When Great Britain suppressed the slave trade she was fighting in the cause of humanity. She broke the power of the first Napoleon in defense of the liberties of Europe. So it was in the days of Greek independence. So it was when we proclaimed ourselves Free Traders. The lands we have conquered in every part of the world, instead of being made into little selfish preserves, as they would have been in other hands, have

been thrown open to the commerce of all nations freely, to buy and barter as they will. In India we are the trustees of civilization. The work we have done in Egypt will endure as long as the pyramids. Our parliamentary institutions, our jurisprudence, our orderly yet democratic methods, serve as patterns to the most enlightened peoples. Look where you will, you will see at every stage on the long and dangerous path on which we have moved, from the condition of a small, poor island people to the enjoyment and responsibility of world-wide dominion, it has been written in letters of shining gold: "*The victory of Britain means the welfare of the world.*"

What is the result? How has that policy served us in this struggling, workaday world? Is it not wonderful to contemplate? The land which has given so much to others has gained the most herself. The policy which seeks to make nothing out of its Colonies is the only policy which has preserved the rich, prosperous and loyal Colonies. The Empire which has the fewest safeguards has the fewest dangers. The people which alone among modern states has thrown open its ports to the commerce of all nations is far the greatest of exporters. What is the conclusion? Surely it is a very inspiring and encouraging one. Large views always triumph over small ideas. Broad economic principles always in the end defeat the sharp devices of expediency; tolerance and liberty are always more profitable than arbitrary restrictions. Science is better than sleight of hand; truth is stronger than falsehood; justice outweighs intrigue; free imports can contend with hostile tariffs—honesty is, in fact, the policy that pays the best.

Ruinous Discrimination

FLIPPER—What do you think of our foreign relations?

FLAPPER—We put a prohibitive tariff on the best goods the other nations manufacture, while we allow their paupers and criminals to come in free.

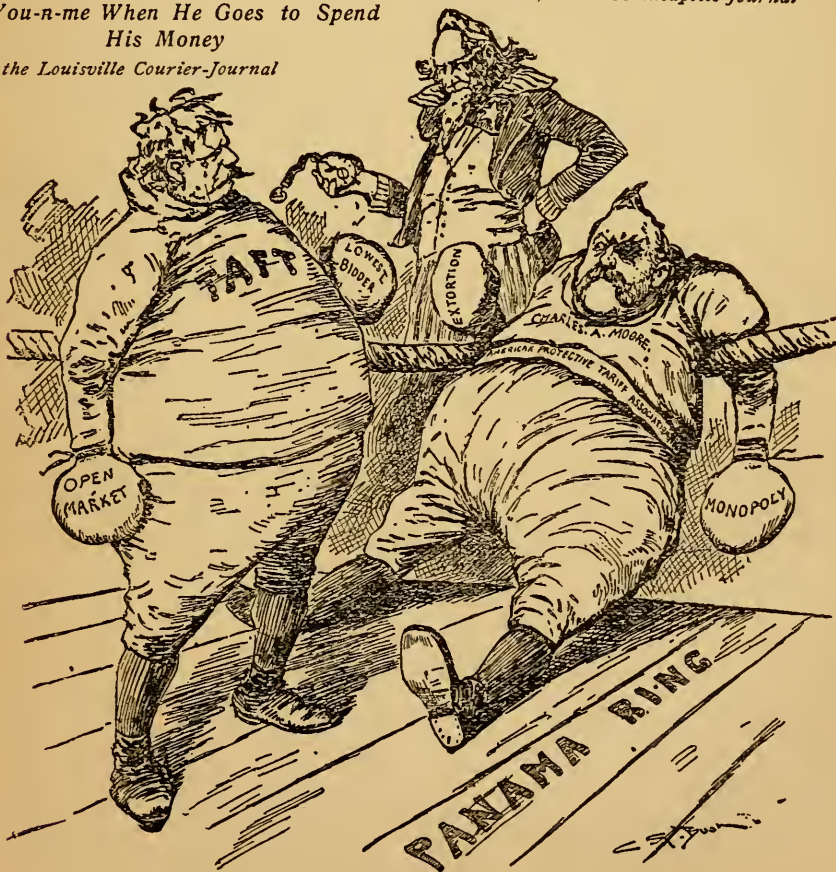


First One In

Bartholomew, in the Minneapolis Journal

Mr. You-r-me When He Goes to Spend
His Money

From the Louisville Courier-Journal



"Taking the Count"

C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World

The Abundance of the Heart

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

SIMON WALES, having dried his boots, was toasting his feet at the oven door. The children had gone frolicking off to bed. "You take care, or that shadder'll ketch ye!" he cried to little Jane, who had been dancing to her shadow on the wall, and who ran back to seize his shaggy head and hug it to her little warm breast. "My good Lord," he exclaimed to his wife as the gale of merriment went on out of sight for a little, "what should we do 'thout them young uns? I jes' look forrude to this half-hour or so all day long. By mighty, I pity the folks that hasn't any!"

"Well," said Mrs. Wales, "if they haven't any to make 'em laugh, they haven't any to make 'em cry, as Dr. Lane useter say—nor ter darn stockin's for, eyther. Jes' look a' that hole!"

"Stubbed out pretty well, didn't he? The rogue! Wal, you'd rather hav it that-a-way than ef he couldn't stub at all, I guess."

"Yes," said the mother, with a sigh. "But I wisht I had four hands."

"You make out as much with one as most folks would with four. An' little Annie'll be another pair for ye in a year or two."

"I can't set her right to work," said Mrs. Wales, scrutinizing the sock stretched over her widespread fingers and drawing out her long thread carefully. "I want her to go to the 'Cademy a term. Sister Rivers's gels have. I do wisht I could keep her hair from tousling so."

"That hair! W'y, mother, what you thinkin' of? W'en I see the little bright threads a-stan'in' up in the sun, curlin' like a young grapevine, I wouldn't hev one o' them lay down slick fer a farm. W'en I was a little

shaver Uncle Bije took me down to Salt Water 'ith him, an' we was passin' a Papist church w'ere sunthin' was a-goin' on, an' Uncle Bije was allus an adventurin' sort o' man, an' he jes' stepped in an' out agin, an' all I see was a troop o' little angel heads shinin' out'n a gold wall, an' as I hope ter die, sometimes I think our Annie's head's jes' like one o' them little heavenly critters!"

Mrs. Wales stared at him a minute, and then smiled, as if she caught the reflection of his pleasure. "It's a han'ful ter comb through jes' the same," she sighed.

"W'at makes yer try? Jes' let her souse it in the basin an' shake it out. It'll come all right. There, I guess them feet'll do. Gimme my boots, will ye? They're better'n dry by this, I guess."

"W'y, w'ere you goin', father?"

"I wan' ter fin' Jo Spears, an' see what they done to town meetin' about ol' Mis' Masters. I guess he'll be down ter the corner."

"He 'most allus usually is."

"Wal, w'en yer can't hev a daily noospaper, you'd orter be glad you got Jo. They was goin' ter bid Mis' Masters off yistiddy——"

"Bid her off!"

"Yes. Auction her out ter board, ye know."

"Mis' Masters!"

"Yes. It's come ter that. An' I want ter know who's got her. Is'pose Whiffet'll bid lowest. But, by gorry, ef she goes ter Whiffet's, I pity her!"

"I pity her anyways."

"I was goin' by, comin' home from mill, one day last fall, an' she was a-stan'in' up there by the big rock at her back door a-splittin' her wood, an' her poor gray hair had fell down an'

was flyin' with the wind and the chop-pin' all ways to onst, an' by cricky, mother, it come over me that minit that ef our Annie was an ol' woman splittin' wood she'd look jes' that way."

"Father! Our Annie!"

"Wal, I hope our Annie won't ever hev to chop her own wood w'en she's an ol' woman. I don't mean she shall. But I s'pose Mis' Masters's folks didn't eyther, w'en she was a curly-headed little creetur. Wal, I tell ye, 'twas more'n I could stan', an' I jes' stopped the hoss, though I knowed she was scairt of her life ter be spoke to, an' I went up an' split the rest of the wood fer her. 'Tweren't more'n her apurn full."

"You never said nuthin'," said his wife, her needle suspended in the air.

"Nuthin' ter say. I told her I'd haul her down some wood from the lot. An' I did. I kep' her in firewood all winter. She cried, o' course, an' said ef't hadn't ben fer that—winter comin' as 'twas—she'd 'a' had to ask relief from the seelekmen. An' I s'pose that's w'at she's done."

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" said Mrs. Wales, dropping her work. "Mis' Masters!" And she forgot to help her husband, tugging and groaning, into his coat. "She was a pretty thin' w'en she fust come up here. I mind the pelisse she wore to meetin' comin' out bride. 'Twas sky-blue merino trimmed with swan's down, an' there was little white roses in her bunnit, an' her cheeks was like blush roses, an' her eyes like stars. She was pretty's a picter. It mos' broke up the meeting."

"An' now it's an ol' blue caliker, an' eyes that makes the water stan' in yer own, an' gray hair flyin' like spindrift."

"She's ben jes' like a little creetur livin' in a cave, an' on'y comin' out arter dark, ever sence Squire Masters took ter drink."

"It'd 'a' ben the best day's work he ever done ef he'd 'a' died before. Where's my hat?"

"She didn't think so. She loved him true, w'ether he dranked or not. W'en he sold the house over her head——"

"An' swapped the hoss and shay fer a racin' colt, an' swapped that down so fine at last there wasn't nothin' but a wheelbarrow to show fer it."

"She was a merry little creetur onst—that time she useter sing in the seats. Oh, my, she spent her last dollar a-buryin' of him, I guess. There's your hat."

"I won't hev the comforter. It's kinder risin' weather." And he stepped out into the night, where the soft haze from the melting snow of the hills threw a silvery veil across the stars, and the south wind seemed to bring a hint of swelling buds and green leaves.

The night before a pale, thin face had been pressed against the dark pane in the window up on the hill. Mrs. Masters, supperless, alone and in the dark, had been looking at the light far below that glowed from the big Wales kitchen. "There's children frolicking there, I suppose," she was murmuring. "Happy as the birds are. It's so long ago since I was happy! And now—Kit Masters's wife havin' to have help from the town! Oh, how bad he'd feel! Anyway, I've one thing to be thankful for—he don't know it! And I'll never tell him! He never spoke a cruel word to me, even when— Ah! he couldn't help it! It was born in him. He'd rise in his grave if he knew what had come of it all. He was tender of his wife, in spite of the way it looks. It warms my heart only to remember that. And if they give me just a little help I can worry along—with summer comin'. I wonder if the little girl down there wouldn't like my red rosebush? It's just the time to transplant it. . . . Once I was happy too."

Tonight, as Mr. Wales strode along below, there was no one looking from the window.

Mrs. Wales found herself unable to sit quietly at her darning after the door closed upon her husband. She listened to note whether all was well with the children, and remembering little Jane's dancing shadow on the wall, she

shivered at what might be for her or Annie; but she brightened at thought of the boys and all their restless energy. Then she put some dried apples to soak, and picked over the beans, and stirred up the buckwheat and set it to rise for the morning pancakes. She drew the cocoa-pot forward that her husband might have a hot drink. But at every turn her thoughts went back to Mrs. Masters. She had never spent much time thinking of her before, but now Mrs. Masters was like a cloud brooding over the house. If ever her Annie—she spun the starting tear off angrily with her finger.

"Wal," said Mr. Wales, getting out of his coat with as much difficulty as when he got into it, "it's jes's I thought. Whiffet's worked it. He goes to her the other night, as if by accident, an' he ses to her she'd orter be helped by the town, an' he was goin' ter see about it. An' she thought it was jes' like a conterbution from the seelekmen, sunthin' like a rebate o' the taxes Squire Masters had paid in his day. So she goes to Whiffet's, an' he'll get what the town pays, an' the wuth o' her vittles out'n her besides. An' there's all them gallivantin gels o' his an' their fellers."

"An' the house an uproar of noise an' dirt!"

"I vum, I'd 'most a mind— But there, you ain't made o' steel springs, an' we've got about as much as we can carry, anyways." He gave a sidelong glance at his wife, but the black lashes lay in a curve on her cheek with no answering look. "No, I don't want no cocoa," he said. "I'll draw me a mug o' cider. There," as he came back from the cellar. "Want some? It ain't begun ter work the second time yet. That's the cur'usest thin' I know in natur'. Down there in the dark o' the sullar the cider stays still as the water in the well. But when the life begins to stir in the ol' mother apple tree outside in the sun an' wind, an' the sap runs up to bust out in the blow, the life, the sperrit, begins ter stir in the cider too, jes' as if it remembered

it was part o' the apple tree, or sympathized, or couldn't help hisself. It's jes' as mysterious as everythin' else is! As w'y a good Christian woman should be sent ter sich a place as Whiffet's!"

"Perhaps it's ter make Christian people o' them."

"I donno," he said gloomily. "Little Mis' Masters don't seem ter be sot in the missionary line. But I wisht I'd 'a' ben to the town meetin'. 'Twas rather excitin'. They'd agreed to close the ol' road acrost Town Hill, an' Joshuay Todd had been bid off to Green Walker, an' Mis' Masters to Whiffets, an' w'en 'twas all over an' folks was scatterin' out, who should come hurryin' up the lot, all out o' breath, but Mis' Masters! She was white as a curd, an' she was bewildered. She'd got wind somehow o' w'at was goin' on, an' she'd run all the way. 'I don't want ter be bid off! I don't want ter be bid off!' she was cryin' out, a-wringin' her hands. 'I on'y want a little help,' ses she. 'I can get along by myself with a little help,' ses she. 'I on'y want some o' the taxes back that Mr. Masters has paid,' ses she. An' Deacon Niles was right there, an' he ses, 'My good woman,' ses he, 'we don't want yer ter be found in yer bed froze or starved ter death. It'd be a disgrace ter the town,' he ses. An' before he was through Whiffet was ter hand, an' he takes her by the elbow an' ses, 'It's too late now! It's all fixed. An' you got a good home. You'll take ter my wife as ef you was her mother.' An' before she could say Jack Roberson she was in his wagon 'ith the ol' hoss blanket 'roun' her an' he was drivin' off'n down the hill. I guess mos' everybody felt bad, in a kind o' way. But it warn't nobody's business, an' nobody made it their business. By gum, I wisht I'd ben there. Oughter gone. Jo said 'twas queer ter see the sun shinin' an' the sky blue, an' the grass greenin' where the snow'd melted, all as ef the poor woman's trouble warn't no matter. I'd orter gone to that town meetin'."

"Yes, you'd orter have."

"Wal, I useter talk to Masters. But you might's well talk ter the wind as to a man that puts rum in his cider."

"That backyard o' the Whiffets'll be a real cross to Mis' Masters, buckets o' slops poured out, an' pigs rootin' an' ol' clothes on the line, an' the house 'ith everythin' which ways. No, it won't be a mite agreeable to Mis' Masters. She's one o' the kind that's neat as wax. Yes, it'll be a dretful cross to her," said Mrs. Wales, looking around on her own orderly belongings. "Wal, I wisht I hed some o' Cræsus's money. I've heern tell that ef wishes was hosses beggars might ride; an' it's a case in p'int. On'y Mis' Masters ain't ever begged, as I know on."

"Mis' Masters was useter havin' thin's reel nice w'en she was to hum. Her father kep' the store over to Wide-acre. But all her folks died long ago, an' Masters spent their money."

"Wal, I'd make thin's suitable for her in a home of her own, if I could. But I s'pose if I hed the money I'd be like other folks thet hes it. I wonder ef there'd ben women in that town meetin' ef any on 'em would 'a' tuk her hum 'ith them? I s'pose they'd hed ter ast their men-folks. But men ain't ter hum much daytimes——"

"An' women be," said Mrs. Wales with some asperity.

"I don't s'pose she'd 'a' been much in the way. She's got a lot o' sense. She'd know w'en to keep out ther way, an' w'en to help an' w'en to leave thin's alone. I sorter think she'd be a comfort to hev 'roun' w're there's childern," said Mr. Wales, going on as if thinking aloud, but with a sidelong glance in his blue eyes again.

"It's one thin' ter give a person a home, an' another ter give 'em your home," said Mrs. Wales, again looking about her reflectively as she put the last pair of socks in the basket. "There's times w'en the childern's abed, an' you an' me settin' here alone together, that I'd be somehow mos' loath ter give up."

"Jes' so," said Mr. Wales. "I wouldn't give 'em up fer all the gold in Guinea."

Mrs. Wales could not have accounted for it to herself, but as soon as her husband echoed her thought the surrender of the treasured hour seemed a much slighter thing than before. "I donno," she said sighingly; but she gazed at her husband with eyes that looked past the weather-tanned and rough-bearded man to something in the far distance, and her heart was filled with tenderness for a slender youth who kept company with her of starry nights in the long lane where the wild roses blew, the tenderness holding a trait of pity for the boy who was to grow up to hard work and few pleasures, and then coming almost to an abandonment of worship for the man who thought of everyone in his world before himself.

"You are a good man, Si!" she said, without much relevancy to any preceding words. "My, it's gettin' late. There's the moon comin' up over the Harin' woods," she said, with some sense of shame that she had thought and had expressed so much. And she relieved her mind with a vigorous "Scat!" to a strange cat that, from the window-sill, was looking anxiously into the warm, bright room.

"W'y, mother!" said Mr. Wales. And a moment afterward she went out and opened the shed door and set a saucer of cream inside. "Pussy, pussy, pussy," she called repentantly. "There. It's soft an' warm in the haymow, an' you can find your way through there," she said to the doubtful little stranger.

As Mr. Wales opened the door next morning the little cat stood there, looking up wistfully with a mouse in its mouth. "Mother!" he called. "This little creetur's arned its breffus', sure! Seems 's ef we might take in a stray cat," he added, half to himself. And he went out to draw his bucket of fresh water. "I declare," he said, coming in, "w'en the sun gits up these arly spring days it seems 's ef the world was jes' made fresh. Buckwheats! I guess I can put away quite considerable o' them fellers. I gotter do two days' plowin' in one today.

I'd like ter stay an' see the youngsters off ter school. By gorry, mother, I'd like ter go ter school 'ith them! Lord! W'at a chanct they got! Anyways, I wouldn't wake them up this two hours to come yet." But all the same, as he went out of the yard with the horses, a sash was thrown up and a chorus of joyous cries followed him all down the lane. And the picture of the four clustering yellow heads in the window hung before his eyes all day.

But at last, skipping and shouting and singing, the little people had trooped away, and their mother had set the house in order after them, had fried her doughnuts and made her apple pies and put the dinner to simmer on the back of the stove, and then had made herself tidy, shutting the door on the little strange cat, timidly luxuriating in the warm hospitality under the stove.

It was a clear morning, full of that high light of the climbing sun which puts a different face on the world. A cool wind was gently blowing, when it thought of it, mingling the breath of the snows yet left on the distant hills with the fragrance of the tasseling catkins. Down in the lowlands the freshening of the willow-stems made them look like veils of green sunshine, and all along the deepening red of the bare rose-stems prophesied the rose, and Mrs. Wales saw with satisfaction that the grass by the wayside was more green than gray. She stopped, as she walked, to look at the purple lustre on the wings of a wasp that had crept from the nest, and when a bee blundered by she knew that somewhere there was a blossom. There was a bloom on her face with the wind, and her eyes sparkled not only with her thoughts, but with the gladness of the world. Her large and comely figure fitted the largeness of the landscape; and as she entered the wood and her long cloak flowed about her in the shadow, you might have thought, had you been an ancient Greek, that so Demeter would have looked had one seen her surveying the work laid out for the budding spring.

Mrs. Masters had perhaps never heard of Demeter; but as she saw Mrs. Wales coming out of the dark pine wood, her face shining with her happy mood, she was conscious of the approach of some beneficent force. She had been picking up chips, and, her basket full, she stood, her wan old face looking out from the shade of the blue apron thrown over her head, as if she had stepped out of an old picture and was uncertain of the world into which she had adventured.

"Why, Mis' Masters!" cried Mrs. Wales, before she reached the gate. "What on earth be you doin'? Don't you know you're a boarder?"

"Oh, Mis' Wales! Is that you?" exclaimed the other. "Now I take it real kind of you to walk all this way. I was feelin' I hadn't a friend left. An' then comes this mornin' clear and bright, so that you could hear the brooks runnin', an' I says to myself, 'God's alive in this world anyway.' An' here you come, too, like any other part of this promisin' day. I might have guessed you'd be along. You always was a gay, bright soul. You comin' in?"

"Yes, Mis' Masters. An' you drop them chips jes' where they be. The idee! It's a shame fer Whiffet to set you——"

"Oh, it ain't her fault. You'd 'a' done it yourself if you'd 'a' been me. He was a-fussin' about the girls stoppin' in bed, an' they came runnin' with their hair hangin' over their shoulders, an' one was hangin' on his arm, an' another on his chair a-coaxin', an' they says, 'Now, pa, you ain't mad, when you know how tired we got yesterday; an' if you scold we shall be scared to ask you to set us over to Milbury—' 'You can't go to Milbury,' says he; 'you got to stay and help your mother.' 'Oh, Mis' Masters is here now,' they says. 'She'll help her,' says they. 'So she is,' says he. 'Yes, she'll help her.' An' after that I felt obleeged 's you may say."

"Obleeged!" said Mrs. Wales. "Mis' Masters, w'at do you mean? You ain't meanin' to say you like it here?"

"No—not exactly. 'But I'm here,'" she said, looking up. And suddenly a tear caught the sunbeam on her face, and then tear after tear was pouring down. "I wasn't intendin' to say a word," she whispered as she opened the gate. "But, oh, Mis' Wales, you've heard talk of Whiffet's, but you never dreamed— It's dreadful. He swears, and she scolds and the girls laugh, and it's clutter and dirt and noise from end to end. If I'd ever been a real wicked woman I should 'a' thought when I waked up this mornin' that I'd died an' gone to the other place. I really should. I don't believe the floor's even been— There, there, I ain't goin' to say another word! But, oh, I'm afraid I'll grow to be just like them if I live!" And she hid her face in her thin hands, with the tears trickling through her fingers.

For a moment all the pleasantness went out of the morning for Mrs. Wales. It seemed a dull, sad world of injustice. Her own tears started. And then a wave of warmth swept over her. What had she come out for? She glowed with a very gladness. "Look here," she said. "I've got a good home, an' the childern, an' Si. An' you're a-goin' back to see ef I ain't. An' it's ter be yourn as long as you can put up with it."

"Me!" exclaimed Mrs. Masters, lifting her wet face.

"You. Did Whiffet fetch your thin's?"

"No. He's goin' to get them on the way from Milbury."

"I guess not. Mr. Wales'll go up with you tomorrer an' gather thin's together. You're comin' home to stay with me." And she stepped in the yard as one having authority.

"Oh, Mis' Wales, I can't. 'Tain't lawful. I've been bid off," said the other.

"An' w'at o' that? You're as free born as Paul, I guess. You ain't nobody's slave. I guess the town won't interfere ter hinder——"

"But I couldn't think— Why, I haven't any right——"

"You got the right o' welcome. I'm dreffle lonesome some days w'en he's gone ter the field. We'll be real good company together; an' there's your bedroom, on the other side the kitchen, waitin'; an' I've quilts ter piece, an' you shall set out under the big ellum tree, for summer's comin'. An' you'll be a sight o' comfort with the childern," said Mrs. Wales. "They ain't never had no auntie. I'm on'y 'feared they'll eat you up alive an' be bothersome. An' we'll all go to meetin' together Sundays. There's often a time when the Wednesday evenin' prayer-meetin' bell rings, an' he don't feel like startin' out, an' I'd like ter go and jes' stay ter hum because there's nobody ter go with me."

"Oh, Mis' Wales!" cried the little woman. "I could take care of the hens, an' the bees and the flower-bed for you—an'——"

"I don't want yer ter do a han's turn but jes's you feel like. I want you fer the pleasure of your company, Mis' Masters, an' I'll feel under an obligation ef you'll come home with me an' Mr. Wales as long's you live!"

"I wisht"—looking behind her timorously—"I wisht I needn't go in to get my bonnet. I don't darst go inside—she'll find some way to stop me——"

"Never mind. I've got one we can make do, I guess. But you'll be takin' cold with no shawl——"

"Oh, no, no. You've set my blood to spinnin' so I'll never be cold again!"

And then they stepped through the gate and closed it gently behind them and quickened their steps into the wood, and hastened through its green gloom without looking behind them, like two children running away from the ogre's castle.

But, at last, under the big elm tree that, swaying far aloft in the bland air, quivered everywhere with the life mounting through all its purple tracery, they paused for breath.

"Oh," said Mrs. Masters, looking up timidly at first and suddenly laughing outright like a happy child, "if the

angel of the Lord could ever come down in a slat sunbonnet, I should think——"

"You jes' wait," said Mrs. Wales, laughing too. "You'll find a lot o' human natur' under this sunbonnet."

When Mr. Wales came in from foddering the cattle that evening Mrs. Masters was winding into balls the rags she had been piecing for a braided rug, little Jane and Billy helping and hindering to their hearts' desire, all as if she had been there since time began. The last long sunbeam fell upon her hair, and her smile made another sunshine all about her. Annie was setting the table; he stopped a second to rumple her curls, and then to look over Robbie's shoulder at the figuring on his slate, and he went along.

"Wal, Mis' Masters," he said, crossing over and shaking her hand with a grasp that hurt it, "I'm dreffle glad to see you here. It's w'at I've been

lottin' on. I don't s'pose you rekerlek thet Squire Masters gin me my first lift in life? He did. He bought my first pertaters, an' I ain't never forgot it! I take it in the way of a further kindness that you're willin' to leave your house an' make your home with us." And the little old woman's blushing face was beatific in its happiness.

"So you fetched her home, mother," he said, following his wife into the dairy. "Wal, it's w'at a home's fur, ter make as many folks happy in it as it'll hold. I guess there'll be a blessin' foller her, though, very special——"

"Father," said Mrs. Wales, turning with her skimmer in her hand, "the blessin's here a'ready in the heart like yours that's open——"

"Jes' so. Goin' ter toast some o' that cheese fer supper? Yes, you fetched her home. I kinder thought you would."

Our Primer Lesson

SEE the man! Observe that he is gesticulating like an inebriated windmill and pouring forth the nine parts of speech with all the unanimity with which the water used to come down at Lodore in the old Third Reader.

He is a good specimen of the everyday variety of after-dinner speaker. He talks so much and says so little because his brains are outchasing his vocabulary without the slightest prospect of ever catching up; thus it arrives that he cannot quit—he has no way of knowing when he is through.

Some day, my child, I will take you out into the wide, green country and show you a young Pekin duck. He is an active little tyke, is the Pekin duckling, even when he doesn't date back farther than day before yesterday. When it comes to swimming he is a sight-reader, and he is more destructive to tender grass than a young Nebuchadnezzar. But unfortunately he is so constructed and flat of back that if, by any chance, he gets turned wrong side up he cannot turn over again unaided; and unless help comes he lies there and paddles the air with his little feet until he fans himself to death. He is cheerful about it, though, and makes no outcry, apparently thinking that because his legs are working he is swimming along according to Hoyle.

My child, a little duck on his back and the average after-dinner orator on his feet are both deserving of the sympathy which we should be ever ready to bestow on the unfortunate, and therefore we should sign all petitions that are presented to us looking to the establishment of a commission to turn little ducks over and loquacious gentlemen down, in the hope that if they are prevented from paddling and gabbling themselves to death they may be of some use hereafter.

TOM P. MORGAN.

Gorman, of Maryland

BY JOSEPH DANNENBERG

Cartoons by McKee Barclay, reproduced from the "Baltimore News" by permission

[To those who are willing to see, it is easy to be seen that both the old political parties are controlled by identically the same influences. The beneficiaries of Special Privilege are the masters of the Republican Party—they are likewise masters of the Democratic Party.

The Roman Emperor Vespasian said that "*Money has no odor.*"

That is, money never smells bad. It may as truthfully be said that "Money has no politics"—for Money is always for itself. Calling Belmont a Democrat doesn't make this Rothschild agent any less a supporter of the Money Power than Morgan, who is called a Republican. Democratic Manufacturers are just as much wedded to Protective Tariffs as Republican Manufacturers are. National bankers are divided into two parties—Democratic and Republican—but *national bankers are not divided in principle nor in policy.* They belong to both the old parties in order that they may control both. The Railway Corporations and the Trusts are divided into two parties—Republican and Democratic—but they are *not* divided in purpose.

They enter both the great parties with the intention of keeping down opposition to themselves in both. Anybody who wants to understand this game ought to be able to do so.

The game is simple enough, and old enough.

"*Divide and rule*" was long ago the precept of those who wished to enslave a people.

Our masters keep us divided into two great parties, and they rule us first with one and then with the other.

How the Democratic Party plays its hand in the game will be seen when you have read the following sketch of the career of that great Democratic leader who was Judge Parker's most trusted and honored adviser in the recent campaign "*against the Trusts and against Tariff iniquities*"—I mean of Senator A. P. Gorman, of Maryland.—EDITOR.]

renown which rewards useful achievement. The end they have in view is the public weal, and ambition and toil are richly repaid by the celebrity which unites their fame with the progress and improvement of the state.

The other species is composed of those whose ends are pecuniary. Their goal is pelf. The "people," the "public," the "public service" and the "public weal" are to them simply cant phrases. Patriotism is just what Dr. Johnson said it was. Fame is folly. The only true public service is private enrichment—the end of it all—"put money in thy purse."

Of the latter class, Arthur Pue Gorman, senior Senator of Maryland, is the most conspicuous living example. Politically, he is the offspring of the union between corporation interests and legislation. He is the exponent of commercialism in politics, the product of dollarized institutions. Sent to the Senate in 1880 by the most accomplished band of lobbyists this country has ever known, he has maintained his leadership of the Democratic Party in Maryland and his standing with the powers in Washington through the same measures which secured for him that place.

The men who were with him at Annapolis and through whose aid he was sent to Washington—Colton, Hines, Bannon, Davis and Woolford—all died poor. But Gorman himself now counts his fortune in millions, all made in the "public service."

Yet he is not satisfied. Forty years of chicanery, fraud, violence and outrage at the polls, of lobbying and boss-ship, have made his regime in

GENERALLY speaking, the genus politician embraces two species. The first consists of those entering the public service for the just



A Gorman Speech Interpreted

"Partners in a political crime."

"I know that if you are to have good government, there must be two great parties."

"I have not been in the habit of giving my opponents much information, and in this case I don't know that I would if I could." (Laughter.)

Maryland odious, and reduced the organization of which he is head to the direst straits. Since 1895 his following has been hopelessly in the minority, and he was returned to the Senate in 1902 only through the notorious "trick" ballots and the most flagrant election frauds. He used to hold power by the general stuffing of ballot-boxes: now he does so by emptying them. In each election since 1901 thousands of ballots have been thrown out uncounted by the freaks of the trick ballot law.

Gorman is nearing the allotted threescore and ten. In 1903, through the popularity of Edwin Warfield (now Governor), he procured the election of his son, Arthur P. Gorman, Jr., to the State Senate. Gorman would have had this young gentleman sent to the lower hall of Congress if he could, but after a test of the election in that district last year he realized it was impossible. So, realizing his son cannot be elected to Congress, Gorman proposes to send him there through his own powerful control of the party caucus. His hand upon the throttle of commercial politics in

Washington, Gorman could see to it that his son was thrown close to the powers that be—the powers that need the services of his ilk. And then in a few years the story would have to be told over again.

It is remarkable that this man should be engaged, even ostensibly, in essaying to undo the work of the reconstruction period. Forty-three years ago, when the most radical of the Republican factions was in control of the United States Senate, and conducting the war on behalf of the negro against the South, Gorman was cringing and fawning at its feet, insinuating himself into the office of Postmaster of the Senate. *He was then a professed Republican. Ten years before he had been, as a youth, a professed Democrat, and had obtained an appointment as a page in the United States Senate at the hands of Stephen A. Douglas, its great Democratic leader.* But his Republicanism was put to an even fuller test a few years later when, in 1865, after the death of President Lincoln, he was appointed by President Andrew Johnson as Internal Revenue Collector for the Fifth District of Maryland.

THE 'GENERALISSIMO OF..
FORCES BOUND TOGETHER
BY THE COHESIVE POWER
OF PUBLIC PLUNDER'
(CARTER)

FOR THIRTY YEARS
THE 'HOOF OF THE TWO-HEADED,
'UNCLEAN BEAST' HAS BEEN ON
MARYLAND'S NECK!



by Cartoonist McKee Barclay

"You have, as I have, been instructed and delighted by the statements of that distinguished member of the Bar, of whom all Maryland is proud, the president of this meeting, Mr. Bernard Carter." (Applause.)

"I have said for thirty years a struggle has been going on in this country which the world has never seen the like of."

"I know another thing, that the Democratic Party is poor in money, but——"

This appointment was made by that Republican before his breach with the extremists of his party (Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Conness and others) and at the instance of John A. F. Creswell, then Republican Senator from Maryland, the friend and successor of Henry Winter Davis, who as the leader of the Radical wing of the Republicans of his state fastened with the aid of Federal troops the "infamous" Constitution of 1864 and brought about the uncompensated emancipation of its slaves; and who, also, was the very foremost among the powerful advocates of unqualified and universal negro suffrage.

Here, then, is the spectacle of this would-be despoiler of the ballot privilege of negroes and illiterates holding successive political offices under the men who swayed and controlled the nation for the purpose of giving freed slaves the ballot privilege of white men! Unless Gorman voiced the sentiments of these men could he have held office? If Gorman, whose voice is now raised higher than any other in Maryland to despoil the negro of his suf-

frage rights, had not been entirely in sympathy with these ardent Republicans, could he have accepted and held the offices he did?

But changes were about to take place in Maryland. The state was on the eve of a bloodless revolution. The people, writhing under test oaths and disabilities of the Constitution of '64 and under the rigors of military rule, finally threw off the oppression and in '67 elected a Democratic Governor, Oden Bowie, and a Democratic legislature. A new Constitution was made, securing the ascendancy of the white people, the great majority of whom enlisted in the newly formed victorious Conservative Democratic Party. Everything promised with unmistakable certainty the permanent dominion of the Democrats in Maryland. Gorman was quick to note the signs of the times. He had been a turncoat before, and it was easy to effect the process. Therefore, after the revolution of '67 he again became a Democrat. He threw off the Republican garment he had worn as Revenue Collector.

But his ascent to dominance in the Democratic Party was both tortuous and winding. In 1866 the great Reverdy Johnson, then representing the state in the Senate, was appointed to the Court of St. James by President Johnson. This left a vacancy in the Senate. It was filled by the appointment of William Pinkney Whyte.

Whyte was a descendant of a family that had ever wielded a great influence in Maryland politics. He was the grandson of the great William Pinkney whom John Randolph in 1822 had justly referred to in Congress as "the boast of Maryland and the pride of the American Bar." Whyte was a brilliant lawyer, inheriting many of his distinguished grandfather's qualities, had an excellent public record, was a fine orator and gifted with popular arts. At this formative era of Maryland's politics an orator and lawyer of Whyte's quality, from his vantage place in the Senate, easily became the leader of the Democratic Party in Maryland. In Baltimore City, in Central, Southern and Eastern Maryland Whyte's following was large and devoted. In the western section a great Marylander of honest, rugged personality and unusual abilities possessed a large following. This, the leading spirit of that section, was William T. Hamilton.

Whyte and Hamilton, from 1867 until 1881, were the controlling figures of Maryland Democracy. These men Gorman set himself to unhorse, never, of course, dreaming of such an enterprise in the beginning, but, as he gradually made his way, conceiving growing schemes of power. He began as a hanger-on about Whyte's office. He was then a slender, pale-looking young man with unusually high cheek-bones and an abnormally large mouth. His hair was raven black and generally unkempt. About his thin chest he tightly buttoned, after the fashion of that period, a double-breasted, shiny black coat. Whyte's odd jobs fell to his lot, and the Senator, never dreaming of the future of this mild, reverend-looking lad, assented to his election to the Maryland legislature in 1871.

Here, then, was spectacle number two. *Arthur P. Gorman appointed Internal Revenue Collector under a Republican President, sent to the legislature by Democrats from the same district.* And he took his place without a blush, accepting with becoming modesty the appointment as Speaker, secured for him through the power of Whyte and Hamilton. This was his first step to influence and affluence.

In '74 Gorman took his second step forward toward party premiership. He was made president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This place Whyte also gave him. It was a portentous event in his career as well as in the history of Maryland politics. The canal extended through the western counties which exerted a potent influence in state conventions. Gorman, as president of the canal, was furnished with extensive and influential patronage, of which he was not slow to grasp the advantage. The history of the canal was brief. It lasted but a decade. But in this period Gorman's influence waxed great, and he became a wealthy man.

Gorman's intervention in state politics first was asserted against Hamilton. His insinuating address, his calm self-reliance and his clerical air won the confidence of Hamilton, who did not until the very end suspect the ambitious designs of this quiet, reverend-looking young politician. But in 1875 Gorman became the master of Western Maryland.

Whyte retired from the Senate in 1871 to become Governor of Maryland. He held this until 1874, when he was again elected to the Senate by the legislature. His term was to expire March 4, 1881.

But from 1878 until the legislature met in 1880 Gorman's scheme to serve Whyte as he had Hamilton was in progress. And when the critical moment came Gorman was aided by an event, unimportant under ordinary circumstances, but which proved far-reaching in its results at the time in question.

The Governor's wife was an invalid,

and late in 1879 Whyte announced in a brief card published in the Baltimore papers that owing to his wife's indisposition he would not be a candidate. A few weeks later, yielding to the pressure of a host of friends, and particularly to the concerted importunities of business men of Baltimore, Senator Whyte recalled his card. It was not supposed at the time that this acknowledged leader of the ruling party, who had defended the entire South during the reconstruction era, would be at all embarrassed in being re-elected to the place he had filled so well. But Gorman had taken time and events by the forelock. Whyte's published declination of a few weeks was all he needed for the final consummation of his plans.

The main train of arrangements had been clandestinely and effectively laid during the two years preceding, and when the legislature met in caucus in Baltimore in 1880 Gorman had a majority.

Whyte's followers were dumfounded, and the Hotel Carrollton, where the caucus was held, proved a royal battling ground. Yet through it all Gorman calmly smiled. He had climbed to the top of the ladder by means the less discussed perhaps the better, but he was at the top nine years after Whyte gave him his first political job among the men he was now destined to lead.

He had operated largely through the aid of one George Colton, whom Mr. Tilden is alleged to have described in his diary as "a Sunday-school politician of the slickest sort." Colton wielded a large influence in the counties, and with Gorman, Mike Bannon, Jesse K. Hines, I. Freeman Rasin (later the Democratic boss of Baltimore), John W. Davis, Levin W. Woolford, formed the lobby of seven which controlled all important legislation in Maryland.

Colton declared afterward that Gorman, shortly before the senatorial caucus met, threw himself upon his knees and promised to make Colton and the rest of the seven "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" if they would send

him to Washington, the plan being to transfer the scene of their operations from Annapolis to the national capital. Unsuspectingly Colton and the others swallowed the bait. They gave him the caucus, and Whyte was unhorsed. On March 4, 1881, the erstwhile page of the Senate took his own place among the lawmakers. Only he was not there in that capacity. In Gorman America saw almost its first "commercial" statesman.

His term had half expired when Cleveland was elected President for the first time. By then Gorman was a power in the Senate, having the large corporate interests behind him. Among them was the Roach Shipbuilding Company, which had aided Gorman to defeat Whyte in the senatorial fight in the counties of Maryland, because Whyte had stubbornly fought and finally defeated the first subsidy bill introduced, which would have been of great benefit to the Roaches.

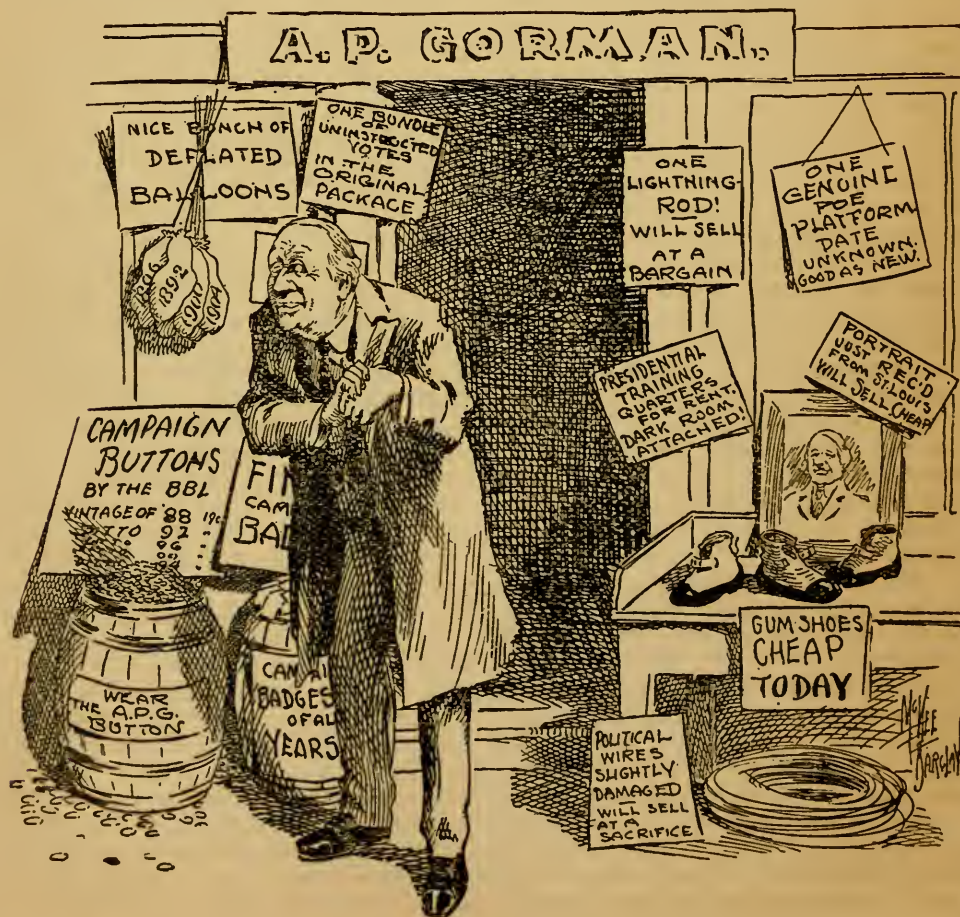
Right here, there is no better place to tell of the insidious schemes which Gorman called into play to be a power in the caucus that finally elected him Senator. Knowing Whyte to be a likely candidate, Gorman had to defeat his (Whyte's) men in the counties. The way this was done was publicly told by Charley Goodman, an ex-heeler, who was selected by the Reform League in 1889 to tell the dastardly way in which Gorman played politics. In the presence of a tremendous crowd that filled the old Concordia Opera House on South Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Goodman went into the details of the scheme. He told how Gorman employed Jim Flannery to buy the revolvers, and how they were put into the hands of the Baltimore toughs, who went to Howard County under his (Goodman's) care to vote, with orders to shoot if likely to be arrested. Of course they were not registered and had no right at the polls; but a little thing like that did not interfere with Gorman's way of doing things. It was this exposé of Gormanism that led to his defeat afterward.

And the Ellicott City or Howard County episode was not the only measure in which Gorman was connected. There was a crowd of toughs in Baltimore at that time, the Buseys, John Kern and others, of South Baltimore, who flocked under Gorman's banner, and who were as ready to turn an election into a brawl as they were to repeat at the polls.

To return to Gorman's career. Gorman was now in the Senate. He played close to Cleveland, who accepted his aid without inquiring into his character. And it was not until Gorman secured the appointment of Morris Thomas as Indian agent and Eugene Higgins in another Government capacity that Cleveland came to know the manner

of man he was dealing with. Both Thomas and Higgins had unenviable reputations in Maryland as lobbyists and electioneers. Immediately they were appointed the better element, including the Whyte followers, protested, and Gorman's thuggery and political connivance became plain to the President. This resulted in an open warfare between Cleveland and Gorman, which lasted two years.

Indeed, among national politicians it is declared that Gorman carried his hatred for Cleveland so far that he made a deal with Quay, Clarkson and Carter to throw New York State to Harrison against Cleveland in the following national campaign. But when Cleveland was later elected he showed, by his appointments, that he had not



forgotten Gorman. Every appointment that Cleveland made was against Gorman. He named William L. Marbury District Attorney and S. Davies Warfield, whose father had helped fight Gorman, postmaster at Baltimore.

Under Cleveland the tariff was again brought forward as an important measure, indeed the most important of the administration. Closely identified with corporations, his position with them made Gorman a protectionist. Therefore, he was opposed to the tariff reform wing of the Democratic Party, the Cleveland wing. His opposition was carried on secretly until 1894, when the Wilson bill, representing Cleveland's ideas, was presented. Then it was that Gorman showed his hand.

The Wilson bill passed the House and came to the Senate for ratification. Gorman, with Senator Jim Smith, of New Jersey, and Calvin Brice, of Ohio, who were known as "*the senators from Havemeyer*" (the Sugar Trust), so emasculated and mutilated the tariff reform measures of the bill that the policy of the administration was thwarted and defeated and Democracy appeared stultified, and became the jest and derision of the people. Then it was that Cleveland, in a letter sent to Representative Catchings, of Mississippi, branded Gorman with the charge of perfidy and dishonor, and he was pilloried in the press and at Democratic conventions as the arch-traitor of the Democratic Party.

Severn Teackle Wallis thus described Gorman:

"He is a spoilsman and a spoils-mongering freebooter, who has long commanded the party as Black Beard did his crew."

Bernard Carter described him as the "Generalissimo of the Lobby."

Ex-President Grover Cleveland, writing to Catchings, said, evidently referring to Gorman and his associates:

"I am with the rank and file of the party, and I do not wear the livery of those Democrats through whom the tariff has been stolen and worn in the

service of Republican protectionists, and who have marked the place where the deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might."

President Roosevelt, discussing Gorman in 1895 in Baltimore, said:

"I have had some personal experience with Senator Gorman in Washington. There is an old expression to the effect that a man who is false in one thing will be false in many. In the commencement of my experience with Senator Gorman I caught him in a deliberate falsehood, one so flagrant that it ought to be called by a good old simple, direct Anglo-Saxon word of three letters."

In his volume of "History of the American People," Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, commenting upon the emasculated tariff of '94, said: "There was a very noticeable group of senators in the interests of the sugar manufacturers and dealers. There was manifestly no thought of either party interests or public duty in what they did. They were acting in some personal interest, it was to be feared, upon some private motive. . . . Their headstrong, stubborn rejection of political obligation wrecked the Democratic Party."

Bitterly angered by the outrage on humanity and the escutcheon of his native state, Henry Wooten came out with a challenge defying Gorman. He called him a thief and a traitor, declared he had spent \$3,000 in Baltimore City in 1875 to be elected to the State Senate and thence to the United States Senate. He declared Gorman was saturated with perjury, and boasted that he, Wooten, had deposited \$10,000 in a Baltimore bank to prove the same. This was a challenge for Gorman to sue for slander or libel.

But Gorman did not sue. He was content to make a general denial, and when Wooten answered with specific instances Gorman never replied.

This stirring indictment hurled against him throughout the length and

breadth of the country had its effect, naturally, in his own state. Hardly had he defeated the Wilson bill by his traitorous conduct than the men who had been fighting him since he unhorsed Whyte spread the gospel of anti-Gormanism throughout the state. Some of his enemies wanted to wait until 1897 to make the big fight against the treacherous leader, but it was argued that the election then (in '95) was but a forerunner to the more important event of '97.



John K. Cowen, S. Davies Warfield, Charles J. Bonaparte and others insisted that the fight should be made then and there, arguing that to defeat Gorman the effort could not be made too soon. November of '95 witnessed consequently the bloodiest fight ever held on Election Day in Maryland. The Reform League had representatives in Marsh Market space, where the Democratic repeaters had their stronghold in Baltimore, and more than one man was shot. Lawyers, doctors and professional men were among the

watchers. But the result clearly showed that the battle was worth it. Gorman and his peculiar commercial Democracy were defeated from one end of the ticket to the other. Two years later another smashing fight was made against Gormanism, and this time a Republican legislature was chosen, the first one since 1867.

Thus Gorman was ousted from senatorial power, and it seemed as though his strength had been permanently broken. But at no other time in his career did Gorman show the aptitude and waiting powers that he then concentrated. He was playing for big stakes, and he knew he would have to keep out of the limelight of public opinion for such a length of time as the voters might require to forget his past. The spring election came in 1899, and Gorman's name was never mentioned among the Democrats. The result was that several Democrats were elected to office. In the fall of the same year there was another gubernatorial fight, and, although it was hinted that Gorman was becoming again potent in Democratic circles, this was so closely hidden and so emphatically denied that John Walter Smith, of the Eastern Shore, an Organization Democrat, was elected Governor. He was aided in this by the disaffection of the Republicans, among whom power had created discord. Of course, with the election of Governor came the selection of a legislature. This, too, was Democratic, and the organization, or Gorman, pretty well controlled the situation.

It was not long before Gorman's plans became public. In March, 1901, Governor Smith called an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of altering the election law—the first step of Gorman toward returning to the Senate and ever afterward remaining there. *Gorman pledged his solemn word of honor that he would send Smith to the United States Senate* for doing this, the greatest of favors, for him. How he "kept" his word is later told.

The city revolted against such high-

handed measures, and in the fight of 1902 for the legislature the only Democrats elected were Isaac Lobe Straus and Peter J. Campbell. Straus soon became a forceful figure. Gorman and his crowd made the usual attempts to use this young lawyer's talents for their gain. They made him promises—every one of which they broke. Straus turned and fought the Gorman clique.

Gorman went to the Senate and lost everything else. Straus, for the time, had broken Gorman's power. His pet scheme to change the election laws was defeated, the Republicans voting with Straus, who banded with him Anne Arundel County Democrats who had always fought Gorman. Not only was this defeated, but every measure in which there was a possibility of Gorman's being interested, politically or financially, was killed, either in committee-room or on the floor of the House. Gorman never forgave Straus. When his name was mentioned for Attorney-General and other offices Gorman retaliated by pushing him aside.

Despite the fact that had it not been for John Walter Smith Gorman would never have had a chance of returning to Washington; despite the fact that Smith accepted in silence the scathing denunciation of an angered press for four years as a result of his calling the extra session which allowed Gorman's return to Washington; despite the fact that he had sacrificed himself to serve Gorman, the latter, who owes everything he now holds, politically speaking, to Smith, *turned on him and defeated him when Smith made an effort to go to the United States Senate.*

Rayner was in the field, and Smith knew he had no chance with Gorman. Ex-Governor Jackson was in the field too, but Smith did not think he had a chance. In that he was right. But he failed to reckon that Jackson controlled votes enough to make it dangerous for anyone else. Believing implicitly that Gorman would stick to him as he had promised to do, thinking all the while that Gorman was only playing the crowd for position so that

at the proper moment he could give the word and have him named, Smith went along quietly, making no effort at combination.

He did not know that only forty miles away, in Washington, Gorman was figuring on the situation, trying to see who might be a fit mate for him in the Senate. At last he selected his man. Over the wires the message went to Murray Vandiver, and soon Annapolis



was buzzing with the rumor that *Gorman was out for Bernard Carter—corporation lawyer and representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Chesapeake and Potomac or Bell telephone trust.* Astounded at first, Smith gathered his forces and tried to discover the truth of the rumor. Then he began to realize that he was being deserted by the man who owed him everything.

Seeing Smith practically defeated, holding enough men in his own hand to make a strong play, I. Freeman Rasin, usually Gorman's ally in Baltimore, finally swept to Rayner and he was elected.

It was pitiable that memorable night when Rayner was elected. The shouters were opening champagne at Rayner's expense, the town was yelling like

mad for him, and all the while in a deserted alcove of the Capitol was the bent figure of a lonely man, his head buried in his chest, tears in his eyes. It would have been hard to recognize in him John Walter Smith, Governor once, and tried friend of Gorman, who had, by his treachery, added him as another victim to his list.

Looking at Gorman, this meek-mannered, mild-faced man, one would not, could not suspect him of the reign of thuggery and violence with which he has darkened the political pages of Maryland's history. He is calm and almost solemn-looking, with his white hair parted sleekly in the centre, his big blue eyes, prominent nose and large mouth. The high cheek-bones only aid in producing the desired effect, and from his demeanor and conduct in public Gorman might be mistaken for anything but what he is. Suavity itself, he

preaches now the practice of quietude. Noise to him is obnoxious. That is why he will not live in the city, but prefers a big country place within trolley distance of the national capital. He is much interested in Wall Street and the meanderings of the stock market. Besides, he is kept busy trying to guard the fences of his long career, a most stupendous job considering the enemies preparing to rush in where he now rules with despotic power.

Amusements he seeks rarely, although his family are often seen in social events. He enjoys his constitutional about the Capital when in Washington, and his recreation chamber is a committee-room. A slave, almost, to the political wheel which he formed, he patiently awaits its turn in the fall elections of Maryland.

It means much; it means everything to him—an undying power, or a “last farewell” to all his greatness.

Monarchy Within the Republic

JOHN MARSHALL'S DOCTRINE OF IMPLIED POWERS—THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

BY FONTAINE T. FOX

NOTE.—The author of these articles does not attempt to discuss all the decisions by the United States Supreme Court pertinent to his subject, but only those he considers the sources from which have come all the great wrongs now vexing this people. The foundation must be torn away, because, if left in place, another structure can be put on it.

FIRST PAPER

IN the various conventions held by the different states to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution, two schools of construction at once sprang into existence, which have maintained themselves ever since with more or less vigor and ability.

The one contended for a strict construction of the provisions of the Constitution and of the practical application, operation and use of the limited powers granted to the Federal Government. To allay their fears and placate their intense opposition certain amendments were finally conceded to them, and the instrument was adopted and became the organic law of the country. Subsequent events—in fact, all American history—simply attests the wisdom of their forecast, and what was then a warning and a prophecy has now become an accomplished fact. The other school advocated a loose and liberal construction of the constitutional pow-

ers granted to the Federal Government, but never came into full sway until John Marshall was made Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court.

From these schools of constitutional construction have come forth the two political parties which have always contended for supremacy in this country. The Democratic Party, first known as the Republican, has always contended for a strict construction; while the other, the Federalist, then the Whig and now the present Republican Party, has always advocated the loose or liberal construction. Under Washington these two parties were, in a measure, held in abeyance, certainly in restraint, by his commanding personality and intellect. Under John Adams, who did not hesitate to avow his views and expose his governmental tendencies in imprudent remarks and indiscreet suggestions, they burst forth in the most intense and bitter opposition. He was defeated by Thomas Jefferson upon the issue made by the alien and sedition laws. The election of Jefferson was the actual death of the Federal Party as a political organization, and from that time till the rise of the Whig Party it had no real standing as a party, and about all that its remaining adherents did in public affairs was to make faces and call names.

Jefferson has always been called the founder of the Democratic Party, because of his intense advocacy of the strict construction theory as applied to the alien and sedition laws. Into that contest he threw all the force and vigorous energy of his magnetic personality, his firm, fixed faith in the people and all his brilliant and philosophical genius for political affairs, which, in the argument on these laws, had ample room and verge for their full display. It was a contest in which the force of argument was matched against the force of law supported by the power of the Supreme Court to enforce its decrees. The people won their first fight with this judicial tribunal, and it is desirable beyond all things for them to win the one now waging in our country, in its

courts, in its commerce and in its society.

John Marshall was Secretary of State under Adams, and during his term of office was offered a seat on the Supreme Bench, but declined it. The defeat of Adams and the election of Jefferson forever blasted his aspiring ambition and hope to be President. He knew that his career as a politician had come to the end with the election of Jefferson in November, 1800. Adams appointed him Chief-Justice on January 30, 1801, and on February 4 following he took his seat on that bench. No one then or since has ever hesitated to accord to him an intellect of the most commanding order. From January 31, 1801, to March 4 following he held both offices of Secretary of State and of Chief-Justice at one and the same time. He possessed a vigorous and strong nature, which made him a most bitter and intense partisan. Ascribing to Jefferson his loss of the Presidential office as the probable, if not the certain, successor to Adams at the expiration of a second term, he hated Jefferson, and he hated the people because Jefferson was their favorite. He entered upon the discharge of his judicial duties as bitter a partisan as ever held a judicial office. And his judicial decisions on constitutional questions drew their inspiration, not from the letter and spirit of the Federal Constitution and the facts connected with its formation, but from his political principles. In politics he had been a partisan; on the bench he was still the partisan and also a politician. Although Jefferson had killed the Federal Party at the polls, yet John Marshall touched its corpse with his judicial wand, and it came forth from its grave with more than its original vigor and power, and it still lives; its spirit is still abroad in the land, doing its work of ruin with increased and increasing strength. His rule of construction finds its origin in his doctrine of implied powers, which he drew from the following section in the article on the powers of Congress:

To make all laws which shall be neces-

sary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

This clause was to him the Trojan horse; it was all he needed to inject into the practical operation of the Federal Government his doctrine of implied powers and all his Federalist political principles which had gone to defeat and death by Jefferson's election. The result has been just what Jefferson expected and virtually predicted.

John Marshall's constitutional opinions construing the organic written law have been substituted for the actual provisions of the Constitution, and the American people live today, not under the Federal Constitution, as made by its framers, but under the judgments of John Marshall. This section was the sweeping clause of the contract. He knew its object, scope and purpose, and he used it for the deliberate purpose of building up a great central government at Washington. The use and object of this sweeping clause was to guard against any accidental omission, and was meant to refer to things of the same nature with those that had before been mentioned as granted. He knew it was not intended that, through the general terms of this section, implied powers were to be foisted upon the practical operation of the Government, such as powers that had been actually denied to the Federal Government, and were not necessary or not considered necessary by its framers—rights and privileges not required by the performance of the contract, and never contemplated by the parties themselves as needed for the full exercise or benefit for the express powers plainly granted.

As a very pointed illustration of his use of this section in enforcing his doctrine of implied powers, he decided in the McCullough-Maryland case that Congress had the constitutional right and power to create a bank (a corporation) as a fiscal agent necessary to the conduct of the Government. In the Federal convention by which the Con-

stitution was formed Mr. Madison suggested an enlargement of the motion before the convention into the power "to grant charters of incorporation where the interests of the United States require and the legislative provisions of individual states may be incompetent." Randolph seconded the proposition. After discussion, participated in by Wilson, King and Mason, the vote was taken and stood three for it and eight against it. See Madison Papers, Vol. III; pages 1,576 and 1,577.*

Now here is this very power proposed to the convention and rejected by this overwhelming majority, and yet he decided that this power expressly and actually denied was impliedly granted to Congress under this section. To search for apt words in which to censure and condemn such conduct as this in the highest judge known to our Government is simply to lay bare the poverty of the English language. In England, under a constitutional monarchy, he would have been impeached and ungowned.

According to a just and logical construction of this decision, the implied powers of Congress under this section were as inherent in the Constitution as the powers expressly granted. The logic is therefore inevitable that Congress had the power to charter corporations for any and all purposes. That necessarily put no limitations on the exercise of the power and granted no exceptions to the principle, because any exceptions or limitations would exclude one corporation as well as another, and consequently it would exclude a bank charter.

The bank got into politics, and although the line of attack made by this opinion showed strategic genius, the opposing forces were led by Jackson, who was then President. If the right to pass charters had been thus conceded to Congress, that would have

*James Madison succeeded John Marshall as Secretary of State. James Madison took note of the debates in the convention, and after his death they were published as "The Madison Papers."—F. T. F.

destroyed the constitutional right of the States to incorporate companies, because the Constitution of the United States and the laws passed thereunder are expressly made the supreme law of the land, and a charter passed by the state would, of necessity, have been excluded by the charter passed by Congress for the same purposes or subjects granted to different incorporators, because the implied power thus assumed had and could not have any limitations or state any exceptions to the principle, and Congress upon this construction would have had the power to prohibit charters being granted by the states. Having gone too far in the direct line of attack on the Constitution under cover of the doctrine of implied powers, the court went off at a tangent and decided that a corporation created by a state was a citizen of the United States under the jurisdiction clause of the Constitution, so that it could either sue in the Federal courts of another state, or when sued in another state could remove the case to the Federal courts, a legal conception of entity; an invisible, intangible thing; a creation of human legislation converted into a human being,

By the potent rod of Amram's son
Waved 'round the land,

wielded by the Supreme Court—the one American citizen, standing alone, “wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.”

Well, well—then let it be a fiction of the law and give to the Supreme Court of the United States the distinguished honor of having added another and an original principle to the science of jurisprudence, the spontaneous product of its own mental fecundity, unassisted. But let us be just, and call it the American principle.

The only defense ever made for this opinion is that it was a fiction of the law which, up to this time, had never been known to the science of law outside of or applicable to anything but the rules of pleading, but by this opinion was elevated to the dignity of a

principle of constitutional law. The sole object of this judgment was and could only be to lower the dignity of the state courts and to remove from their jurisdiction the consideration of some high and important matters. And yet this very jurisdiction clause states, in so many words, the litigants who can file a suit in Federal courts and the subject-matter of such suits. Thus indirectly the jurisdiction over all corporations in this country has been dragged into the Federal courts. Stop for a moment and think! The jurisdiction of Federal courts of justice over citizens, their rights and their property, originating in a fiction of law created by the very judges who exercised the jurisdiction! Find the limitations to this fiction and state them. State the exception to this principle and announce its lines of operation in the courts. In “*Cohens vs. Virginia*” he decided that the Supreme Court had no jurisdiction over the subject-matter, but on a motion in the case, not on the merits, he announced that a citizen had the right to sue his own state before the Supreme Court. The Constitution expressly fixes the limits and subjects of the original jurisdiction of this court. In the convention in Virginia, called to adopt the Constitution, he contended that this very clause did not grant, and was not intended to grant, any such power or right, and that it was incredible and absurd that a sovereign state should be dragged to the bar of a court of the suit and instance of one of her own private citizens.

He was not then the judge; he was the politician trying to appease the strict constructionists, led by the patriotic Henry, who was bitterly opposed to the adoption of the Constitution.

In the Dartmouth College case he decided that an act of the legislature creating a corporation was a contract, and that any subsequent act of the legislature, in any way altering the provisions of the charter, was unconstitutional, because it impaired the obligation of the contract. This point

was the question at issue in the case, and he met it in this way: "It can require no argument to prove that the circumstances of this case constitute a contract." That was the very point to be argued and proved. He proved it by assuming it, when he knew the circumstances of the case proved that it was not a contract. He knew that Dartmouth College was not chartered by the State of New Hampshire. He knew that it had been founded by the King of England and certain trustees or donors, and that in the law of England, applicable to the creation of corporations, such a principle of law that a charter was a contract was absolutely unknown. We quote him again:

This is plainly a contract to which the donors, trustees and Crown (to whose rights and obligations New Hampshire succeeds) were the original parties. If New Hampshire succeeded to the rights of the British Crown, then the acts of the legislature of New Hampshire were constitutional and ought to have been so decided, *and would have been so pronounced if this case had been tried in Westminster Hall*, because it is a law of England that when the King and a private citizen join in founding a corporation, the King is alone deemed the founder, and has, therefore, control of the corporation and its exercises of its franchises and privileges.

If New Hampshire succeeded to the rights of the Crown over this corporation, as he himself states she did, then why did he not so decide?

The facts of this case are conclusive evidence that the Chief-Justice, in his opinion, deliberately and intentionally misconstrued the obligation clause of the Constitution, as it has been called.*

The principle decided by the opinion, and which has ever since been held to be the law, is that an act of a state legislature creating a corporation was, *ipso facto*, a contract; not that the act granted the right to the corporation to make contracts, but that the act itself was a contract. The statement of the proposition lays bare its absurdity and

exposes the fallacy of the logic which supports it. It is sheer legal nonsense, but it was the military necessity of the case, as Dartmouth College had not been chartered by the legislature of New Hampshire, and in order to bring the issue within the obligation clause of the Constitution, it must be decided that acts creating corporations were contracts. And it thus served a double purpose—first, it got rid of the visitatorial power over corporations, which passed to New Hampshire from the King; second, consequently the state could not in the future alter the charter as granted by the King. No English judge would have dared by the scratch of the pen to rob the King of his visitatorial power over any private corporation created by him.

Under the law of this decision no subsequent legislature could repeal the act passed by a former one, chartering a corporation. The people might change the organic law of their Government, even its nature; dynasties might rise and fall, passing away like the winds, or only leaving their wrecks to tell the story of their past life; monarchies could be liberalized into constitutional governments, verging on republics in the rights and liberties of their subjects; but this law stood as the indisputable evidence of man's impotence to undo what other men had done in their legislative capacity. It was a sacred contract endowed with perpetual life, unless it died a natural death or expired by its own limitation.

Such a principle as this was never before announced as controlling and limiting the powers and rights of legislative bodies.

Unsupported by history and unfortified by reason, it reveals the strong hardihood of a mind bent on fixing on American jurisprudence a principle that has brought to our institutions no benefit—evil and only evil.

Mr. Shirley, in his history of this case, gives the facts relative to this clause from The Madison Papers. Burroughs, in his work on Public Securities (page 607), has this amusing paragraph on the subject, which combines

* The obligation clause, as it is called, is as follows: "That no state shall pass any law impairing the obligation of a contract."
—F. T. F.

simplicity and originality in a most remarkable manner:

The question may be asked, "Why was not the Supreme Court governed or influenced by these facts given in Mr. Shirley's work?" (referring to the history of the Dartmouth College case by I. M. Shirley). The answer is plain. When the Dartmouth College case was decided, neither the Journal of the Convention nor The Madison Papers had been published. The court did not have the benefit of this information to assist them *in forming a correct conclusion to ascertain the intention of the framers of the Constitution.*

It was subsequently attempted to get rid of the principle announced in this case by reserving the right in the act of incorporation, or by a general law, to alter, modify, change or repeal the provisions of the charter. Does not this admission or reservation go to the very root of the matter and destroy the whole force of the principle of law decided by Marshall? Can a legislature enter into a valid contract and reserve the right to alter, modify, repeal or annul this contract at any time at its own convenience? What would become of the vested rights under such a contract? Would there be any at all? Is not this reservation simply an assertion by the legislature of its inherent right of visitatorial power over corporations—to look after the exercise and use of all privileges and franchises granted away by it? A legislature certainly cannot enact either a public or private act and reserve in it any power relative to the provisions of an act which it does not possess without reservation, which it does not possess inherently, *per se*, through and in the power and right to pass the act itself. A legislature cannot reserve to itself, or create for itself, any power or right by an act passed by itself, which it did not possess under the organic law under which it is the lawmaker for the people, subject or obedient to it. The right to create the corporation and to reserve the power to control it by a general act or by words in the charter is conclusive that it can control it without the reservation expressed in the charter. The act when passed did not and

could not create the power and right contained in it to alter, modify or repeal the charter, which had itself been created by an act of the same or a previous legislature. If this were true either as fact or law, then the act itself was outside of the organic law, because the legislature has no right, authority or power to pass an act beyond the limits of the Constitution or that is not directly deducible from the legislative powers enumerated or set forth in that organic law. The right to enact such a law was itself the right to exercise such a power over the charter without the passage of an act granting it. The power and right of the legislature to pass such an act was contained in the right and authority to create the corporation; consequently the act itself was simply statutory evidence of the existence of the power and a notice that it would be exercised in the future at the discretion of the legislature without let or hindrance from the corporation. The conclusion is therefore inevitable and logical that if the act can be altered or repealed by the legislature at its own will, the charter cannot be a contract, but is simply a statute in its true nature, although a private act. This doctrine of a creation of a power over corporations, by reservation in their charters, when the power reserved was held in solution in the power and right to create the corporation, must be and cannot be anything but an attempt to overrule the Dartmouth College case, and has always struck me as an act of mental cowardice. It is the stab of the assassin in the back, not the thrust of a manly enemy in the very front.

All this is pertinent law, because the Supreme Court, speaking through Chief-Justice Waite, decided in the Stone-Mississippi case (11 Otto, 816) that the doctrine enounced in the Dartmouth College case has, to all intents and purposes, become a part of the Constitution. What has been the effect of the principle announced in this case upon the affairs of this country? I quote from John M. Bonham's very

able work, "Industrial Liberty," page 336:

It was definitely set forth, as early as the reign of Edward I, as part of the confirmation of the Great Charter and as a principle by which the nation bound that monarch, that "that which touches all shall be allowed of all, the law that binds all, a tax that is paid by all, the policy that affects the interest of all, shall be authorized by the consent of all."

From that date party politics took a new form. Definitely as this was thus set forth, however, it was not yet fully realized. Nevertheless, it constitutes the basis of the contract relation and of liberty, and it is in contradiction to this that the Dartmouth College case has been made the cornerstone upon which rests the "whole structure of aggression that has grown up in the railway corporations."

But Chief-Justice Marshall made in the Marbury-Madison case the most remarkable display of his constitutional opinions. The facts of the case can be summarized briefly thus: On March 3, 1801, he was engaged in signing the commissions of the Midnight Judges, as they were afterward called, and of Justices of the Peace. At midnight Jefferson, through his attorney, General Levi Lincoln, demanded the seal of the state in his keeping. He at first declined to surrender and vacate the office, claiming that Mr. Jefferson was not yet sworn in, but Mr. Lincoln, pulling out his watch, said: "This is Mr. Jefferson's watch; it rules the hour, and it is past 12 M., and he claims the seal and archives as trustee of the people."

Finding himself in this awkward position, he finally left, but took with him, unknown to Lincoln, one or two of the commissions, fully signed. Marbury claimed that his commission as a justice of the peace had been fully signed, but delivery had been refused, praying for its delivery and a writ of mandamus against Madison as Secretary of State to make delivery. He had signed this commission himself. When the case was called he sat on the hearing as Chief-Justice, although the validity of his own official

act was involved in the issue. He wrote and delivered the decision sustaining the validity of the commission. He decided that the court did not have jurisdiction of the subject-matter, but that if it had he would issue the writ of mandamus to the Secretary of State to compel the delivery.

He thus sat in judgment upon his own case and decided the case in his own favor—judicial conduct without a parallel in England or America. I think I am entirely safe in asserting that he is the only judge of such dignity known to human history that did or would have done such an act. Having decided the entire case against Marbury on the ground of "no jurisdiction," why did he go on to state what he would do if he had the legal power? Simply to indulge with impunity his bitter personal hatred of Jefferson, intensified to a white heat by Jefferson suspecting what he was doing and sending Lincoln to drive him from the office of Secretary of State at midnight. His statement of his intention in the case, if he had the right, was to tell Marbury from the Bench, in his judicial capacity, to find a judge having jurisdiction, and if the case came back on appeal before him he would issue the writ to compel the President and his Secretary to a delivery. Did this man's bitter hatred obliterate all his knowledge of the co-ordinate departments of the Government and their well-defined constitutional rights? Once again he took advantage of his judicial position to indulge with impunity his hatred of Jefferson as a man and a President.

During the Burr trial he issued a writ of *subpœna duces tecum*, commanding Jefferson to produce before him at Richmond, where the trial occurred, a private letter written by General Wilkinson to Mr. Jefferson. Jefferson took no further notice of this judicial and vulgar insult than to send the letter to the District Attorney to use at his discretion, if he saw proper in the trial. Jefferson, by his conduct, had put himself into contempt of the court. Why did not the Chief-Justice

order his arrest, have him brought to Richmond, and if he did not respond to the writ, imprison him in jail until he purged the contempt? He knew he had no right to issue such a writ for such an object against the President of the United States. He still winced and smarted under the Lincoln episode. The Marbury case would drop into the musty archives of the Supreme Court and the incident of the case live its precarious existence in tradition, handed down by the gossips about the Capitol. Here was his final opportunity. Jefferson was serving his last official term and would soon retire. He was trying a man for high treason who had been a Vice-President and had run the most brilliant and romantic career in American politics. His trial, he knew, was destined to be the most important and celebrated criminal trial in American history. His conduct would be watched, his acts would be noted of all men and live in history; the one would keep fresh the memory of the other. This incident would be discussed and the action of the President watched with breathless suspense. The story would be repeated at the Bar and in print, the imagination warming with its telling and coloring it with those embellishments which are added by brilliant talkers to give freshness to an old story, until in time the climax would be reached; the President of the United States had been made to quiver like the aspen in his pride of place and bend his lofty head before the awful frown of the offended Chief-Justice of the United States. But Jefferson took no notice of it. It lives in history only as the proof of his bitter hatred and of judicial conduct discreditable alike to his head, to his heart, to his conscience and to his high and elevated office—a stain upon the judicial history of this people which time cannot efface, and which the memory of that history will not forget, and which her justice will not forgive. Suppose the Chief-Justice of England had issued his writ of *subpœna duces tecum* against Queen Victoria for a similar purpose? His

place of burial, like that of Moses to the children of Israel, would have been unknown to the people of England.

I have thus passed in review some of Marshall's opinions to expose his theory of constitutional construction and some facts of his life to show how he bore himself in his high office. The evil this man did lived after him, and still lives to vex us in our courts and in our commerce, and what became of the good, God only knows. His doctrine of implied powers has assumed many forms in the history of human governments. It has more shapes than Proteus, but never before did it come in a form so attractive and in a way so insidious as almost to hide its own approach. And this time it came extending a hand softly gloved with expressions of warm, sincere friendship. It has been called by many names, but by none heretofore given to it was its purpose and object so well concealed as by the one given by John Marshall. It suits itself to the people it intends to oppress; it accommodates itself to the government it seeks to change or destroy; it assumes the form of the power it hopes to acquire. Every improvement in the art of government by which it was hoped the better to protect and secure the people against usurpations has been made only after a bitter and violent contest with this principle. In England this doctrine is known as the prerogative of the King.

It is like the worm that burrows under the dikes of Holland—the work of a night is sufficient to inundate the adjacent fields with the mighty waves of the resistless sea. It is indeed the source, the true cause of every revolution by which people, rising against their rulers and their government, have tried to control the one and inject into the other guarantees for liberty against future usurpations and their resultant oppressions. It is the very bedrock upon which every aggression in the practical operation of government, where the letter of the law was claimed to be defective, has

always planted itself. Magna Charta was a protest against it and gave to the world promises, in the fulfilment of which it has been thwarted in England. Simon de Montfort made his rebellion against it for liberty and the enlargement of the rights of the common people. The revolution of England was caused by it, and her people and their leaders thought it had been drowned in the blood of Charles I.

The Petition of Right and the Act of Settlement thought they had forever forestalled its reappearance. The American Revolution was its most vigorous and determined enemy, and our forefathers, wiser in their day than the men of the past, thought the pen was mightier than the sword; but their children have found to their dismay and horror that it shows its horrid front in the very citadel of their liberties, claiming it all as its own by inheritance. The intellect of man cannot anticipate complications in the future and devise, at the same time, the means to untangle them, nor can his wit formulate a law so minute and yet so comprehensive in its provisions as to protect and guard the people against the contingencies in human affairs that can neither be known nor seen. Something must be left to the honesty, the patriotism, the sincerity of men, their rulers; and yet all human history shows how fatal is that mistake. Thus the race of man is ever revolving in a circle in political affairs, and thus history is ever repeating itself and man is still not weary of hoping and striving for a better government. From every revolution he emerges with more light and nearer the truth. Every contest for liberty has in the end exposed the errors of the past and suggested different guarantees for the future. This doctrine of implied powers, scotched often but never killed, is now, it is to be sincerely hoped, making its final contest for rights and powers of government as against the rights of the people, who conceded that power for their own benefit and formed that government

for their own protection and permanent security.

The one fact, the great outstanding fact of American history, seems to have been always ignored by the Supreme Court—that this Government is absolutely original in its nature and in the manner and method of its formation. It had no model; it was not the growth and development of successive years, nor formulated in legislative acts passed to protect rights and liberties won at critical periods of different stages of our history. It has no likeness known to the living or the dead in the history of politics. And our forefathers did not fight for seven years, passing through Valley Forge, to acquire the right to frame their own government and drive the divine right of kings from the throne of the monarch, to submit to its reappearance on a bench of judges of their own creation.

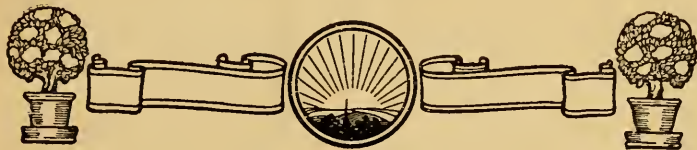
If the Judges of the Supreme Court had drawn their inspiration from the facts of American history and had gone for guidance and light in their construction of the Federal Constitution to The Madison Papers—the records of the convention that formed it—many harsh censures of its decisions would have been like the golden word—never uttered. They have gone to England, to English law, to English rules of construction, to English history, and, consequently, the influence of their judicial opinions is un-American in spirit and has built up in this country an overawing English influence in law, commerce and society. Therefore, this much I do feel justified in affirming in the strongest terms: That the construction given to the Federal Constitution, building up a great consolidated government, destroying the influence of the states and forcing their sovereignty down to the low and degraded level of petty provinces, has rendered it impossible to foster an American citizenship, such as the citizenship of Englishmen in England or Frenchmen in France, and that must be done if this Government is to live in form, nature

and substance as a republic of free-men.

A long line of decisions, in the interest of corporations, has built up in this country a commercial and social

feudalism such as caused the riots and mobs of the Middle Ages, when money was collected into the hands of the few, and which is directly antagonistic to a true American citizenship.

(To be continued.)

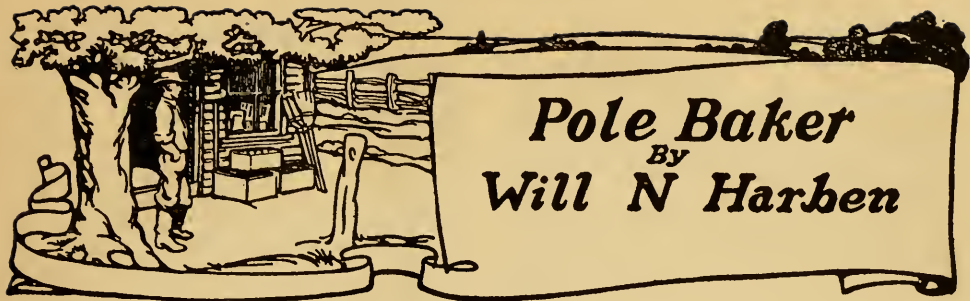


The Soldiers of Toil

A CHEER for the captains of industry!—
 Though little they need our applause;
 For they sit in state and dignity
 To fashion the country's laws;
 To the North they fly from summer's sun,
 To the South from winter's frost;
 They beckon, and lo, their behest is done,
 Not counting toil or cost;
 They've palaces on the Avenue;
 By the sea their villas stand;
 Their Adirondack camps o'erview
 Wide parks of forest land;
 Softly and swift their carriages roll;
 They've motors and yachts galore;
 Save only, perchance, a contented soul,
 They've nothing to wish for more!

But the private soldiers of industry—
 'Tis these I would hail in song,
 Whose stalwart arms unceasingly
 Push the great world along;
 Wherever swings the lusty axe,
 Where hammer on anvil falls,
 Where the woodsman clears the forest tracks,
 Or the sailor his chanter calls;
 Wherever a spade upturns the soil,
 Or a rivet is driven home—
 Wherever is fought the fight of toil
 Beneath the heavens' blue dome!
 Unknown his name, obscure his post,
 And scant his reward may be,
 But for every soldier in labor's host
 Three cheers—aye, three times three!

R. H. TITHERINGTON.



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

In a small Georgia town a friendship has grown up between Pole Baker, reformed moonshiner and an unusual and likable character, and young Nelson Floyd, who was left as a baby in a mountain cabin by an unknown woman just before her death. Floyd, in the face of many trials and temptations, has worked his way up in the world and made a man of himself. Jeff Wade appears at the store, in which Floyd has become a partner, to avenge on him a rumored injustice to Wade's sister. Pole Baker's tact prevents a duel by making Floyd see that the unselfish course is for him to avoid a meeting. Cynthia Porter comes to the store, alarmed for Floyd's safety. On his way home to his family Pole falls a victim to his besetting sin of drink. Cynthia rejects the suit of the Rev. Jason Hillhouse and refuses to act on his warnings against Floyd's attentions. At a corn-shucking given by Pole, Floyd wins the right to kiss Cynthia, and on their way home claims his privilege without actually asking to marry her, and proposes in vain that, since her mother dislikes him, she meet him at times on signal in the grape arbor. That night, while Cynthia is regretting even her slight weakness, her suspicious and tactless mother half accuses her and hints that the worry over Cynthia and Floyd has caused her to fear an attack of insanity. Pole again prevents a duel between Floyd and Jeff Wade by showing the latter that his quarrel is ill advised.

CHAPTER X

THAT afternoon, for Cynthia Porter, dragged slowly along. The quilt was finished, duly admired and laid away. The visiting girls put on their sunbonnets about four o'clock and went home. No further news had come from the village in regard to the impending duel, and each girl hurried away in the fluttering hope that she would be the first to hear of the outcome.

Fifty times during the remainder of the afternoon Cynthia went to the front door to see if anyone was passing from whom she might hear what had happened, but the road leading by the house was not a main-traveled one, and she saw only the shadows fall in advance of the long twilight and heard the dismal lowing of the cows as they swaggered homeward from the pasture. Then it was night, and with the dark-

ness a great weight that nothing could lift descended on her young heart.

The simple supper was over by eight o'clock. Her father and mother retired to their room, and she went, perforce, to hers. Outside the still night, with its pitiless moonlight, seemed to be a vast, breathless thing under the awful consciousness of tragedy, deeper than the mere mystery of the grave. Dead! Nelson Floyd dead! How impossible a thing it seemed, and yet how could it be otherwise? She threw herself on her bed without undressing, and lay there, staring at her flickering tallow dip and its yellow, beckoning ghost in her tilted mirror. Suddenly she heard a step in the hall. It was a faint, shuffling one, accompanied by the soft slurring of a hand cautiously sliding along the wall. The girl sat up on the bed wondering, and then the door was softly opened and her grandmother came in, and with bent form advanced to her.

"Sh!" the old woman said, raising a warning hand. "I don't want your ma and pa to know I came here, darling. They wouldn't understand it. But I had to come; I couldn't sleep."

"Oh, granny, you oughtn't to be up this way!" exclaimed Cynthia. "You know it is long past your bedtime."

"I know that, honey, I know that," said the old woman; "but to be late once in a while won't hurt me. Besides, as I said, I couldn't sleep anyway, and so I came in to you. I knew you were wide awake—I felt that. You see, honey, your ma can't keep anything—even anything she wants to be silent

on has to come out, sooner or later, and I discovered what was the matter with you this morning. You see, darling, knowing what your trouble was, old granny felt that it was her duty to try to comfort you all she could."

"Oh, granny, granny!" cried the girl, covering her face with her hands.

"The trouble is, I don't know what to say," continued the old woman; "but I thought I'd tell you what pride will do sometimes, when anybody calls in its aid. If—if what they all think is so—if the young man *has* really lost his life in—in a matter of such a questionable nature, then your womanly pride ought to back you up considerably. I have never alluded to it, Cynthia, for I haven't been much of a hand to encourage ideas of superiority in one person over another, but away back in the history of the Radcliffes and the Cuylers and the Prestons, who were our kin in Virginia, I've been told that the women were beautiful and great belles in the society at Richmond before and after the Revolution. Why, honey, I can remember my grandmother telling us children about being at big balls and dinners where George Washington was entertained, and lords and ladies of the old country. I was too young to understand what it meant, but I remember she told us about the great droves of negroes her father owned, and the carriages and silver, and the big grants of land from the King to him. One of her uncles was a royal governor, whose wife was a lady of high title. I was talking to Colonel Price about a month ago at the veterans' meeting at Cohutta Springs, and he said he had run across a family history about the Radcliffes where it said all of them came down from the crowned heads of England. I believe he was right, putting all I remember to what he said, and, lying in bed just now, it struck me that maybe one of those ladies away back there would not let a tear drop from her proud eyes over—over a young man who had met with misfortune as a consequence of bad

conduct. Ever since you were a little girl I have been proud of your looks, honey. You have fine, delicate features, your hands are small and taper to the end of the fingers, and your ankles are slender like a fine, blooded race-horse, and your feet have high insteps and are pretty in shape. We are poor; we have been so such a long time that almost all record of the old wealth and power has passed out of our memory, but a few generations of poverty won't kill well-grounded pride and dignity."

"Oh, granny, granny, you needn't talk to me so," Cynthia said calmly. "I know what you mean, and you sha'n't be ashamed of me. I promise you that."

"I believe you, Cynthia, for you are showing self-respect right now. Go to bed, dear, and take your mind off it. I'm going now. Good night."

"Good night, granny." Cynthia stood up, and with her arms around the frail, bowed old woman, she tenderly kissed her on the brow and led her to the door.

"Pride!" she muttered as the old woman's steps rang in the corridor. "Pride is only a word. *This! this!*"—she struck her breast—"is my soul under a knife! Why did I sit still while she was talking and not tell her that he was *good—good*—as good a man as ever drew human breath? Why didn't I tell her what Pole Baker's wife told me about his carrying food at midnight on his shoulder through the swamp, wet to his waist, to her and the children, when Pole was off on a spree—making her swear almost on a Bible that she never would tell? And why didn't I tell her what Mrs. Baker said about his sitting down on the children's bed when they were asleep and talking so beautifully about their futures, and all the sadness of his own childhood and his anxiety to know who and what he was? What if he *did* meet that Minnie Wade, and she and he— *Oh, my God!*" She stood staring at her pale face in her mirror, and then tottered back to the bed and sank upon it, sitting erect, her tense

hands clutching her knees, as if for support against some invisible torrent that was sweeping her away. "Dead—oh! and for *that* reason—he, Nelson Floyd!"

Suddenly a sound fell on her ears. She sprang to her feet, straining her hearing to catch a repetition of it, her eyes wide, the blood of new life bounding in her veins. There it was again, the soft, mellow, insistent call of the whippoorwill from down by the grape arbor. For a moment she stood still, crying to herself with an inward voice that had no sound: "Alive! Alive! Alive!" Then, blowing out her candle, she sprang to the door of her chamber, opened it and passed on to the outer one, which was never locked and opened on the front porch. But there, with her hand on the knob, she paused, clutching it tightly, but not turning the bolt. Alive? Yes, alive, but why, how could it be, unless—unless he had killed Jeff Wade? Ah, that was it—red-handed, and fleeing from the arm of the law of man and God, he had come to say good-bye! A memory of her past determination never to meet him clandestinely flashed through her brain, but it was like overhead lightning that touches nothing, only warning man of its power and dying away. She turned the bolt and passed out into the night, running, it seemed, almost with the dragging feet of one in a nightmare, toward the trysting-place.

"Ah, here you are!" Nelson Floyd stood in the doorway of the little arbor, his arms outstretched. She allowed him to catch her cold, bloodless hands and lead her to the rustic seat within.

They sat down together. She felt his strong arm encompass her, but had not the strength or will to resist. He pressed his cheek down on her cold brow, then his lips, and clasped one of her hands with his big warm one. Still, she could not put him off. It was like a perplexing dream. There was the horror, and yet here was vague reassurance that at once inspired hope and benumbed her.

"What's the matter, little girl?" he

asked tenderly. "I declare, you are quivering all over."

She sat up. Pushing him back from her and twisting her hand from his grasp, she looked straight into his eyes.

"Jeff Wade!" she gasped. "Jeff Wade! Have you—? Did you—?"

"Oh, I *see*!" He laughed awkwardly. "I might have known you would hear about that. But never mind, little girl; the whole of it was gossip—there was nothing in it!"

"You mean— Oh, Nelson, you say that you and he did not—?"

"Not a bit of it!" He laughed again mechanically. "Everybody in town this morning was declaring that Jeff Wade was going to kill me on sight, but it wasn't true. I haven't seen him today."

"Oh, Nelson, I heard that he'd actually killed you!"

"Killed me? Oh, that's a good joke!" He laughed. "But you must promise me never again to pay any attention to such stuff. The idea! Why, Cynthia, don't you know better than to believe everything that comes by word of mouth in this section? I'll bet somebody started that who really wanted me out of the way. I've got enemies, I know that."

She drew herself still farther from him, eying him half suspiciously through the darkness. Her lips were parted; she was getting her breath rapidly, like a feverish child.

"But he was mad at you, I know that. You need not tell me an untruth."

"A man is almost justifiable," he laughed, "when he wants to keep such dirty stuff from young, refined ears like yours. Let's not talk of it any more, little girl. Why spoil this delightful meeting with thoughts of such things? You have no idea how much I've wanted to see you."

"Then"—she put out her cold hand to the lattice-work and drew herself up—"why did you whistle for me? You said you'd—you'd call me if you—you really needed me badly."

"Well, that's what I did tonight, I assure you," he laughed. "I felt

like I just *had* to see you and talk with you. You see, I knew this thing would finally get to you, and that you would worry and perhaps lose sleep over it. I knew when you saw me with a whole skin and solid bones that you'd——"

"You flattered yourself that I'd care! Huh, I see! I suppose I'd hate to see *anyone* shot down in cold blood at a moment's notice like that!"

He caught her hand and laughingly attempted to draw her to him again, but she remained leaning against the door-frame.

"You are not going to be mad at me," he said pleadingly, "now, are you?"

"No, but I'm going into the house. I told you I'd not meet you here after all the others have gone to bed, when you whistled as you would to your dog, and I want you to know I would not have come if I had not been over-excited. Good night."

"Wait a moment. I really did want to see you particularly, Cynthia—to make an engagement. The young folks are all going over to Pine Grove next Sunday afternoon to attend meeting, and I want to take you in my new buggy behind my Kentucky horse."

"You couldn't wait till tomorrow to ask me?" she said interrogatively.

"No, I couldn't wait till tomorrow, for that long, slim 'sky pilot' will run over before breakfast to ask you to go with him. I know that. But can I count on you?"

She hesitated for a moment, then she said simply: "Yes, I'll go with you; but I shall leave you now. Good night."

"Good night, then. Well, I'll see you Sunday—I guess that will have to do."

CHAPTER XI

FLOYD sat on the bench for more than an hour after she had left him. His thoughts were of himself. He smoked two cigars moodily. The whole day was retracing its active steps before his eyes, from the moment

he opened his ledger to do his morning's work till now that his naked soul stood shivering in the darkness before him. His thoughts bounded from one incident in his life to another, each leap ending in a shudder of discontent. Cynthia's dignified restraint, and the memory of her helpless, spasmodic leanings both to and from him, at once weighted him down and thrilled him. Yes, his almost uncontrollable passion was his chief fault. Would he ever be able to subdue it and reach his ideal of manhood? Throwing his cigar away he rose to leave. His watch told him it was eleven.

He did not go toward the house and out at the gate, but took a nearer way through the orchard, reaching the rail fence a hundred yards below Porter's house. He had just climbed over and was detaching himself from the detaining clutch of numerous blackberry briars, when he saw a head and a pair of shoulders rise from a nearby fence corner.

It was Pole Baker, who advanced to him in astonishment.

"By gum!" Pole ejaculated. "I come as nigh as pease lettin' a pistol shot fly at you. I was passin' an' heard some'n in the orchard, an' 'lowed it mought be somebody tryin' to rob Porter's sweet potato bed, an', by the holy Moses, it was you!"

"Yes, it was me, Pole."

The farmer's slow glance left Floyd's face and swept critically along the fence to the white-posted gate in the distance.

"Huh!" he said and was silent, his eyes roving on to the orchard, where his glance hovered in troubled perplexity.

"Yes, I went to see Miss Cynthia," Floyd explained after a pause.

"Huh, you say you did! Well, I didn't see no light in the parlor when I passed jest now. I was particular to look, fer I've been everywhar to find you, an' Porter's was the last place. By gum! I didn't think a chap that had been kick'n' the clods o' the grave off'n 'im all day fer a woman scrape 'ud run straight to another gal

before he knewed whether his hide was liable to remain solid or not."

"I wanted to see Miss Cynthia," Floyd said, "to ask her to go to bush-arbor meeting with me Sunday, and I didn't intend to let my affair with Jeff Wade interfere with it."

"Huh, that was it! An' that's why you are a-comin' out o' Nathan Porter's orchard at eleven o'clock at night, is it?"

Floyd gazed at his rough friend for an instant, just a touch of irritability in his manner as he made answer:

"Miss Cynthia and I were sitting in the grape arbor, behind the house. She only stayed a minute or two. I sat there a long time after she went in. I was smoking, and was beastly tired."

"I see, I see!" Pole was slightly mollified, but was still to be heard from.

"Now, let me tell you some'n', Nelson," he pursued. "Thar hain't no flower that ever bloomed an' throwed out sweet smells that's as nice an' purty as a pure young gal that's got good, honorable parents, an' the reputation of a creature like that is more valuable in my sight than all the gold an' diamonds on earth."

"You certainly are right about that," Floyd agreed coldly, for he was secretly resenting Pole's implied warning.

"Well, then," Baker said, even more sternly, "don't you climb out'n Nathan Porter's orchard at this time o' night ag'in, when thar's a gate with a latch an' hinges to it right before yore eyes. What ef you'd 'a' been seed by some tattlin' busybody? You hain't got no more right to run the risk—the bare risk, I say—o' castin' a stain on that little gal's name than I have to set fire to yore store an' burn it to the ground. The shack could be built up ag'in, but that fair name 'ud never be the same ag'in."

"You are thoroughly right, Pole," Floyd said regretfully. "I can see it now. But I'm rather sorry to see you throw it at a feller quite so hard."

"I reckon I'm sorter upset," the

farmer said half apologetically as they walked on. "I reckon it was my talk with Jeff Wade about his sister that got me started. That's mighty nigh broke him all to pieces, Nelson."

"So you met Wade!" Floyd said quickly. "I thought perhaps you stopped him."

"You thought I did? What made you think I did?"

"Why, when I'd waited till about one o'clock," Floyd replied, "I started out to Wade's, and——"

"You say you started out thar?"

"Yes, I knew he meant business, and I wanted it settled one way or the other, so that I could go back to work, or——"

"Or turn yore toes to the sky, you fool!"

"I started to say," Floyd went on, "that I knew something had interfered with his coming, and——"

"He'd 'a' shot seventeen holes in you or 'a' put seventeen balls in one!" Pole cried in high disgust. "I finally fixed him all right, but he wasn't in no frame o' mind to have you come to his house an' rub it in on 'im. However, you hain't told me what made you think I stopped 'im."

"Why," said Floyd, "just as I was starting away from the spring Mel Jones came running down the hill. He'd been hiding behind a big rock up there to see the affair, and was awfully disappointed. He begged me to wait a little longer, and said he was sure Jeff would come on. Then he told me he saw you in the road near Wade's house, and I understood the whole thing. I guess I owe my life to you, Pole. It isn't worth much, but I'm glad to have it, and I'd rather owe you for it than anyone I know. What did you say to Wade?"

"Oh, I told 'im all I knowed about that little frisky piece, and opened his eyes generally. It's all off, Nelson. He'll let you alone in the future. He's badly broke up, but it's mostly over findin' out what the gal was."

They had reached the point where their ways separated, when they heard several pistol shots on the mountain

road not far away and prolonged shouting.

"White Caps," said Pole succinctly. "They're out on another rampage. Old Mrs. Snodgrass, by some hook or crook, generally gits on to the'r plans an' comes over an' reports it to Sally. They are on the'r way now to whip Sandy McHugh. They've got reliable proof that he stole Widow Henry's pigs, an' they are goin' to make 'im a proposition. They are a-goin' to give 'im his choice betwixt a sound whippin' an' reportin' the matter to the Grand Jury. They want him to take the lickin' so he kin stay on an' work fer his wife and childern. I reckon that's what he'll decide to do. Sandy ain't in no shape to go to the penitentiary."

"I guess he deserves punishment of some sort," said Floyd abstractedly; "though it's a pity to have our society regulated by a band of mountain outlaws."

"They certainly set matters straight over at Darley," Pole said. "They broke up them nigger dives, an' made it safe fer white women to go to prayer-meetin' at night. Say, Nelson, I'm sorter sorry I spoke so hard back thar about that little gal's reputation, but the very thought o' the slightest harm ever comin' to her runs me wild. I never have spoke to you about it, but I tuck a deliberate oath once to protect 'er with my life, ef necessary. You see, she's been more than a friend to me. Last winter, while I was off on one o' my benders, little Billy got sick. He had the croup an' come as nigh as pease dyin'; he could hardly breathe. It was an awful night, rainin', snowin', sleetin' an' blowin'. Sally left him long enough to run over to Porter's to beg somebody to run fer Dr. Stone, an' Cynthia come to the door an' promised it 'ld be done. She tried to git old Nathan up an' dressed, but he was so slow about it—grumblin' all the time about women bein' scared at nothin'—that Cynthia plunged out in the storm an' went them two miles herself, an' fetched the doctor jest in the nick o' time. Then she

stayed thar the rest o' that night in 'er wet clothes, doin' ever'thing she could to help, holdin' Billy in her arms an' rockin' 'im back an' forth, while I was—by God, Nelson Floyd, I was lyin' under the table in Askew's bar so drunk I didn't know my hat from a hole in the ground! An' when I heard all about it afterward I tuck my oath. I was in the stable feedin' my hoss; he heard all I said, Nelson, an' I'll be derved ef I don't believe he understood it. I'm here to say that ef anybody don't believe I'll put a ball in the man that dares to say one word agin that little angel; all he's got to do is to try it! This is a thunder of a community fer idle talk, anyway, as you know from yore own experience, an' ef any of it ever touches that gal's fair name I'll kill tattlers as fast as they open the'r dirty mouths."

"That's the way to look at it, Pole," Nelson Floyd said as he turned to go; "but you'll never have anything to fear in that direction. Good night."

"Good night, Nelson. I'll see you in the mornin'. I ought to 'a' been in bed two hours ago."

CHAPTER XII

"WELL, I hear that Sandy McHugh tuck his whippin' like a little man last night," Pole remarked to Captain Duncan and Floyd the next morning at the store. "They say he made strong promises to reform; an', gentlemen, I'm here to tell you that I believe them White Caps are doin' a purty good work. The lickin' Sandy got last night from his neighbors an' well-wishers toward him an' his family is a-goin' to work a bigger change in him than a long trial at court at the state's expense."

"Well, they say he confessed to the stealing," said the planter. "And a thing like that certainly ought to be punished in some way."

"I never stoled but once in my life"—Baker laughed reminiscently—"an' I was sorter drawn into that. I was goin' with a Tennessee drover down to

Atlanta with a car o' hosses. Old Uncle Abner Daniel was along, an' me an' him always was sorter thick. We come to Big Shanty, whar the conductor told us we'd barely have time to run out to the side o' the road an' buy a snack to eat, an' me an' Uncle Abe made a dash fer the lunch counter, run by a bald-headed Dutchman with a bay window on 'im. Thar was a pile o' sandwiches on the counter marked ten cents apiece, an' we bought two. I noticed Uncle Abe sorter twist his face around when he looked in his'n, an' then I seed that the ham inside of 'em both wasn't any thicker'n a piece o' paper.

"Look here, Pole," said Uncle Abe, "I bought a *sandwich*; I didn't agree to pay that fat thief ten cents o' my hard money fer two pieces o' bread that don't even smell o' meat."

"Well, what you goin' to do about it?" says I.

"Do about it?" says he, an' then he sorter winked, an' as the Dutchman had turned to his stove whar he was fryin' some eggs Uncle Abe stuck out his long fingers an' slid a slice o' ham out o' the top sandwich in the stack an' slyly laid it betwixt his bread. I deprived the one under it of all the substance it held, an' me an' Uncle Abe was munchin' away when two passengers, a big man an' a little, sawed-off one, run up jest as the whistle blowed. They throwed down the'r dimes an' grabbed the two top sandwiches, an' we all made a break fer the train an' got in together. The fellers set right behind me an' Uncle Abe, an' when they begun to eat you never heard sech cussin'. 'Damn it, thar hain't a bit o' ham in mine!' the big feller said; an' then the little 'un ripped out an oath an' reached up an' tried to git at the bell cord. 'The darn pot-gutted thief didn't even *grease* mine,' he said, an' they both raised windows an' looked back an' shook the'r fists an' swore they'd kill that Dutchman the next time they seed 'im.

"I thought I'd actually die laughin'." Uncle Abe set thar with the straightest face you ever looked at, but his eyes

was twinklin' like stars peepin' through wet clouds.

"Finally he said, 'Pole,' said he, 'this experience ort to teach us a lesson. You cayn't down wrong with wrong. We started in to beat that swindler at his game, an' ended up by robbin' two hungry an' honest wayfarers.'"

Floyd and Captain Duncan laughed. It seemed that there was a disposition on the part of both Pole* and the planter not to allude to the unpleasant affair of the preceding day, though Floyd, in his sensitive attitude in regard to it, more than once fancied it was in their minds.

"There is a personal matter, Floyd," said Duncan, after a silence of several minutes, "that I have been wanting to speak to you about. It is in regard to your parentage. I've heard that you are greatly interested in it and would like to have it cleared up."

"I confess it, Captain," Floyd said. "I suppose that is a feeling that would be natural to anyone placed as I am."

"Most decidedly," Duncan agreed. "And it is my opinion that when you do discover what you are looking for, it will all seem so simple and plain that you will wonder how you could have missed it so long. I don't think it is possible for a thing like that to remain hidden always."

"It certainly has foiled me, Captain," Floyd replied. "I have spent more money and made more effort than you would dream of, but met with disappointment on every hand."

"Perhaps you didn't look close enough at home," said Duncan. "I confess the thing has interested me a good deal, and the more I see of you and observe your pluck and courage, the more I would like to see you discover what you want."

"Thank you, Captain," Floyd said earnestly.

"I'm going to confess something else, too," the planter went on, "now that I see you don't resent my interest. The truth is, I had a talk with Colonel Price about it. You know he understands more about genealogy and

family histories than any man in the county. I asked him if he didn't think that your given name, 'Nelson,' might not tend to show that you were, in some way, related to a family by that name. Price agreed with me that it was likely, and then it flashed on me that I knew a man down in Atlanta by the name of Floyd—Henry A. Floyd—whose mother was one of the South Carolina Nelsons."

"Is it possible?" the young merchant asked, leaning forward in almost breathless interest.

"Yes, and he is a man of good standing, but very unsuccessful financially—a man who was educated for the law and failed at it, and now, I believe, lives only on the income from a big farm in Bartow County. I knew him quite well when we were both young men; but he never married, and of late years he seems soured against everybody. I met him at the Capitol in Atlanta only last week, and tried to get him interested in your family matter. At first, from his evident surprise that there could be anyone bearing both those names up here, I thought he was going to reveal something that would aid you. But after asking me three or four questions about you, he closed up, and that was the end of it. He said he knew nothing of your parentage, but that he was sure you were no kin of his."

"Say, Captain"—Pole Baker broke into the conversation—"would you mind tellin' me right here what you told 'im about Nelson? I've seed the old cuss; I've been on his farm; I once thought about rentin' land from 'im. Did you tell 'im Nelson was a man of

high standing here—that he was about the richest young chap in the county an' got more grit than a carload o' sandpaper?"

"No," Duncan laughed. "He didn't let me get that far, Baker. In hopes of rousing his sympathy, I reckon I laid a good deal of stress on Floyd's early misfortune. Of course, I was going to tell him all about you, Floyd, but, as I say, he didn't give me a good chance."

"You were quite right, Captain," Floyd returned. "Pole would have made me appear ridiculous."

"Huh! I'd 'a' got more out o' the old fossil than Captain Duncan did," Pole declared positively, "You knowed how to manage men in the war, Captain, an' you are purty good at bossin' an overseer when you are at a hotel in Florida an' he's fillin' a sack in yore corn-crib at home, but I'll bet my hat you didn't tackle that feller right. Knowing that he was down in the mouth, unlucky an' generally soured agin the world, I'd never 'a' tried to git 'im interested in pore kin he'd never seed. I'll bet a quart o' rye to two fingers o' sp'ilt cider that he'd 'a' talked out o' t'other side o' his mouth ef I'd 'a' been thar to sorter show 'im the kind o' kin that he mought scrape up ef he turned his hand to it. You let me run agin that old skunk, an' I'll have 'im settin' up the drinks an' axin' me more questions than a Dutchman l'arnin' to talk our language. Shucks! I'm jest a mountain scrub, but I know human natur'. Thar comes old Mayhew. He'll order us out—it's treat, trade or travel with that old skunk."





"Arise!"

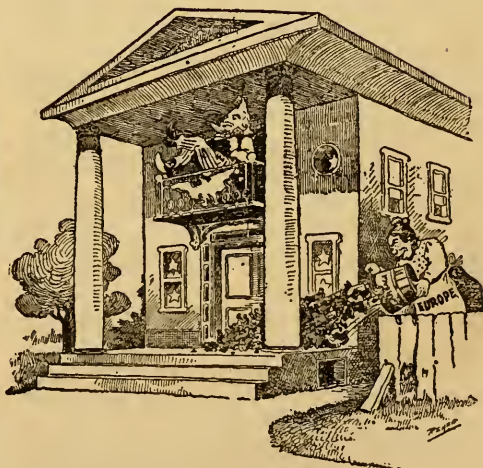
C. G. Bush, in N. Y. World



Transplanting Europe

UNCLE SAM—These clods need breaking up

Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle



Complacent Uncle Sam Needs a Watchdog
at His Front Door

Rehse, in St. Paul Pioneer Press

Salome

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

BEAUTIFUL, indeed, but sombre and almost savage she seemed, with her dark face upturned to the gray clouds scurrying over the mountains, her faded red calico dress throwing into stronger relief the thick plaits of black hair and the rich coloring of her sunburned cheeks.

She turned to confront the traveler, who, pursuing his unfamiliar way over the lonely hills, drew rein at the rude fence and, doffing his hat, called to her:

"Can you tell me where I can find shelter for myself and my horse to-night? I'm a stranger in these parts and have been riding all day."

The girl regarded him with an intentness somewhat disconcerting at first, but he met her unfriendly look with so winning a smile that her face softened. She glanced again at the sky, however, before replying. The clouds were gathering in heavier masses and sullen mutterings of thunder snarled through the gorges.

"Yo' kin stop," she said briefly. "Thah hain't a house nigher yo' fo' five miles." She rose as she spoke, and he noted her tall, strong, lithe figure and splendid carriage.

"Yo' kin put yo' hoss in thah," pointing to a rude stable to the left of the house. The horse had obediently followed and stood whinnying as she pulled down from the loft a great armful of fodder.

"He has made pretty good time to-day and is glad to rest," said Maitland from the doorway.

She picked up a bucket and handed it to him. "Thah's the well behin' yo'. Git him some water."

Maitland obeyed, and she shut the stable door, drawing the wooden bolts.

"Yo' kin come up to the house," she then informed her guest laconically. A pattering of rain sounded as they reached the porch.

"Yo' mought 'a' had wors'n a wett'n'," said the girl calmly. "Yo' doan know the trail, an' thah's fallin'-off places a-plenty on hit."

"Who's that?" called a woman's voice from inside the house. "Who's that, 'Lomy?"

"A stranger wants to stop in till the rain's over," answered Salome, bringing him into a wide, bare room, at the farther end of which, like the mouth of a cave, yawned a huge old-fashioned open fireplace. A pine table with its complement of splint-bottom chairs, an old heavy chest, a ghoulish looking-glass between the windows, an immense four-post bedstead piled high with mountainous feather mattresses and covered with a gorgeous "blazin' star" quilt, and, to Maitland's greater interest, several Winchesters in the corner near the hearth, constituted the furnishings. A ladder led to the loft, and a door opened into a tiny lean-to, the girl's bedroom.

An elderly woman, an older, colder, sterner likeness of the girl, rose from the hearth over which she was bending and looked at him curiously, suspicion lurking in her dark eyes.

"Yo' is sholy welcome in out o' the rain," she said, with the innate mountain hospitality. "But hit's a dangerous place fo' a stranger to be, hereabouts." Her voice held a covert threat.

He laughed and met her unfriendly eyes with the same smile that had disarmed her daughter.

"It's a pretty place, surely. Just what I wanted. I make pictures of

places, you see. I'm what people call a painter."

The two pairs of eyes fixed upon him a steady stare.

"Pap mought git yo' to paint the barn," said the old woman reflectively.

Maitland shook his head, repressing a smile.

"I haven't advanced that far yet," he said seriously. "I paint trees and things."

"I never heard o' nobody paintin' trees," said the old woman. "Land sakes! who'd pay fo' sech doin's?" She stirred the hominy pot with a long iron spoon and relapsed into silence.

"I've heard about the views in the North Georgia mountains," he went on easily. "So I've come to see them. I found a place about fifteen miles back—Wilson's—but I'd rather be farther up in the mountains, so I started out this morning to look for some house where I might put up for a month or two. Do you know anybody who'd be willing to take me to board for a while?"

The woman had seemed decidedly unfriendly, but the name "Wilson" had apparently a favorable effect, for her brow cleared.

"Ef Jed Wilson tuck ye I reckon yer all right," she said. Maitland was wise enough to make no remark. He smiled at the girl instead, and the flicker of an answering smile crossed her sombre face. They were both young.

"Draw nigh the fiah, stranger," said the old woman with simple courtesy. She offered him a rude chair as she spoke, and he accepted it with a bow of thanks, but pushed it to one side to give her space for her cooking. She had removed the hominy pot to one side of the fireplace, and was broiling rashers of bacon over the coals which she raked out on the hearth. The smell of it was grateful to the hungry traveler.

"Don't you think I could find a place near here?" he asked.

"Don't know. Yo' mought. Yo'll have ter stay tonight, anyhow." It had darkened rapidly and the rain was still beating outside.

"Do you and your mother live here

alone?" he asked the girl. She flashed a suspicious glance at him.

"No," she said curtly. "Thah's Pap an' the boys. Why do yo' want ter know?"

"Oh, I thought it was rather lonesome for a young lady," he said quietly. And he looked at her with frank blue eyes.

A dog barked in the distance, and the girl started. "Thah's Pap now," she cried. "I heah old Jordan barkin'."

A clatter of heavy feet sounded on the porch, and Pap and the boys trooped in, steaming—tall men, dressed in homespun clothes and heavy rawhide boots.

The thin, wiry figures had something of the tireless strength and energy of the Indian. Like the Indian's, too, were the dark, lean faces, unsmiling, taciturn, the small black eyes occasionally emitting a fire-flash of ferocity, or, rarer still, a gleam of grim humor; the lank dark hair fell over narrow foreheads; and when they turned or spoke the muscles played over their bare brown throats like shadows in a mountain brook. Something sinister lurked in these impassive and impenetrable faces, in these dull eyes with their occasional lightning flashes.

They listened to the stranger at their hearth in silence, stolidly staring, yet weighing and measuring his every look and word. To his question if they knew where he might obtain lodging for a while old Jim Barret replied carefully: "Mebbe, mebbe. I'll think about hit in the mornin'."

"Yo' suppah's ready," called the mother.

They turned to him courteously enough then, and invited him with simple hospitality to share their meal. The hominy was white and good, the bacon broiled delightfully, the corn bread clear and golden and the coffee excellent, so that Maitland did full justice to the meal, which pleased the hostess greatly.

After supper, as the night had gathered in dark, windy and cold, they drew near the fire, Pap and the

boys each supplied with a generous "chew" and Maitland with a cigar. The women cleared the table and washed the dishes; then they also drew near the silent group at the hearth, the mother taking from her apron pocket a gray mass bristling with knitting needles, which she began to click rapidly, and Maitland noted idly that the mass took shape presently as a sock—for him of the seven-league boot, he thought, judging from its size. The girl sat idle, her hands in her lap, the firelight dancing on her rich, dark cheek, across which lay a heavy plait.

Maitland puffed away at his cigar and waited. The men chewed, working their jaws automatically, and then rested at regular intervals with closed mouths that opened only to spit into the fire with the sure and certain aim of long practice. They spoke with their eyes. The old man lifted his eyebrows slightly with a sidewise look. The others answered it accordingly; their faces remained impassive; only the eyes telegraphed their impressions, and Maitland knew their glances spoke of him. Calm and quiet as they, he smoked.

They spoke but few words; they stared into the fire, which was rapidly dying under continual squirts of tobacco juice. Finally one last coal glowed on the hearth, and Mr. Barret carefully and slowly deluged it with his last mouthful. Then he rose and the young men also.

"Ef yo's tiahd, stranger, yo' kin go to bed now," said the father. He pointed to the ladder, and the eldest son led the way in silence. Salome quietly got him a candle and some matches, and he climbed up the ladder after his silent conductor, who pointed to a high bed in the corner. Maitland disrobed and courageously launched himself into the sea of feathers. It gave with his weight and seemed to swallow him, and after many struggles he found himself in a little hollow, with the feather mattress billowing up around him. He was drowsy, but could not sleep at first. The mono-

nous voice of the old woman droned below, and occasionally he heard the musical, crisp tones of the young girl in reply. Near him one of the boys was already snoring horribly.

Several times during the night he awoke with a start to find that the old man had climbed up the ladder to see, as he said, if the boys slept; that one of the boys had clattered down to get a drink of water. "Confound these people," he said, "burrowing around at night like a warren of rabbits." Then he sank into a profound and dreamless slumber, from which he did not awake until the morning was far advanced.

He dressed himself quickly and descended the ladder, to find that his breakfast, hot and inviting, was waiting for him, and that Pap had ridden betimes over to Wilson's. He returned later in the day and brought back Maitland's artist kit. Evidently his conference with Wilson had been eminently satisfactory.

Salome looked at him with a new but shy friendliness.

"My aunt stays about six miles up from heah," she volunteered. "An' Pap 'lows she'll be glad ef yo' stay with her."

"That's good news," said Maitland. "I can get to work at once, then—painting, you know."

He regarded her admiringly. "Why, I've a subject already," he added, with a pleased laugh. "You, Salome! I'll paint you, by Jove! And I'll have to have you in that red dress, and with your hair just as it is now—those long braids over your shoulders."

"Why?" she asked innocently.

"Because," he replied, "you're beautiful, of course—like the woods around us—and would look better so."

She flushed prettily, but made no reply.

His artistic soul was delighted with the wild beauty of the North Georgia scenery, where the toe of the mountain had stepped into Georgia and the heel remained in Tennessee. A country of strange and, withal, dangerous people, who believe more in the con-

vincing eloquence of the shotgun than the lazy arm of the law, a deep-rooted love for "moonshine" whisky and a corresponding hatred for "revenoos" being their most distinguishing traits. Knowledge of Government methods comes to them generally through the "revenoo," but as there are dangerous byways on their mountains, it often happens that the "revenoo" gets lost and never finds his way out again.

Maitland had, apparently, given no thought to such things. He was a devoted student of nature, and rambled about, sketch-book in hand, over the wild stretches of country, industriously—sketching.

Salome was with him continually during these rambles over the mountain, and pointed out to him its interesting features. She became his willing guide in the wilderness whose every pathway she knew, so that he did not refrain from cultivating her closer acquaintance.

As he was considered a very handsome man—tall, fair-haired, with a manly and wholesome comeliness, a manner affable and charming in its simplicity—it was an easy matter for him to win friendship. His frank smile concealed an iron will, however, and a relentless selfishness. Women had always loved him, while men liked and respected him instinctively for the strength and purpose beneath his air of easy, careless grace. His weakness lay in that he himself was too conscious of his power, and at times underestimated the strength of others.

Into the life of this young mountain girl he came as a modern demigod, to whom she looked up and whom she loved with the whole of her wild nature.

He had a certain liking for Salome; she was beautiful and novel, this half-goddess, half-savage, with her adoring eyes, like a dog's, loving and beseeching, and, being useful to him, she was also a delightful study.

He had painted her in the red calico, the wild background of a mountain glen accentuating the stern beauty of her figure. He had caught the expression of her face perfectly, and was

somewhat startled when he noted its cruel sweetness, the sombre fire of the heavily lidded eyes and the power of the full, red, unsmiling lips.

"Law sakes!" cried old Mrs. Barret, "hit's 'Lomy, nat'ul as pig tracks! Yo' mought 'a' let her wahr a little fixin's an' a buzzum pin 'tho, 'sted o' lookin' like a thunderstorm in the old red caliker."

To please them he made a lighter and more fancy sketch for old Jim Barret, who was very fond of the girl. He made other sketches of these people and their country, taking a long time over the work for more than one reason, and was delighted with the results he obtained.

He came to know every turn of the mountain paths. He knew a great deal else, too, that would have cost him dear if they had suspected his knowledge. He knew, for instance, that at the crazy little bend of the path where it loses itself in the forest old Jim Barret ran his illicit still. He knew where Pap's sister's boys ran theirs. He knew that Wilson was the fence, and, altogether, he knew enough to send half of them to the "pen."

And all this he had found out under Salome's guidance and through Salome's utter trust in him. Her love for him made easy the accomplishment of his mission. It did not matter much to him whether she cared for him or not. As she did, it was rather hard on her, of course; but then, these mountain women are made of stern stuff, and she'd get over it in time. As things were, it was very fortunate for him that she was in love with him.

He had heard them talk, more than once, with sullen faces and grim meaning, of the "revenoos," and he had a fair idea of what his fate would be if they knew that he, the clever and quiet lover of nature, to their thinking rather a harmless sort of lunatic who wasted his time painting rocks and trees and clouds, Maitland the artist, was Maitland the keenest, shrewdest and most successful officer on the Government's list.

Frequent messages had come to

Uncle Sam of late, telling of the moonshine men up here, and Maitland was commissioned to hunt them out, and so he came and was using his own methods. There were always risks to run, and he was quite willing to face them. As it happened, Salome was the unconscious help that fell to his luck, and he made the most of it. He had begun to feel a tenderness for her in spite of himself, and the dark beauty of her face troubled him.

They were standing together one evening where the shadows of the whispering pine trees fell, and the long, low, sighing winds were a-loose on the mountains. He put his arms around her, and even kissed her on the lips. He said a great many things, of which Salome gathered only one—that he loved her. She was quite willing not to know any more. As for the man, the wild love she lavished upon him had touched even his hard heart.

Toward October, when the weather was turning bleak and wild on the mountains, and his work was about finished, his evidence complete and his course fully and concisely mapped out concerning these offenders against the Government's code of ethics, he began to make his plans for departure.

"You won't forget me, quite, will you, Salome?" he asked as her head lay against his shoulder.

She looked up, a little startled.

"But yo's a-comin' back to me, Harry?" she asked, tightening her arms around him.

He nodded: "Of course." But somehow a pang shot through Salome's heart. She clung to him passionately.

"Ef I should lose yo'!"

He smoothed down her black hair caressingly. "I'll not be gone for two weeks yet, and you'll see me every day until then," he said soothingly as if to a child.

She was sitting in her usual place on the lower step of the porch at night, while he was arranging his papers, six miles away. A heavy woe was upon her which she could not shake off. He would be gone, for—how long? And

what might happen when she was here, and he—somewhere, away from her? Her lips were white, her eyes heavy, and her brown hands were tightly clasped together.

A low whistle sounded, and, as she started up, a man's figure came out of the gloom and beckoned to her.

"'Lomy, 'Lomy, hit's me, 'Lijah."

She rose and went up to him hurriedly.

"Hit's me, 'Lomy, and I've got strange news fo' yo'," he whispered. "Come down the road a piece, whah no one'll see us, an' I'll tell yo'," said 'Lijah, old Wilson's nephew.

Together they slipped away in the darkness, and when out of calling distance he put his lips to her ear.

"The paintah man, that's with yo' always, 'Lomy?"

Salome nodded, her eyes fastened on his face.

"He—" said the boy in a scared whisper—"he's a—a revenoo!"

She caught him by the shoulders fiercely.

"Hit's a lie—a lie!" she said savagely. "Hit's a lie, an' I'll kill yo' ef yo' say that on him to anyone but me!"

"Wilson knows hit," said the boy angrily. "He got word from the city—in a letter, tonight. I always liked yo', 'Lomy—yo's bin kin' to me, an' I knowed yo' liked him, so I come to give yo' wahnin'. I slipped away while they was talkin' over what they was a-goin' to do. I wanted to wahn yo', 'Lomy! They'll be afteh him tomorrow. Wilson's a-goin' to call out the boys in the mornin'!" She knew what that meant—death, on the handiest limb—and her face blanched.

"Yo's shuah hit's true?" she asked rather faintly.

"True as Gawd, 'Lomy," said the boy earnestly.

"Ef hit's true, or ef hit ain't true, hit don't matter much, when they git win' o' anything like that," she said. "They won't run no risk o' bein' mistaken!"

She knew there would be no show for him, no mercy, tomorrow.

The boy caught her arm. "'Lomy," he said unwillingly enough, "'Lomy, they say that he's bin a-playin' on yo' to hide his spyin'."

A wild light leaped into her eyes and a wilder fire burned in her heart as the savage in her flamed up.

"Yo' brought yo' hoss with yo', 'Lijah?" she asked.

"Uh-huh!"

"Come home, an' I'll saddle Colly. I'm a-goin' to him," she said briefly. They made their way quickly to the barn, and Salome saddled her father's horse, then slipped into the house and breathed easier on finding that Pap and the boys were already sleeping the sleep of the tired. They knew nothing as yet, and she would have until morning. Going to the corner by the hearth, she singled out her father's Winchester, examined it critically to see that it was loaded, and then with 'Lijah she started off.

The night was dark and a moaning wind wailed over the mountains. It was a wild ride and a grim one; neither of them spoke. 'Lijah jogged along at her side impassively. He had done what he could for her, and he'd never tell that he warned her. He had always liked Salome, and he "went back" on the boys for her sake alone, caring nothing at all about the fate of the "revenoo."

As for Salome, her mind was in a tumult in which but one thought was clear. If he was not a "revenoo" and a spy, he was innocent of the other charge of playing on her love for him to aid in hunting down her people. If he was a "revenoo," he was guilty of both. Here her lips tightened.

Not a word did either speak until they reached her aunt's house. A lamp was burning in his room, and 'Lijah went around and tapped softly on the closed shutter through which the chink of light streamed. Maitland himself came to the window. "Who's there?" he called. Salome was at 'Lijah's side instantly.

"Hit's me—'Lomy. Let me in, Harry. I want to see you."

"All right. I'll open the door in a minute," he said.

He stepped through the front room and unbarred the door and stood in the small patch of light, looking rather astonished.

"What's the matter, Salome?" he asked.

"Let me in an' I'll tell yo', Harry," was the slow answer. "'Lijah, yo' kin wait heah fo' me."

'Lijah sat himself down on the porch and waited in stolid patience, and Salome followed Maitland into the house. He beckoned her into his room and closed the door softly.

"Is the boys in?" she asked.

"Asleep," said Maitland. "Opening the door doesn't disturb them—they're used to my going out and smoking in the moonlight."

There were papers, closely written over, and a few rough maps on the table. She went over and leaned the Winchester against it. Then she faced him.

"I jest heard," she said stonily, "that yo's a—a revenoo spy!"

He started, in spite of himself, which did not escape her watchful eyes.

"Well!" he said, a trifle heavily.

"Others has heard it, 'sides me," she went on quietly. "That's why I come to tell yo'. They'll be aftah yo' in the mornin', an'—an' yo' got on'y tonight."

Maitland turned a little white. He felt rather glad, then, that the girl loved him so devotedly, and he decided to trust her.

"Do you think I can get away to-night, Salome?" he asked.

There was nothing of the coward in him, but there was something terrible and disgraceful in the thought of being trapped by the very men he had almost delivered over to the law; and these men were a law to themselves.

He went up to the table and hastily tied the papers together, then turned to the girl, and something—something of the anguish in her eyes—made him go up to her and kiss her gently.

"How good of you, love, to come to me tonight!" he said.

She put her hands on his shoulders passionately and searched his face with her dark eyes.

"Harry," she said slowly, with terrible intensity, "is yo' a revenoo? Is it true, Harry?"

There was no time to lie out of it. She might as well know now, he thought.

"It is true," he said briefly. "You know 'moonshining' is against the law, Salome, and the Government must punish it. I am a Government officer."

She looked at him, her dark face tortured with grief and passionate, outraged love.

And so it was true, as Wilson said! And he had traded on her love and heart to betray her people!

She walked over to the table and picked up the Winchester while he stared at her, not comprehending.

"I loved yo'," she said steadily, though her lips were stiff. "An' yo' on'y used me to spy with, an' to betray my own people, an' I a-lovin' yo' all

the time. Ef yo' was on'y a revenoo an' was kin' to me—not kin' enough to make me love yo' an' fool me an' break my heart—I'd 'a' helped yo', 'cause I doan like to see men killed. But oh, my Gawd! I loved yo' an' yo' fooled me!"

Up to her shoulder the Winchester went, with her practiced hand and her practiced eye. The report that followed brought 'Lijah running in and awoke the boys.

Maitland was lying on the floor, with his blue eyes staring hazily and his yellow hair dyed with the blood that spurted up from the ragged hole in his breast and ran over the floor around him. From the table in the corner the picture he had painted of her looked down, with its cruel eyes and mouth and passionate face.

She had flung aside the gun, and was groveling beside him, ghastly, and with glaring eyes.

"'Lomy!" cried 'Lijah in horror.

Salome did not heed him. With a terrible cry she picked up one of the dead hands and pressed it to her lips.



Just for Today

THE rose that blushed this morning fades ere night;
 Yon bird that sings may ne'er again be near;
 A few brief hours—and darkness follows light;
 The joys of yesterday no longer here;
 The pains of morrow hidden from my sight,
 Thy lesson, O my Father, is so clear:
 "Just for today."

Since, then, my fortune cometh part by part,
 This hour a joy, the next a weary care;
 Not knowing through what trials my waiting heart
 May have to pass, be this my only prayer:
 "I do not ask to shun Life's pain and smart;
 But give, O Father, what my strength may bear
Just for today."

CARL HOLLIDAY.

An Unlucky Exception

M R. SLOWBOY has an infirmity of disposition that annoys his wife terribly. It is procrastination. For instance, she wants a picture hung; she particularly wants it done today because some visitors are due tomorrow, and she does not want them to see the discolored spot on the parlor paper the picture is destined to hide.

She mentions it to Mr. Slowboy at breakfast, impressing the urgency upon him. He cheerfully promises to attend to it immediately after, but goes out without doing it; she refreshes his recollection somewhat vigorously at lunch; again he promises, without the slightest loss of cheerfulness, but disappears without thinking of it again; she draws his attention to the matter very pointedly at dinner, and once more he promises with the same old cheerfulness, but again departs to keep some engagement, leaving the picture in its original state of unhungness.

The visitors come, see the discolored spot, and go, and still the picture remains unhung. Mr. Slowboy, in spite of constant reminders and reiterated requests, puts it off, and puts it off, and puts it off. At last the predestined minute, the psychological moment, as it were, for driving that nail comes round, and Mr. Slowboy appears with a hammer and nail, and insists—it is usually when Mrs. Slowboy is immersed in some duty particularly difficult to leave at a moment's notice, like making a cake—that his wife drop everything and show him instantly exactly where she wants that picture hung.

Long years of suffering have at last taught Mrs. Slowboy that this is an ineradicable spot upon her husband's character, and she has now accommodated herself to it by beginning to din into his ears anything she happens to want done a long time before she really does want it done. Thus it is likely to

be done by the time she wants it. On the whole this plan works admirably, but occasionally it has its drawbacks.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Slowboy at lunch the other day, pursuing her method, "can't you find time to take the tacks out of the parlor carpet so I can send it to be cleaned?"

"Why, certainly, my dear, certainly; whenever you want me to," replied Mr. Slowboy, with the pleasing alacrity which always characterizes his promises.

So Mrs. Slowboy, content that some time in the dim and misty future the spirit would move her husband to tackle those tacks, went off to the kitchen to attend to some matters there; and Mr. Slowboy mooned off to get his hat with never another thought of the parlor carpet until his eye happened to fall upon the tack-hammer, which someone had carelessly left lying on the table in the hall.

"By Jove, I'll please Martha this once, anyhow," he muttered, picking up the tack-hammer determinedly.

Straight into the parlor he marched and set to work. He enthusiastically pulled all the tacks, and then, flushed with the thought of how he was earning his wife's praises, he hustled the furniture all out into a pile in the hall, and after a severe struggle with the piano, got the carpet from under it, and rolled it into a neat roll in the middle of the floor.

"Martha! Hello, Martha!" he called, with triumph ringing in his voice. "You can 'phone for your cleaners to come for the carpet now!"

Mrs. Slowboy came running, consternation in her face, but when she saw the dismantled room she simply gasped.

"There, my dear," exulted Mr. Slowboy pridefully, "what have you to say about my putting things off now?"

"Oh, Joseph!" gulped Mrs. Slowboy, "and—and our sewing club meets here at three o'clock!"

ALEX. RICKETTS.



SOME QUESTIONS

A READER of the newspapers has been able to gather some knowledge of the resources of the country for the year 1904. Statements, said to have been compiled from Government reports, have been published, showing the number of bales of cotton, bushels of wheat, corn, oats, etc., raised in the United States during the year.

We have also been given the approximate value of the products of our mines, factories and fisheries, but the other side of the ledger seems to have been neglected—whether from the failure of the Government to report, or for the reason that the newspapers did not care to publish such items, I am unable to say.

Editors who have been asked for information along these lines have failed to give it, and also have failed to give any reason for not doing so.

The total production of the farms, mines, factories and fisheries, as given, cannot fail to leave the impression that we live in a country of wonderful natural resources and inhabited by industrious and intelligent people. What becomes of the great wealth produced?

I trust that your excellent Magazine can give us some figures from the other side of the account.

What amount is paid in interest on bonds—Government, state, county, municipal, railroad, telegraph, telephone, corporation and trust? What part of this interest is paid to people who live in foreign countries? What amount is paid in dividends on the capital stock of railroads, banks and all the other corporations and trusts? What portion of this sum is paid to foreigners? What amount is paid for rent of farm lands and royalties on minerals? What is the amount paid in taxes, including state, county, school and road? How much has the interest-bearing debt of the railroads and other corporations been reduced during the past eight years of prosperous times? How many railroads have canceled their debts during that time? What is the bonded indebtedness of the railroads at the present time? What was it eight years ago? If the prosperous times continue, how long will it be before the railroads will be out of debt? How long will it be before our state, county and municipal debts will be paid?

An answer to the above questions will greatly oblige at least one of the readers of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Using the Statistical Abstract published by the United States Government for 1903, I find that the annual interest charge on the public debt of the United States is \$25,541,000.

The circulation of the national banks is, in round numbers, \$400,000,000. For the use of this money the common people pay interest charges which will average at least 8 per cent.; therefore the annual tribute which we pay to the national banks is \$32,000,000. Inasmuch as the banks pay the Government only one-half of 1 per cent. for this money, while the people pay 8 per cent. to the banks, it will be seen that there is a clear gain to the banks of about \$30,000,000, which they enjoy at the expense of the people.

As to railroads, we paid them a net income in 1902 of \$280,000,000. This does not include street railroads or municipal lines of any sort. Upon these municipal railroads the people paid a handsome dividend in 1902 on the enormous capitalization of nearly \$3,000,000,000.

We paid the Western Union Telegraph Company net profits to the amount of \$8,000,000. To the American Telephone and Telegraph Company we paid a net revenue of nearly \$8,000,000.

As to the railroad debts, they have increased. That is the policy of the management. The greater the earning capacity of a railroad, the greater amount of water they keep pouring into its stock.

For instance, in 1874 the capital stock of the railroads was less than \$2,000,000,000; in 1902 it was \$6,000,000,000.

The funded debt of the railroads in

1874 was upward of \$2,000,000,000; in 1902 it was upward of \$6,000,000,000.

The floating debt of the railroads in 1874 was \$237,000,000; in 1902 it was \$310,000,000. The total indebtedness of the railroads in 1874 was \$4,000,000,000; in 1902 it was nearly \$13,000,000,000.

The table published by the Government shows the constant and rapid growth in the debts of the railroads.

In other words, their net earnings have increased from \$189,000,000 in 1874, until they reached the enormous sum of \$560,000,000 in 1902.

The conclusion is inevitable that it is the policy of the railroads not to pay out of debt.

The same thing is true of the national Government. The men who control will not allow it to pay out of debt.

They must have Government securities as investments for their money, and for the purpose of continuing the domination of the national banks.

This is true also of the state and municipal governments. The constant tendency is to increase the amount of the debt.

As to your question concerning the state debts, I can tell you a curious thing. The Government used to include in its Statistical Abstract, issued every year, the state, county and municipal indebtedness. It no longer does so; or, at any rate, I have not been able to find it in the Statistical Abstract of 1903.

In the report for 1886 I find that the total debt of the states and territories, including the District of Columbia, was in 1880 \$1,056,000,000.

The amount which the people paid upon this varied, of course, in each state, county and town, but it would be safe to say that the average rate of interest paid on the debt by the people was not less than 4 per cent. It was probably more than that.

As to the amount which the people are paying for the use of Bank capital, an examination of the figures reveals an amazing state of affairs. The national banks have a loanable capital of

\$460,000,000 in round numbers. They have actually loaned out \$3,500,000,000! And, of course, the people are paying interest on that enormous amount of fictitious capital.

The state banks have a loanable capital of \$443,000,000. They have actually loaned out \$1,451,000,000.

The private banks have a loanable capital of \$1,371,000. They have loaned out \$94,000,000.

The loan and trust companies have a loanable capital of \$189,000,000. They have loaned out \$1,208,000,000.

The national banks, the state banks, private banks, loan and trust companies command actual capital to the amount of \$2,755,000,000. They derive an income from \$6,263,000,000.

As to the amount paid to corporations and trusts, the Government reports show nothing satisfactory.

Everybody in the United States who has a thimbleful of sense knows that there is a Beef Trust, for instance, which is making for its operators many millions of dollars every year. The Government cannot find any such trust, although young Mr. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, diligently searched for it.

In each case you would have to find what the capitalization of the trust is, and then ascertain what dividends are declared. The sum total, of course, is so large that the human mind can hardly grasp the true meaning of such colossal figures.

As to the amount of interest which we pay to foreigners, I can only say that the Government makes no record; but, according to the statement of Dr. Norvin Greene, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, given before the Labor Committee of Congress in the year 1890, the amount of American securities held abroad at that time was \$2,000,000,000. The sum total of these holdings would, of course, fluctuate from year to year, but it is probably more at this time than it was when Dr. Greene made his estimate. It is well within the bounds of probability to say that foreigners annually take from the people of this

country, in the way of interest and dividends, \$100,000,000.

The total wealth of the United States was \$94,000,000,000 in 1900. It is now probably not less than \$100,000,000,000.

It increases at a rate of about 4 per cent.; therefore the entire annual increase in the wealth of the people of the United States is about \$4,000,000,000.

If you will add up the amounts taken from the people to pay the expenses of government, national, state and municipal, the amount paid to the railroad, telegraph and telephone companies, the amount paid to banks of all kinds, the amounts exacted by the trusts and the protected corporations, you will see that the drain upon the people absorbs more than the annual increase in wealth; therefore thousands of people have their property confiscated, under forms of law, every year, in order that the officeholder, the trust and the corporation shall get the tribute which they have levied upon us.

To anyone who will reflect upon this state of affairs, the situation will appear to be appalling.

The big fish are devouring the little fish in the great big pond of national industry, and in a short while the natural law of cause and effect will do its work completely. The masses of the people will have practically nothing—just enough to live on. A few great corporations, a few private individuals will have practically all the wealth produced by all the people.

(Other statistics asked for are not to be found in the Government reports.)

HENDERSON COLLEGE,

ARKADELPHIA, ARK., May 10, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: Could you help an ignorant little Arkansas girl? I have been working for some time on a debate of which I have the affirmative side. The question is, "Should the Government own and operate the railroads?" If you have any literature on the subject, or can tell me where I can get any, I would be so thankful,

and would be willing to pay almost any amount within reason.

I am exceedingly anxious for the affirmative side to win, not only because a medal is offered, but because I believe we have the right side.

Thanking you in advance for anything you will do, I remain,

Sincerely,
— — —

The Government should own and operate the railroads because they are in their nature public monopolies which should not be used for private purposes.

Human nature is just so constituted that it will abuse power when that power is freed from healthy control.

At present the railroads can destroy any industry by putting excessive freight rates upon it. For instance, last year they practically confiscated the peach crop. At any time they can take all the profit out of the melon crop, the strawberry crop, the orange-growing industry; and they have done this with a brutal disregard for the rights of the people.

They have built up the Standard Oil Company and the Beef Trust and similar plundering corporations by secret rebates and special favors. They have corrupted our politics and our judiciary with their Free Passes, their private cars, and with direct bribes.

They are the greatest of lawbreakers. They refuse to equip freight trains with air-brakes, although a law requiring them to do this has been on the statute books for twelve years.

They refuse to obey the Interstate Commerce Act which prohibits the issuing of Free Passes. They violate the law by granting rebates and other discriminations in favor of one shipper against another.

If the Government owned the railroads, safety appliances of all sorts would be adopted, double tracks made where needed, and thus the frightful loss of life which occurs every year under the present management would no longer take place.

If the Government owned the railroads such a thing as the Beef Trust

could not exist, for the Beef Trust's firmest support is the secret favors which it secures from the present management of the railroads.

If the Government owned the railroads five billions of dollars could not be stolen from the people as has been done in the past by the watering of stock and by the compelling of the people to pay dividends on this fictitious capital.

If the Government owned the railways there would be an immense saving to the people by the reduction of freight rates, passenger rates, and by the abolition of Free Passes, private cars, money given to boodle funds, money spent to subsidize newspapers, money spent to maintain lobbies to influence legislation in the cities, in the states and at the national capital.

There would be an immense saving in doing away with so many high-salaried railroad presidents and lawyers.

The public should own the railroads because the railroads are the public highways, and it is not right that the people should be made to pay excessive toll when they travel on the public highways.

The Government should own the railroads because they are now more powerful than the Government itself, and there should not be within the Republic a power which is greater than the Republic.

The Government should own the railways because at present these private corporations tax the people on their goods, and the people have no representation in the councils of those who levy the taxes.

If the Government owned the railroads the people would be represented in the councils of those who levy the taxes.

DAYTON, O., May 8, 1905.

Hon. Tom Watson, New York City.

DEAR SIR: I have just finished reading an article in *Public Opinion* of May 6 on "Castro the Dictator."

I would like to know the truth about this man Castro.

What manner of man is he?

Is he a man who is plundering the people for the enrichment of his friends and himself? Or is all this noise made by men who are trying to secure the "vested rights" of robbing the people of Venezuela, and Castro is standing in their way?

Can you give me an accurate and comprehensive account of the trouble now pending between the United States and Venezuela?

The article just mentioned sounds to me much like "The Truth About Frenzied Finance," and is probably inspired from the same source.

If you cannot publish such an article, will you please tell me where I can get the desired information?

Mr. Watson, do you know why exposures of rottenness in public places have so little effect on the general public?

I believe it is because the general public has no confidence in the veracity of newspapers and magazines. They have sufficient reasons to distrust newspapers at least.

Yours truly,

— — —

It is very difficult for an outsider to tell much about the true inwardness of the situation in Venezuela. I will frankly state, however, that my impression is that Castro is more sinned against than sinning.

So far as I can see, he has made a heroic struggle to rescue his country from the greedy vultures which are trying to devour it. Predatory corporations invaded Venezuela and sought to gobble up everything worth having. Not content with this, one of these corporations, the Asphalt Trust, aided and abetted a revolution whose purpose was to subvert the Government.

Much has been said about the claims, the debts, which were held by foreigners against Venezuela, but when these claims were submitted to an impartial tribunal it appeared that where there was one dollar of honest debt there were at least one hundred dollars of rascally claims.

The manner in which the warships of Christian Europe trained their guns upon Castro in the effort to make him pay in full these rotten claims was one of the most repulsive episodes of modern politics. The Asphalt Trust, after having violated the conditions of its charter and after having failed in

its effect to overthrow the Government of Venezuela, had the hardiness to apply to the United States to use coercion against Castro.

This is a striking instance of the audacity of the modern predatory corporation. It will be remembered that this Asphalt Trust gave to Mr. Loomis, who at that time represented this Government in Venezuela, a check for \$10,000, evidently to influence him officially against Castro. When Mr. Bowen made the charge that the Asphalt Trust had given Mr. Loomis a check for \$10,000, he emphatically denied that any such check was in existence.

Since then, what has occurred?

The check has been produced, Loomis and the Asphalt Trust have both been cornered, and the public has been made to content itself with the assurance that this \$10,000 check was a mere matter of "exchange."

What sort of "exchange"?

To the average man who remembers that Loomis positively denied the existence of such a check, the transaction has an evil smell.

Bear in mind that this was the kind of influence Castro was struggling against. Therefore, knowing how trusts bribe and influence officials in this country, we can gather some idea of the true situation in Venezuela.

You ask why it is that the exposure of rottenness in public places has so little effect on the general public.

My answer is that the effect is deeper than you suppose. The American people at this time are thoroughly indignant at the manner in which they are being plundered and misruled.

But what can they do? They are divided in two great political parties, and these parties play into each other's hands. Some of the rascals are Democrats, and some of them are Republicans.

The Tammany ring which robs New York is Democratic. The Durham ring which plundered Philadelphia is Republican. So there you are.

The Democratic Party cannot fight

Tammany. The Republican Party cannot fight Durham.

And it seems to be almost impossible to get honest Republicans and honest Democrats to break away from their ring-ruled national parties and form a new party in which honest men, honest methods and high purposes shall prevail.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., May 8, 1905.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, New York City.

DEAR SIR: I am a reader of your strikingly clean-cut publication, and I frankly enjoy it. And seeing that you have opened an Educational Department, I wish to ask this question.

If the Government owned the public utilities, would there not be just as much danger of a trust combine, and graft among the officials having the several utilities in charge, as there is in the great uncontrolled trusts of today?

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Respectfully,

I do not think that Government ownership of public utilities would be subject to the abuses suggested.

Freight and passenger rates, express, telephone and telegraph charges would all be levied by the public for the benefit of the public. The revenues would go into the public treasury.

I do not see how there could be a trust combination or systematized graft among the officials having the several utilities in charge. Of course, a dishonest man, having access to money, will steal, and we have had a good deal of theft in our Post-Office Department, but experience has demonstrated that irregularities in the postal service are always caught up with, always checked and the criminal punished.

See, for instance, how Mr. Machen and others who were high up in the postal service were arrested like common thieves last year and sent into penal servitude.

The Post-Office Department never becomes oppressive to the people as a system. Individual instances of injustice and wrong will occasionally occur, because human nature is not perfect but, in the main, the Post-

Office Department seeks the public good and is one of the most beneficent institutions of modern times.

If the express companies, or a parcel post, were attached to the Post-Office Department, and the telegraph and the telephone were made also a part of this system of transmitting the news, the results would be overwhelmingly favorable.

This is shown by actual experiment in Great Britain and most of the countries of Continental Europe.

So, also, if the Government owned the railroads I do not see how they could be used oppressively as they are used under private management. All the charges for transportation would be laid by public officials under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission or some similar tribunal, and the revenues would flow into the national treasury just as the revenues from whisky and tobacco and imported goods now go into the public treasury.

Of course, rogues might steal a considerable sum of money, but the system would not be used to oppress the public systematically as is now done.

This truth is demonstrated by the fact that no such abuses as you fear have been known under public ownership in England, Germany and other countries where that principle is in operation. There is all the difference in the world between a system in which the revenues from public utilities go into the pockets of private individuals and a system in which those revenues go into the public treasury.

Freight rates, passenger rates, telegraph rates, telephone rates, express company rates, street car rates, would all be published just as the postal rates are now published. Every citizen would know what to pay, and would pay no more. Therefore, it is impossible for me to conceive of a trust combine in which the officials operating the public utilities could put any considerable sum of money in their pockets without detection and punishment following immediately.

The railway corporations have robbed the people of at least five billion

dollars by watering their stock and compelling the people to pay dividends upon this fictitious capital.

Compare this colossal robbery which goes on from year to year with any possible petty theft which might occur under public ownership, and it seems to me that your mind will have no difficulty in deciding in favor of public ownership.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., May 22, 1905.

Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

MY DEAR SIR: I see that you are going to start an Educational Department in your Magazine; so, as the following questions I don't hardly understand, I thought I would like to have your answers and opinion of them through TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

1. Has the consumption of liquor increased among the natives of the Philippines since the Americans have occupied the islands?

2. Will the Filipinos ever be satisfied with the United States ruling them?

3. Are the Filipinos represented at Washington?

4. Are the negroes allowed to vote in most of the Southern States?

5. Are not the negroes as good as the Italians who come from Southern Italy and Sicily?

6. Was Victor Berger, of Milwaukee, elected to Congress last fall?

7. Is the Social-Democrat Party of Germany and Russia the same as the Socialist Party in the United States?

8. If the Socialists should ever come into power, could they put their doctrines into force without causing civil war?

9. Is there any Populist daily newspaper printed near Buffalo, N. Y.?

10. Where can I obtain a picture of you suitable to frame?

I hope your efforts in the cause of reform will be crowned with success, and that your Magazine will receive the support it deserves.

Yours very truly,

As the correspondent in the foregoing letter numbers his questions, I will, for the sake of convenience, number the answers.

1. Yes. It always was, and is now, a part of the "white man's burden" to carry whisky to his colored brother.

2. No. No race ever was satisfied with the domination of another.

3. No. At present they are governed as conquered provinces through appointees of the Federal Government.

4. Not to any alarming extent.

5. See page 392, June number of this Magazine.

6. No.

7. Socialism, as an economic and political movement, comprises many different groups.

The Socialism of Robert Owen, of England, differs from that of the Frenchman, Louis Blanc.

Differing from these is the Socialism of Karl Marx, who in turn differed from his brother German, Lassalle.

The platform of the Socialistic Workingmen's Party of Germany, adopted in May, 1875, does not differ materially in principle and purpose from the Socialism represented by Eugene Debs.

The Socialism of Russia is generally understood to be more aggressive and radical than that of Germany and France. This is perhaps due to the despotic and ferocious repressive measures which were adopted by the Government against the circulation of liberal ideas.

The different groups recognized in the Socialist movement are as follows:

I. Experiments in Socialism, conducted by private initiation and by private means.

II. Productive association, with state help.

III. Scientific and Revolutionary Socialism, such as was expounded by Karl Marx, his central idea being that the surplus produce of labor over and

above the necessary subsistence of the laborer and his family is now appropriated by the capitalist, whereas it should be divided among the laborers who produced it.

The error of Marx consists in assuming that labor is the sole creator or source of value, whereas the plain facts, evident to every mind, are that the laborer could not advance beyond the most primitive production were it not for the assistance of capital, and of that *intellectual element* which is called *enterprise, management or talent for business*.

IV. Anarchism.

V. Nihilism.

VI. Christian Socialism.

VII. State Socialism, as illustrated in our public school system, and the public ownership of public utilities.

Perhaps all the various schools of Socialists would agree upon one great principle—namely, collective capital, including land, associated production and equitable distribution.

8. I am not prophet enough to say.

9. No. The only Populist daily in existence is the *Tribune*, of Augusta, Ga. Its editor was a one-horse farmer who started a little weekly paper about the size of a dinner plate some fourteen years ago. He has steadily developed until he has become one of the strongest editorial writers in the United States.

10. From E. Chickering & Co., Boston, Mass.





The Say of Other Editors



A. E. JEFFREY

IF Mr. Rockefeller lives twelve years more he will be the first billionaire the world has known, for his wealth grows automatically. He absolutely controls fifty-one of the largest banks and trust companies of America, dominates 60 per cent. of the railroads, can fix the price of steel for the world, has nearly a million and a half men's work and wages under his power, has the oil industry in the hollow of his hand, and sways the fortunes of over five hundred other great corporations.—*The Patriarch*.

SUPPOSE that Congress should simply say that canal supplies must be confined to ships and materials manufactured in this country. What would be the result? A good business administration would be bound, in honor and by economic principles, to make those purchases where they could be made advantageously. Therefore they would have to buy American supplies in foreign markets and pay freight back to Panama, because this process would be cheaper than to buy them first-hand in the domestic market. This would furnish an object-lesson so convincing that high protection would receive a severe blow. The only alternative would be the making of American prices to the Government equal to foreign prices to foreign customers. And that would make such a disparity between the Government scale and the commercial quotations that another monumental tariff lesson would be enforced.—*Kansas City Star*.

WORD has gone forth on the authority of Secretary Paul Morton himself that he will leave the Cabinet in the fall of this year. We hope he is not deluding the public. The Administration does not gain anything by Mr. Morton's connection with it in the estimation of the country. He was not well known when Mr. Roosevelt discovered that he was a statesman whose service must be had. He is better known now, and the more that is known the more the wonder grows that he was ever considered a necessary person in the Government. Let him go back to railroading; but he has made it plain that as a railroad officer he should be closely watched by those whose duty it is to require railroad officers to re-

spect the laws made for the protection of the public.—*Boston Herald*.

COMMISSIONER GARFIELD has had a good deal to say about how "publicity" will do up the trusts; but when he came to Kansas and "investigated" the Standard Oil Company he refused to give publicity to any of his findings. But maybe he didn't find out enough to make it worth while. We are rather inclined to that belief.—*Kansas Agitator*.

THE President is quoted with having expressed satisfaction with the speeches of both Secretary Morton and Secretary Taft on the railway question. He evidently believes in a double-track system.—*Washington Post*.

A REPORT of a special agent of the United States Department of Agriculture claims that the food of the country is adulterated 15 per cent., involving approximately a matter of \$1,125,000,000 yearly. Meantime the Standard Oil has influence enough in the Senate to prevent the passage of a pure food bill.—*State (Kansas) Record*.

THOSE ten uninjured bearskins which the President brought from the West will serve to teach officeholders that it is possible to remove the carcass without hurting the hide.—*Baltimore Sun*.

KANSAS will find it a big job fighting the Standard Oil Trust, so long as the trust is in the national banking business and controls the means of transportation. Still, the people of Kansas, co-operating through their state government, can make it hot for the trust. The state can put \$20,000,000 into the fight, and with this sum can build railroads, lay pipe lines and establish dozens of oil refineries. Twenty million dollars is a big sum, but is no more than the people of Kansas pay in national taxes every two years.—*The Missouri World*.

THE Republican and trust organs have discovered a brand-new feature for alarm in municipal ownership of street railways, etc. They say that the employees will become great politicians under the system, and will

conspire to defeat good men and elect rogues on the council who will favor paying a lot of city railway employees for doing nothing! The chief cause for alarm to these hypocritical trust lackeys is most likely the possibility that, under municipal ownership, the employees cannot be driven up to the polls like a lot of sheep and voted the same as section hands and other big corporations' slaves have for years past.—*Donham's Doings*.

CHICAGO has taken an advance step; so have Kansas and Missouri. Public ownership of public utilities and municipal production and distribution have long passed the experimental stage in Europe, and the American masses are getting far-sighted enough to glance across the water occasionally. Knaves, and their fool followers, who used to ridicule the Populists are now trying to out-Pop. the old-time Populists. The leaders also see, or think they see, Socialism of the revolutionary class-conscious type staring them full in the face, and are resorting to Bismarckian tactics as a means of heading it off.—*People's Banner, Bellevue, Mo.*

DURING the month of April the U. S. Government issued \$5,500,000 in paper money and loaned it to the national banks at one-half of 1 per cent. Don't you wish you belonged to the favored few? One hundred dollars at one-half of 1 per cent. is fifty cents. At 10 per cent., the price you pay, it is ten dollars. Do you see the difference?—*The Watchman, Cleburne, Tex.*

WE are so accustomed to thinking that the Government issues all the money that if we run across some private money, we do not recognize it as such. Yet in the mining regions of Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Ohio the mining companies issue quantities of private money. Recently in Cincinnati, in a talk with one of the statisticians, the talk turned on the printing of their scrip. This firm had just had an order to print \$300,000 of it, and they print every year between five and ten millions of it. In one part of this printing shop are over a thousand electros of different forms used by different corporations. These are payable in goods at the company's store and are redeemable in Government money. Of course they are only a convenience, but they are private money just the same. Five or six large cities supply the wants of this immense section, and if one printer, though a large one, in one of these cities prints annually five to ten millions of this private money, there must be fifty to one hundred millions issued yearly at the lowest calculation.—*Wetmore's Weekly, St. Louis, Mo.*

THE spirit of Populism has reasserted itself and taken the Sunflower State by storm. The shots fired by the Kansas legislature, forced from it by a determined demand of the people, at the trusts and monopolies have been heard around the world. They sounded the death-knell of plutocracy in America. Aimed at the Standard Oil octopus, these shots hit every political and commercial scoundrel in the United States. The special privileged class have been dealt a blow which staggers their fabric from centre to circumference. This is the beginning of the end of corrupt government. The people who do the labor and produce the wealth of the world will be deceived and plundered no longer. The revolution is on and it can't be checked.—*The Dalton (Ga.) Herald*.

A WRITER in the Stockton *Mail* says that the merchants of this city don't care a button whether freight rates are high or low, as the consumer pays the freight. That is true. And in the last analysis the consumer or producer pays all the taxes, too, although his name may not appear on the assessment roll.—*The (San Francisco) Star*.

THE Monday morning reports of automobile accidents and arrests for overspeeding produce the usual Monday morning suggestions of imprisonment for persistent violators of the law. People who entertain an unreasoning prejudice against being killed declare that nothing but a term in the penitentiary will check the ardor of some of our rich young millionaires, who look upon a fine of \$25 or \$50 much as the average bank clerk looks upon five cents for a "shine." Imprisonment is, we admit, the only penalty that is likely to be effective. But we are not cruel enough to advocate it. The gentlemen who run locomotives wild through our streets do not, in most cases, really desire to hurt anybody. Many of them feel sincere regret when a child or an old lady falls the victim of their sport; but it is a comforting thought that children and the aged are helpless creatures anyway, and if one automobile driver doesn't kill them another will. Our chief objection to imprisonment is that it will make America unattractive to people who have money to burn. Already we are turning this country into a purgatory to the ornaments of our society. Our bishops object to their divorce suits, their Sabbath-breaking and their pleasant vices. A ribald press ridicules their freak entertainments. Nothing is left for them but overspeeding and the gentle art of homicide. Put a ban on these innocent amusements, and the country is ruined. Patriotic citizens should enjoy being butchered to make an automobilist's holiday. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*—*The (N. Y.) Evening Post*.

THE decision of the Panama Canal Commission, with the approval of Secretary Taft, to buy supplies, machinery, vessels and other goods and equipment involved in the work of construction, in the cheapest markets, whether American or foreign, is likely to call out a prolonged wail from some of the manufacturers and large dealers of this country, who have looked upon the Canal Zone as a very hopeful market for their goods. Yet it ought to be very satisfactory to the people of the country, who are anxious to see this enterprise conducted on strict business principles.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE habit of the daily press throughout the country to ridicule all legislative bodies is most pernicious. To charge all our troubles to these legislative bodies is to admit that self-government is a failure. The evil is not in having representative government, but from not seeing that we have capable representatives, and that they are left to consider wise and judicious laws without being dominated by these lobbies that ever hover around all our legislative bodies. If the press of the country would give as much attention to securing honest and capable legislators as they do in ridiculing and bringing them into disrepute, we would have less cause for complaint.—*The Forum, Denver, Col.*

IT is not extraordinary that men of the Yerkes stripe should oppose municipal ownership. With little capital, except brains and a case-hardened conscience, Yerkes took out of Chicago millions of dollars, leaving the city in return the most wretched transportation service in North America. The wonder is that he should have the supreme audacity to say that municipal ownership would mean "the reign of blackmail and corruption." The period during which he was developing his "system" in Chicago was the most notoriously corrupt in the political history of the city. He made and unmade aldermen, sought to coerce mayors, financed independent campaigns, and generally carried into politics and public affairs the same methods which made him successful—and hated—in business.

"Blackmail and corruption!" The chief opportunity for city politicians to levy blackmail proceeds from their control over valuable franchises. The most fruitful source of corruption is the shrewd promoter wanting a franchise and ready to pay the politicians for it. If anybody should be cognizant of these facts it is Mr. Yerkes. He admitted as much, inferentially, in this brief dialogue:

"Did the concessions you got in Chicago cost you anything?" was asked.

"For the Lord's sake, don't ask me that," said Mr. Yerkes."

It was under the excellent system of private grabbing of public franchises that

Mr. Yerkes got his Chicago properties. He will hardly deny that blackmail and corruption figured in the very profitable game he played there.—*N. Y. American*.

A RECENT document published by the Department of Commerce and Labor includes a report by Consul Walter C. Hamm on the year's financial report of the municipal street railway system at Leeds, England.

Leeds is a manufacturing town of about 450,000 people, or rather larger than Cleveland or Buffalo and smaller than Baltimore.

It owns and operates its own street railways, but has an arrangement with the private companies of the surrounding suburbs by which their cars are run over the corporation's tracks to the centre of the city. The "zone" system of fares, so popular abroad, but almost unknown here, is in vogue. According to the distance traveled passengers pay from one to six cents each. It is difficult, if not indeed impossible, to estimate the comparative merit of this system, from the riders' viewpoint, with our system of a flat rate for six blocks or six miles, but the following figures of passengers carried in 1904-05 seem to offer certain suggestions:

At one cent.....	4,781,417
At two cents.....	50,778,052
At three cents.....	1,424,136
At four cents.....	6,150,880
At six cents.....	1,089,181

Total for the year... 64,223,666

The total for this year exceeded that of the fiscal year immediately preceding by 3,484,432.

It is perfectly obvious from these figures that of more than 64,000,000 passengers carried by the Leeds municipal railways more than 63,000,000 were served at fares ranging from one to four cents. That seems rather conclusive as to the advantage of rightly conducted municipal street railways to the passenger.

What about the effect on the taxpayer? In 1903-04 the street railroads of Leeds paid into the city treasury \$260,000, after making all allowances for maintenance, depreciation, sinking fund charges and interest. This year the gross receipts were \$85,000 greater than last year, though the report on net earnings is not yet ready.

Can any city of 450,000 people in the United States point to equal advantages to citizen and taxpayer derived from the private ownership of street railways?—*N. Y. American*.

THE reasoning of the Ohio Republican platform is that because the Panama Canal is going to consume a great deal of the taxpayers' money, supplies for it ought to be purchased in America. . . . The Ohio reasoning is a confession that the tariff is in the interest of a class.—*Baltimore Sun*.



FROM MAY 8 TO JUNE 8, 1905

Government and Politics

May 8.—The Federal Grand Jury begins an investigation of the Beef Trust's methods in Omaha.

United States Supreme Court decides that contracts for future delivery are valid. President Roosevelt entertained by citizens of Denver.

May 9.—President Roosevelt, in a speech at Denver, says the Government must have supervision of railroad rates.

At a dinner of the delegates to the Railway Congress, Secretary Taft declares for Government control of rates.

Congressman Frank B. Brandegee elected United States Senator from Connecticut.

May 10.—President Roosevelt speaks in Chicago, and advises laborers to obey the law.

May 11.—President Roosevelt returns to Washington.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, testifies before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee in favor of railroad rate regulation.

Commissioner Garfield returns to Washington after investigating the oil situation in Kansas, Texas, Colorado and California.

Senator Elkins assures Governor Cummins that the Interstate Commerce law will be amended.

May 12.—President Roosevelt begins an investigation of the Bowen-Loomis charges.

President Roosevelt calls the Cabinet together to consider the deficit in the Treasury.

A. B. Stickney, President of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, comes out in favor of Government control of freight rates.

May 13.—Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania, signs the new child labor law which forbids boys under sixteen years of age to work inside the mines, and those under fourteen years to work outside of them. It is estimated that this will take about 4,000 boys from the mines and put them in school.

Assistant-Secretary Loomis submits a

statement to the President in answer to the charges made by Minister Bowen.

Secretary Shaw addressed the delegates to the International Railway Congress on the tariff policy of the United States.

May 14.—Minister Bowen reaches Washington. He will press his charges against Assistant-Secretary Loomis.

May 15.—An official investigation of Minister Bowen's charges against Assistant-Secretary Loomis begun in Washington. China threatens to boycott American goods because of the Exclusion Act.

May 16.—Panama Canal Commission's decision to buy supplies in the open market causes protest from American manufacturers.

May 17.—The Government asks United States Supreme Court for rehearing of Philippine tariff cases.

President Roosevelt refuses to rescind Secretary Taft's order to purchase Panama supplies in the open market.

May 18.—A bill to lease the gas plant of Philadelphia seventy-five years for \$25,000,000 is passed by Council amid riotous scenes. Police have to be called to prevent the citizens from mobbing the Councilmen.

Interstate Commerce Commission decides on deferentials to be allowed by railroads to Atlantic ports on export goods.

May 19.—President Roosevelt decides to let Congress say whether the Panama Canal supplies shall be bought in the open market or confined to home manufacturers.

The Government adjourns the Beef Trust investigation in Chicago until June 7.

The Navy Department will send the third division of the North Atlantic Squadron, under command of Captain Sigsbee, to France to bring back the body of John Paul Jones.

Hon. Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, announces that he will retire July 1.

Caracas agent of the asphalt company leaves statement with Secretary Taft about the Bowen-Loomis case.

May 21.—Investigation shows that nearly all restrictions imposed by United States immigration laws are defeated in Europe through bribery.

May 22.—W. W. Russell, the American Minister to Colombia, has been called to Washington to testify in the Bowen-Loomis investigation.

President Roosevelt will ask Congress to restrict immigration.

President Roosevelt announces that he will call Congress in extra session on October 16.

May 23.—Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, dismisses two high city officials for activity in the gas steal.

Elihu Root has been selected as counsel to represent the people of Philadelphia against the Gas Trust.

Secretary of State John Hay has fully recovered, and will soon return to his duties at Washington.

August W. Machen given another sentence of two years for connection with postal frauds.

May 24.—Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, declares he will crush the boodlers in that city.

Pennsylvania courts grant an injunction restraining Mayor Weaver from dismissing the commissioners connected with the gas steal.

In opening the Ohio Republican State Convention, Secretary Taft declares the Monroe Doctrine must be upheld, that taxes must be increased or the tariff revised, and that Venezuela has been shown all the forbearance due a weaker nation.

May 25.—Mayor Weaver tells boodlers to get out or be put out.

The Ohio Republicans renominate Governor Herrick.

Judge Kohlsaat holds that Cornelius P. Shea, the strike leader, is not in contempt of court.

Judge Magoon inaugurated as Governor of the Panama Canal Zone.

May 26.—United States Marshal arrests twenty-two immigrants with bogus citizenship papers and takes them to prison.

Secretary Taft puts blame on Congress and declares that under the existing laws the United States will be compelled to buy supplies for the Panama Canal in the open market.

May 27.—Congress will be asked to remedy the immigration evils. Evidence has been found that some European countries pay the passage of criminal and insane persons to the United States.

Citizens of Philadelphia force the Gas Ring to give up their newly acquired lease on the city's gas plant.

May 29.—President Roosevelt declares we must increase our Navy.

The Supreme Court upholds the constitutionality of the New York Special Franchise Tax law, involving about \$25,000,000 of unpaid taxes.

May 30.—Canal Commission fixes an eight-hour day for labor in the Canal Zone.

President Roosevelt makes a speech at the unveiling of the Slocum Monument in Brooklyn, N. Y.

May 31.—Charles J. Bonaparte, of Maryland, has been selected to succeed Hon. Paul Morton as Secretary of the Navy.

George E. Lorenze turns state's evidence against Machen and Crawford in the postal fraud cases.

President Roosevelt takes steps to strengthen our Navy in the East.

June 1.—Philadelphia Council recalls the Gas Lease Ordinance from the Mayor, which is a victory for the reformers.

It is announced that Congress will convene November 13.

Secretary Loomis exonerated and Minister Bowen's resignation will be accepted.

President Roosevelt accepts Navy Secretary Morton's resignation.

President of the Arkansas Senate, at the last session, arrested for alleged bribery. Lewis and Clark Exposition opens at Portland, Ore.

June 2.—Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia, forces two more city officials to resign.

President Roosevelt urges Russia to sue for peace.

General Home News

May 8.—Owing to the failure of the Refrigerator Car Trust to provide enough cars to transport the crop from the South, the strawberry growers have lost \$3,000,000.

One hundred and fifty painters strike in Chicago because of sympathy for the teamsters.

Rioting in Chicago.

May 9.—Rioting continues in Chicago.

Cyclone strikes Marquette, Kan., killing twenty-six and injuring forty-four persons.

The Italian Ambassador at Washington, at the instance of the Italian Government, has intervened in behalf of Anna Valentina. She had been condemned to death by the New Jersey courts, but the case will now be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

May 10.—Cyclone strikes Snyder, Okla., destroying the town and killing 125 and injuring 150 people.

Chicago strikers protest to President Roosevelt against sending Federal troops to Chicago.

May 11.—An express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad strikes a freight car loaded with dynamite, exploding the dynamite and completely demolishing the passenger train.

Twenty people instantly killed and 100 injured. Some of the bodies were blown into shreds.

Strike in Chicago reported quiet.

May 12.—After three mistrials, Nan Patterson is released from prison by motion of District Attorney Jerome.

- President Roosevelt decides that the body of John Paul Jones shall be buried at Annapolis.
- Seventeen thousand school children join the Chicago strikers and mob negro drivers.
- Federal Grand Jury at Chicago secures Armour secret code.
- May 13.—Hiram Cronk, the only pensioner of the War of 1812, dies at his home in Dunn Brook, N. Y., aged 105.
- The International Railway Congress adjourns.
- A hospital for consumptives will be founded in New Mexico which will accommodate 50,000 patients.
- May 14.—Chicago police arrest nine professional "sluggers" who have been beating and murdering drivers during the strike.
- Truce declared in Chicago teamsters' strike to give teamsters and employers time to confer.
- Storm ends autoboot race from Port Mahon to Toulon, sinking two vessels and forcing the crews of three others to abandon their boats.
- May 15.—Passenger train crowded with racegoers wrecked on the Long Island Railroad, and more than 100 persons injured.
- Mayor Dunne threatens to ask for troops to quell Chicago riots.
- May 17.—Eleven yachts start from Sandy Hook on the ocean race for a cup offered by the German Emperor.
- About 50,000 people review the remains of Hiram Cronk, the last survivor of the War of 1812.
- May 19.—The Chicago strike ends in defeat for the striking teamsters.
- Johann Hoch, the man with forty wives, has been found guilty of murder and sentenced to death.
- May 21.—Iowa doctor declares whiskers to be the abode of disease-breeding germs.
- More rioting in Chicago.
- A Western farmer has an invention to increase the speed of torpedo boats to fifty miles an hour.
- May 22.—The Chicago strike is spreading and the militia has been notified to be in readiness.
- William Rockefeller warned to remain away from his summer home in the Adirondacks.
- Ministers of Philadelphia protest to Mayor Weaver against giving a lease on the gas works for seventy-five years.
- The spread of the strike in Chicago causes a lumber famine.
- May 23.—All attempts to bring about a settlement of the teamsters' strike in Chicago have failed. The militia is now in readiness to quell any riots.
- The Merchants' Trust Company, of New York, fails for over \$2,000,000.
- President Harper, of the University of Chicago, suffers a serious relapse.
- May 24.—Cornelius P. Shea, the leader of the Chicago strike, refuses to answer questions as ordered by a Federal Court Judge.
- The Chicago strike spreads and troops are held in readiness.
- May 25.—Senator Tillman injured by his carriage overturning.
- Burnett, Cummings & Co., of Boston, fail for \$1,700,000. The cause of the failure is said to be the building and financing of street railways.
- Chicago strike situation unsettled, though everything reported quiet.
- William C. Jutte, a coal mine owner of Pennsylvania, after losing a fortune of \$3,000,000 during the past three years, commits suicide at Atlantic City.
- Captain Richmond P. Hobson weds Miss Hull, of Tuxedo Park, N. Y.
- May 26.—An attempt made to dynamite the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Hackensack River, also the new depot being erected in New York City.
- More rioting in Chicago.
- James H. Hyde secures an injunction restraining the Board of Directors from amending the charter of the Equitable Society.
- Philadelphians forming citizens' clubs to aid Mayor Weaver in his fight against the boodlers.
- Promoters of the Merchants' Trust duped Miss Helen Gould and Frank Gould out of \$2,000,000.
- May 30.—Chicago strike is spreading and serious rioting is feared.
- The American yacht *Atlantic* wins the Kaiser's Cup race, and the German yacht *Hamburg* is second.
- May 31.—Secretary Paul Morton will head a new Subway syndicate in New York City.
- Traction companies of Chicago make an offer to sell their lines to the city.
- June 5.—Two special trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad make the run from New York to Chicago in seventeen hours. This breaks all records made by the New York Central's famous Twentieth Century Limited.
- June 6.—The Chicago strikers refuse to arbitrate.
- Extradition Commissioner Judge Lafontaine orders Greene and Gaynor returned to Savannah, Ga., for trial.

The Russo-Japanese War

- May 12.—Rojestvensky has divided his concentrated fleet into four squadrons.
- Oyama reports an engagement in which 300 Russians were killed and wounded. The Japanese losses were one killed and fifty wounded.
- May 20.—Marshal Oyama begins a general attack on the Russians.
- French admiral patrols coast of Annam to preserve French neutrality.

May 21.—Constant skirmishing preliminary to a great battle in Manchuria.

Admiral Rojestvensky has sent his slow ships back to Indo-Chinese waters, and it is believed he will make a dash for the Pacific Ocean.

General Stoessel shows Board of Inquiry Port Arthur was almost defenseless and without supplies or cash when the war began.

May 22.—Admiral Rojestvensky believed to be headed for Vladivostok.

A junk filled with Russian officers captured by the Japanese.

Skirmishes along the line of the Russian and Japanese armies.

May 24.—General Linevitch demands that General Kuropatkin be recalled.

May 26.—The fleets of Togo and Rojestvensky are nearing each other, and a battle is momentarily expected.

Cossacks make a successful raid to the south of Manchuria, capturing Japanese post and guns.

May 27.—The Russian and Japanese fleets meet in the Korean Strait. The Russians are repulsed with heavy losses, and a running battle is still being fought.

May 28 and 29.—The Russian losses in the naval battle are eighteen vessels sunk and 5,000 men taken prisoners. The Russian losses are increased every hour, and the Japanese are chasing the few remaining Russian ships which have so far escaped.

May 30.—Admiral Togo reports that he has sunk and captured twenty-two Russian warships, besides three admirals and about 8,000 men. Admiral Rojestvensky, who was severely wounded, is among the captured. The Japanese losses are reported trivial, while the Russian fleet is almost annihilated.

June 3.—Crippled Russian battleships continue to reach Eastern ports. The exact losses of the Russians cannot be told at this time, though they are heavier than at first reported.

The Russian fleets were practically annihilated and the loss of life was frightful.

Most of the Russian officers were killed or captured. Admiral Rojestvensky is among the captured. On some of the Russian ships the sailors made their officers prisoners and then surrendered the ships to the Japanese. This is said to have been done on Admiral Nebogatoff's ship because he hanged several men on his way to join Rojestvensky.

The Japanese losses, so far, amount to three torpedo boats and about 300 men. Most of the Powers are now urging Russia to discontinue the war.

June 4.—Czar declares the war must continue, and the Russian people lose hope of reforms being granted.

Rioting continues in St. Petersburg and many persons are injured.

Admiral Togo visits Rojestvensky.

June 5.—Several of the crippled Russian warships have put into Manila harbor for repairs. Secretary Taft has notified Governor Wright that the ships must disarm or leave the port.

Japanese vessels reported off Manila watching the Russian vessels in that port.

June 6.—The Russian casualties are 14,000 killed, 4,600 captured and 3,000 escaped. Many of the prisoners captured on the Russian hospital ships were women, one being a niece of Admiral Rojestvensky.

General Foreign News

May 8.—Japan urges England to declare war against Russia.

Peasants burn estates in the Russian province Poltava.

France denies that she is aiding Admiral Rojestvensky.

May 9.—England advises France to keep her promise of neutrality.

Rojestvensky's fleet leaves French waters.

Italian Government sends two warships to Suda Bay because a bomb was thrown against the Italian Consulate in Corea.

May 10.—Count Cassini, Russian Ambassador to Washington, transferred to Madrid.

Sixteen persons killed and 100 wounded in anti-Semitic riots in Russia.

Baron Rosen to succeed Cassini as Russian Ambassador to Washington.

May 13.—The feeling in Japan against France reported to be subsiding, and the motion to boycott French goods has been withdrawn.

Vice-Admiral Nozloff killed by his orderly in St. Petersburg.

May 14.—Cossacks prevent riots in St. Petersburg by dispersing all crowds.

Russian soldiers pillage the homes of Jews in Kishineff.

On the island of Jolo, one of the Philippines, fighting has been going on for the past two weeks. Three hundred Filipinos have been killed, while the American losses are seven killed and nineteen wounded.

May 15.—General strikes throughout Russia, and trouble feared.

Marshal Oyama reinforced by 80,000 fresh troops.

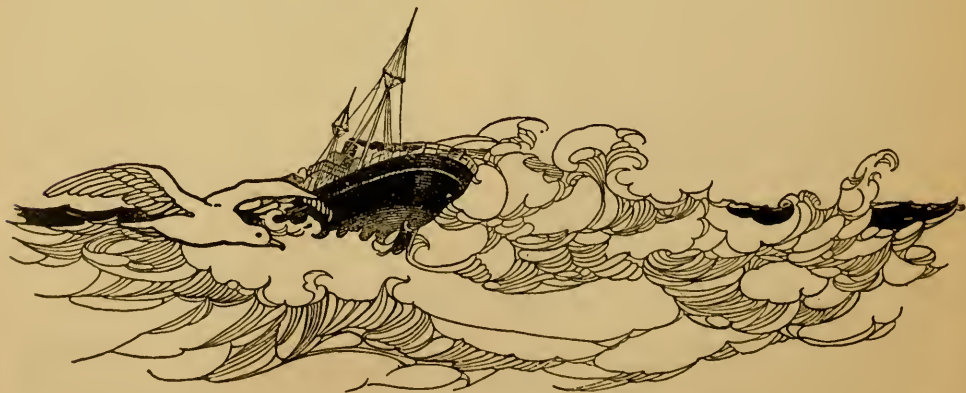
Russia authorizes the issue of \$100,000,000 additional short-term bonds.

May 16.—Germany denies that she has occupied the port of Hai-Chou, China.

General Sokolovsky, Governor-General of the province of Ufa, Russia, is fatally wounded by an assassin.

Continued rioting in Warsaw, and several persons killed.

- May 17.—Another article of the Church and State Separation bill adopted by the French Chamber of Deputies.
- May 18.—Vladivostok authorities request foreign commercial agents to withdraw to other cities in the province.
- May 19.—J. P. Morgan offers to become Pope Pius's financial agent.
Czar of Russia fixes October 17 as the day for the assembling of a Council of the People.
- Three persons killed and twenty-three hurt by explosion of a bomb in Warsaw.
- May 20.—Cuba celebrates the third anniversary of the birth of the Republic.
- Venezuelan courts decide against the Bermudez Asphalt Company, holding its lease to be void.
- Moroccan pirates fire on a British vessel off the Moorish coast.
- May 22.—Minister Choate unveils a memorial window to John Harvard.
- Seventeen killed by a mine explosion in Austria.
- An epidemic of meningitis alarms Prussia.
- May 24.—Prince Nakachidze, Governor of Baku, assassinated.
- Father Gapon, the Russian priest, advocates force against the aristocracy.
- President Castro "muzzles" the Venezuelan press.
- Despatches from Kingston declare that the inhabitants of the British West Indies want the United States to annex the islands.
- May 25.—Eight persons killed and 100 injured in riots of Hebrews in Warsaw.
- Race war between Armenians and Moslems breaks out again in the Caucasus.
- May 30.—The strike continues in Russian Poland with serious riots.
- May 31.—A bomb is thrown at the King of Spain in the streets of Paris.
- Powers urge Russia to sue for peace.
- Czar of Russia says the war must continue.
- June 1.—All Powers urge Russia to sue for peace.
- General Linevitch fears the Japanese naval victory will demoralize the Russian soldiers.
- June 2.—German manufacturers begin a movement to avoid a tariff war with the United States.
- National Citizens' Industrial Association of America to organize "local branches" throughout the country to fight labor unions.
- Telegraphic error causes a million dollar loss on the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.
- Two hundred persons drowned by the collapse of a reservoir at Pinetown, Natal.
- June 3.—Sixty-seven persons injured in riots in St. Petersburg.
- All mayors in Russia asked to meet in Moscow on June 6 to consider the situation.
- The German Crown Prince's bride-elect welcomed in Berlin.
- Hon. Whitelaw Reid, new Ambassador to Great Britain, arrives at London.
- June 5.—King Alfonso of Spain visits London.
- The Crown Prince of Germany and his bride-elect congratulated by the people of Germany.
- King Edward receives Whitelaw Reid, the new American Ambassador to Great Britain.
- June 6.—Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany marries Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, grandniece of the Czar of Russia.
- Reign of terror begins in St. Petersburg.
- Trepoff, the "man of death," appointed dictator by the Czar.
- M. Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, resigns.
- King Alfonso meets Ambassador Reid in London.



COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY

We want *every* smoker in the country to *know* our FEDORA Panetela, the finest cigar for the least money that any cigar factory ever produced.

It has made so many satisfied customers for us, presents such a rare bargain that we know that even the tens of thousands of smokers now regularly using it are but a small part of those who would smoke this cigar *right along* if only they were acquainted with it.

Therefore, we make you a *special proposition* entirely different from our regular plan, so that everyone may improve this exceptional chance and do even better than SAVE HALF YOUR CIGAR MONEY.

The FEDORA Panetela is made of fine, *pure*, clear *Havana* filler, wrapped in the highest grade *imported Sumatra*.

Guaranteed equal to any ten-cent cigar at retail, or any five-dollar-per-hundred cigar advertised. Let the cigars *themselves* prove all this. If they do not, the expense is *all* ours.

OUR SPECIAL PROPOSITION.—For a limited time we will send 100 FEDORA Panetelas, all Transportation Prepaid, to any responsible smoker sending us his letter head or business card. Smoke ten cigars from *any* part of the box. If you don't like them, you agree to send back the 90 at *our expense* within 10 days, or else remit \$4.50 within thirty days.

Our beautiful catalogue, "Rolled Reveries," sent free for the asking.

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., "The Pioneers"

874 Jarvis Street, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



Photo of
FEDORA
Panetela.
Exact Size.

If BALDNESS and FALLING HAIR were caused by DISEASE

physicians would have long ago found a remedy. Tonics and lotions applied to the outside of the scalp do soften the hair—but that's all. By exercising the arms, we build up muscle—not by outside applications of medicine. The arms, the body and the lower limbs can be exercised at will—but the *scalp* requires mechanical aid. Exercise makes the blood circulate, lack of exercise makes it stagnant. The Vacuum method is the kind of exercise that makes the blood circulate. It gently draws the rich blood to the scalp and feeds the shrunken hair roots. This causes the hair to grow. It is the simple, common-sense principle of physical culture applied to the scalp.

Our Guarantee (backed by the Bank):

We will send you, by prepaid express, an Evans Vacuum Cap, allowing you ample time to prove its virtue, and all we ask of you is to deposit the price of the appliance in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis during the trial period, subject to *your own order*. If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that this method is effective, simply notify the bank and they will return your deposit.

A sixteen-page book, illustrated, will be sent you free.



Evans
Vacuum
Cap Co.

669
Fullerton
Building
St. Louis



1/3 the cost

For Coal (even less in many cases) is the claim made for the Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace.

This claim is made by—
Well known people—
Living in the coldest sections—
After the severest tests.

A recent correspondent, referring to our UNDERFEED, stated:

"I have used it for the past two winters, heating ten rooms and an upper hall at a cost of \$35 per annum."

Hundreds of such letters come to us.

In the Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace a ton of cheapest grade of coal is made to produce as much heat as a ton of the most costly grade; the coal is fed from below and the fire is on top—the rational way; the gases and smoke do not escape up the chimney as they do in ordinary furnaces, but are consumed as they pass up through the fire; immunity from gas, smoke and dirt; less ashes and no clinkers; simple and strong in construction, easy to operate.

Let us send you FREE our UNDERFEED Book and fac-simile voluntary letters proving every claim we make.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO.,

367 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.



Colorado Utah

AND THE

Pacific Coast

BEST REACHED VIA THE

MISSOURI PACIFIC RY.

*OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE
DINING CARS, MEALS A LA CARTE,
AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS & FANS*

*DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE
NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA
LOW EXCURSION RATES*



VIEW ON THE
C. & C. SHORT LINE

REMARKABLE INVENTION

N INSTRUMENT THAT RESTORES EYESIGHT

Spectacles Can Be Abandoned

This instrument is in the form of a Pocket Battery, which the inventors have patented and which they call "Actina," a word which is their trade-mark and owned by them.

In the treatment of eye diseases the inventors of "Actina" claim there is no need for cutting or straining the eye, for any form of disease, cataracts, pterygiums and other abnormal growth can be removed and weakened vision restored by the new and more humane method. If this is a fact there will be no need to go blind or to wear spectacles. "Actina" has been tested in

hundreds of cases and has effected marvelous cures. So confident are the inventors that this device is an article of great merit that they give an absolutely free trial. They want everyone interested to make a thorough investigation and a personal test of the "Actina." As it is sent on trial, postpaid, any person can give it this test.

They issue a book of 100 pages—a complete dictionary of disease—which tells all about "Actina," the cures it will cure, what others think of it, what marvelous cures it has effected, and all about the responsibility of its owners, and it is sent absolutely free upon request. This book should be in the library of every family. Address New York and London Electric Association, Dept. 37R, 929 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

The Eyes of the Country are Upon Chicago's Progress Toward Municipal Ownership of Street Railways

For the accurate record and fair discussion of this struggle, address

THE PUBLIC

LOUIS F. POST, *Editor*

A Journal of Fundamental Democracy and a Weekly Narrative of History in the Making

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN CHICAGO

All the Other Features in their Usual Excellence

Subscriptions: Yearly, \$2.00; Half-Yearly, \$1.00; Quarterly, 50c.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY

THE PUBLIC, FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

15 CENTS

Will bring you on trial thirteen weeks, the **Pathfinder**, the old reliable national news review. This paper gives you every week ALL the important news of the world, stated clearly and without bias. It is the only news review that is truly comprehensive, and at the same time it is not padded or bulky. It gives you the wheat without the chaff. It is a time-saver for all busy people. In purpose it is high-toned, healthy and inspiring; it is a protest against sensational journalism. It takes the place of periodicals costing \$2.50 and \$3.00. Try it and you would not be without it for many times its cost. \$1.00 per year

Address: **PATHFINDER**, Washington, D. C.

THE PLAIN TEXAN

is a monthly "little review" for Texas people (and others), divided into four departments: 1. Contributed Articles (some serious, some light, all clever). 2. Current Press Comment. 3. Current Events. 4. Editorials. It shall endeavor to serve The Plain People with singleness of heart. 50c. per year. The first number will be out July 1. Sample copy on request.

VICTOR E. MARTIN, Editor, Weatherford, Texas.

THE World's Easiest SPRING BED

Is Foster's Ideal. Fits your figure in any position you lie upon it. The 9 inch double tier of springs are so stayed that they yield luxurious ease without wobbling or sagging.

This Trade Mark

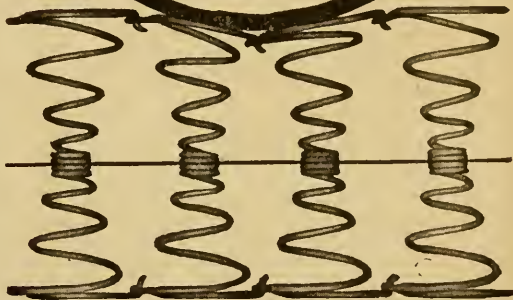


On all our goods

Upper tier bears the weight of light persons; cross-strips of steel distribute the weight of heavy persons throughout the lower tier. The coolest bed for summer—the easiest bed always. Write today for free booklet. "Wide-Awake Facts About Sleep", dealer's name, and catalog of safety cribs, iron beds, etc.

Foster Bros. Manufacturing Co.

46 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.
1446 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.



I Can Sell Your Real Estate or Business

NO MATTER WHERE LOCATED



Properties and business of all kinds sold quickly for cash in all parts of the United States. Don't wait. Write to-day describing what you have to sell and give cash price on same.

A. P. TONE WILSON, JR.

Real Estate Specialist

413 KANSAS AVE., TOPEKA, KAS.

AGENTS FINE SAMPLE SENT ANYWHERE ON RECEIPT OF

\$1.50



NAT'L TOOL CO.
THREE RIVERS, MICH.

An Ideal Sea Trip

offered by the

RED CROSS LINE



To Halifax, Nova Scotia and St. Johns, Newfoundland

A CHARMING daylight sail through LONG ISLAND, VINEYARD and NANTUCKET SOUNDS. Fine view of picturesque NOVA SCOTIA and of the bold, rugged NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

A two weeks' cruise at one-quarter the cost of going to Europe, and a greater change of air and scene. Steamers sail weekly, making the trip from New York to St. Johns and return in thirteen days, and there can be no more delightful ocean voyage for those who want rest and sea air. The steamers remain in Halifax one day both going and returning and two days in St. Johns, thus giving passengers an opportunity to visit these beautiful and interesting cities and surrounding country. The cost is low and the accommodations and service the very best. (STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES ALLOWED.)

For full information, dates of sailing and rates of fare apply to

BOWRING & CO., - 17 State St., New York

Of Vital Importance to Patriotic Citizens

National Documents

a collection of notable state papers chronologically arranged to form a documentary history of this country. It opens with the first Virginia Charter of 1606 and closes with the Panama Canal Act of 1904, and comprises all the important diplomatic treaties, official proclamations and legislative acts in American history.

Settle All Disputes Intelligently

You can trace from the original sources the development of this country as an independent power. Never before have these sources been brought together for your benefit. The volume contains 504 pages and a complete index enabling the reader to turn readily to any subject in which he may be interested. Bound in an artistic green crash cloth, stamped in gold. Printed in a plain, readable type on an opaque featherweight paper.

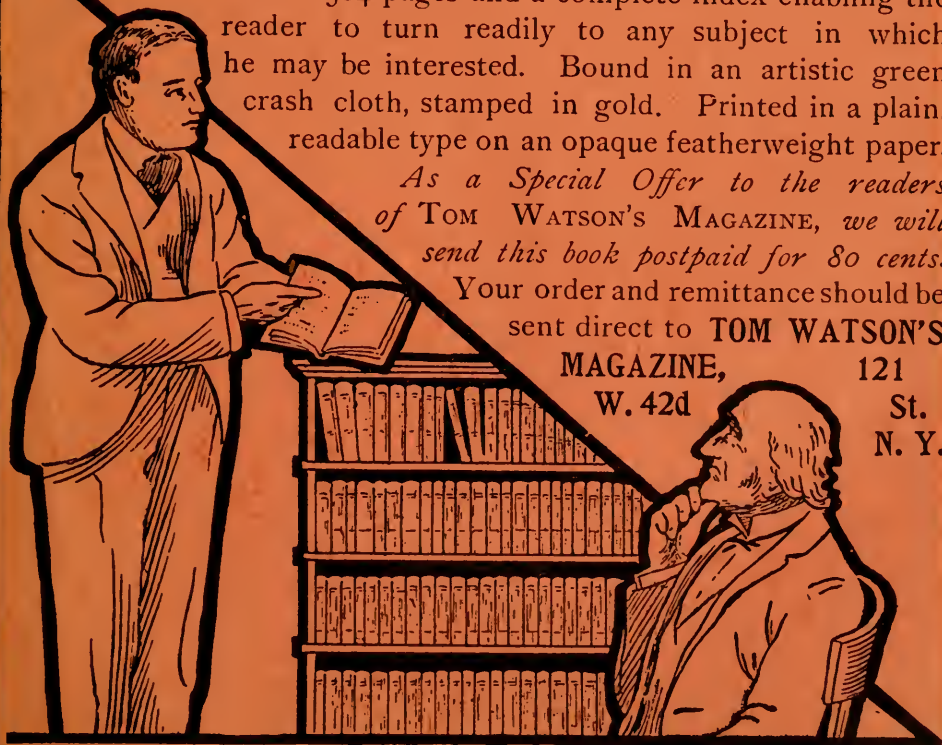
As a Special Offer to the readers of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE, we will send this book postpaid for 80 cents.

Your order and remittance should be sent direct to TOM WATSON'S

MAGAZINE,
W. 42d

121

St.
N. Y.



"GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

"IT'S A
PLEASURE
TO SHAVE
NOW"



On Train or Boat,
Anywhere—

shave with the "GEM" SAFETY RAZOR—it's the simplest, safest, quickest way—a clean, close, comfortable shave is always assured. There is but one way to grow rich—**SAVE**—begin by stopping the "Barber Habit." You spend 50 cents to \$1.00 per week getting shaved, or \$25.00 to \$52.00 each year. Shave yourself—**save the money and the time**, which is money. Two minutes suffices for a shave with the "GEM"—can't cut yourself, and no fear of infection. Highest-grade materials, finest finish, blades made by experts, of the best English silver cutlery steel. Simple, durable, works automatically, and built on scientific principles. Don't go away without a "GEM" set, it will add to your summer pleasures.

Write for our **FREE** proposition:
"How to make and save money with the "GEM" "

PRICE, RAZOR COMPLETE, \$2.00

Insist on the "GEM"—at leading dealers or sent direct, prepaid, on receipt of price.

GEM CUTLERY CO.

Dept. 28, 34 Reade St., N. Y. City

THE IMPROVED Boston Garter

KNOWN AND
WORN ALL OVER
THE WORLD

The NAME is Stamped
ON EVERY LOOP—

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
slips, tears, nor unfastens

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Send
50c. for Silk,
25c. for Cotton,
Sample Pair

ALWAYS EASY

THERE'S a striking difference between ordinary ale and the delicious blending of the fragrant hop contained in every bottle of

Evans' Ale

There you find ale in its best and most enjoyable form. The difference is not alone in the ingredients—there's the brewing and bottling as well and Crown Corks if desired.

*Appetizing, Refreshing,
Rejuvenating and Wholesome.
Equally gratifying with a solid meal or light repast.*

An Ideal Beverage for Everyone
ANY DEALER ANYWHERE

C. H. EVANS & SONS,

Hudson, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1786.